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THE NEW YORKER

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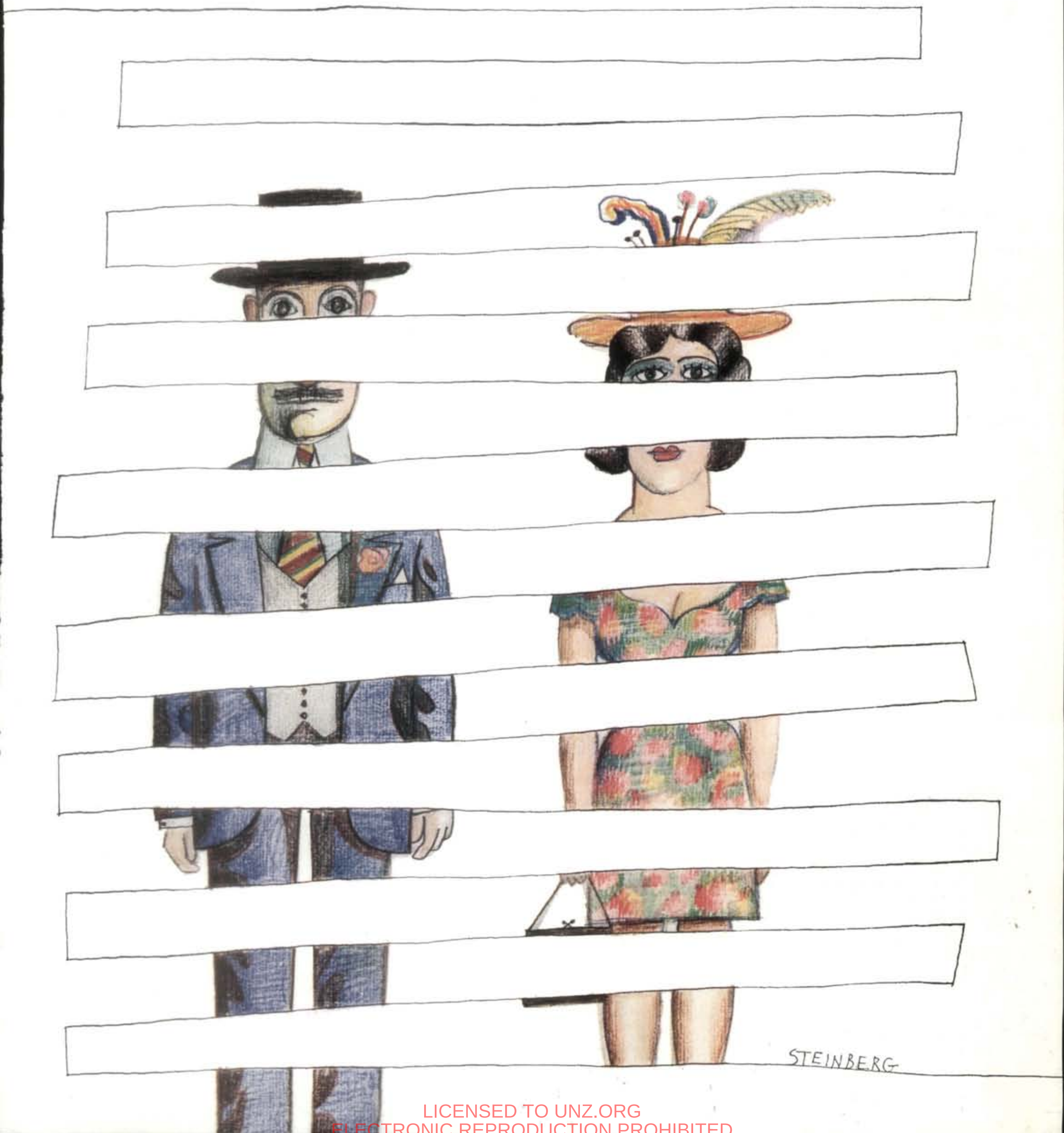

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch, and about the political and sexual mores of our Super-State. Tommy Tune, as bright and inventive as ever, was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the melodic score and agreeable lyrics; and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the entertaining libretto. The company, under the direction of Mr. Masterson and Mr. Tune, is as proficient as it is high-spirited. With Henderson Forsythe, Delores Hall, Jay Garner, Susan Mansur, and Carlin Glynn. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Bistro Car on the CNR—A chipper little revue from Canada, set aboard a train running between Toronto and Montreal. The score, by Patrick Rose, is tuneful and varied, and he himself is the most able of the four able performers who comprise the cast. The others are Marcia McClain, Tom Wopat, and Henrietta Valor. Lyrics by Merv Campone and Richard Ouzounian, and scenery and costumes by John Falabella. Mr. Ouzounian directed. (4/3/78) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bleacher Bums—We are in the presence of eight raffish Chicago Cub fans, in a corner of Wrigley Field during all nine innings of a game against the Cardinals. The action—a matter of small bits—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always earsplitting. The actors, members of the Organic Theatre of Chicago, do quite well; Michael Saad, as a blind man, does very well. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and at midnight; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Catsplay—István Orkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. Helen Burns plays the elderly heroine with great zest, and she is well supported by Katherine Squire and Robert Gerringer, among others. (4/24/78) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

Chapter Two—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's play about two desperately ill patients in a New York hospital. Unexpectedly, much of the dialogue is very funny. Martin Balsam and Len Cariou are superb as the patients. (1/16/78) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Da—Hugh Leonard's entertaining play is moving from Off Broadway to Broadway. It's about a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, who is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Richard Seer, Lester Rawlins, and Sylvia O'Brien are among the other good actors in this excellent production under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. (3/27/78) Previews Friday, April 28, through a special matinée on Sunday, April 30, at 3. Opens officially on Monday, May 1. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Dancin'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A superb cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous evening in the theatre. Ira Levin is the clever author, and the director is Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—The five-hundred-year-old count fr Transylvania never looked rosier. Fra Langella heads a competent cast, and the lo ly, creepy sets and costumes are by Edwa Gorey. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Sat days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sat days at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish man facturer dies of a heart attack at the end Act I, and the two remaining acts are giv over to his grown sons' squabbles and qu rels over money and other matters. The sults are depressing, but there are hi throughout that the script, by Dick Go berg, is worthy of a livelier performan (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 fayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tu days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunda at 3.)

The 5th of July—A comedy by Lanford Wils Preview Wednesday, April 26. Opens offici ly on Thursday, April 27, at 7, and will through Sunday, May 28. (Circle Reperto Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays throu Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. M inées Sundays at 3.)

The Gin Game—An often hilarious come about the misery of life in an old peopl home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Cob performs the feat with ease. The cast consi of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

suffice. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—Nothing is here for tears. Carol Channing in command of a vehicle that (truth to tell) begins to look much older than its years. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Incarnations of Reverend Goode Blacque Dresse—A play by Garland Lee Thompson. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sunday, April 30, at 3, and Sunday, May 7, at 6. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (12/12/77) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

Molière in Spite of Himself—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

On the Twentieth Century—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Patio / Porch—A comedy by Jack Heifner, with Fannie Flagg and Ronnie Claire Edwards. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—A long-winded documentary account of the life of the great singer-athlete-actor. James Earl Jones impersonates Robeson; the text is by Phillip Hayes Dean. (1/30/78) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Thursday and Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (3/20/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. After Saturday, April 29, no performances until Saturday, May 6, when previews begin for a reopening on Broadway, at the Plymouth.)

Run'ers—A play (about a black girls' track team) by Ivey McCray. Opens Thursday, April 27, and will run through Sunday, May 7. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

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Safe House—A play by Nicholas Kazan. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

13 Rue de l'Amour—A great deal of feverish dodging about is expected to take the place of wit in this clumsy Feydeau farce. With Louis Jourdan and Patricia Elliott. (3/27/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Timbuktu!—Gorgeous costumes and sets, many lithe dancers, and the silliest book in the world. With Eartha Kitt and Melba Moore. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 30.)

A Touch of the Poet—One of a cycle of plays that O'Neill wisely abandoned. Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea do their best to make O'Neill's curious stage-Irish folk plausible. (1/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

The Twilight Dinner—Two middle-aged black men, one American, the other West Indian, and both in comfortable circumstances, meet after seventeen years and recall their radical past with mixed emotions. Lennox Brown's somewhat sketchy play could be considered an elegy for the nineteen-sixties. The characters and what they say and feel are believable, and the performance, under the direction of Douglas Turner Ward, goes well. With Reuben Green, Leon Morenzie, and Karen Bernhard. This is the Negro Ensemble Company's final offering of the season. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

Long Runs—ANNIE: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 2 5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CI** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is se a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the comp consists of seven women, lightly disguise top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the riod. As feminist projects go, this one is usually good-humored, and the singing, especially the dancing, under Tommy Tu direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circl the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 2 6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; S urdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTI** 7,480 performances so far. (Sullivan St Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7 Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED G WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvell poems and prose of the American wr Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to seven remarkably gifted young black won The director, Oz Scott, must be given h credit for the captivating results. Chor graphed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 4 St. 246-5969. Wednesday, April 26, and F day, April 28, at 8; Saturday, April 29, at and Sunday, April 30, at 2. Thereafter, Tu days through Saturdays at 8, matinées Sat days at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GEM** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy Harvard undergraduate, son of an Itali American laborer, is paid a surprise visit a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brot and sister from Cambridge—and is thro into a panic that at first appears to be soc but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonatl Hadary, among other good actors. Peter M Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sund at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) t parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through S urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and S urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE WIFE:** Cy Coleman's winning music and Le Baker's clowning justify this mild musical amination of the sexual revolution in Tr ton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 2 0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE K AND I:** An admirable revival of the Rodge Hammerstein musical, with Michael Kern yan substituting for Yul Brynner, and Ang Lansbury for Constance Towers, both whom will return on Tuesday, May 2. (U 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tu days through Saturdays at 8. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sund at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched music but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Co 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays, F days, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matin Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** merry evening of pantomime with thr masked players. The masks are ingenious a surprising, and so are the ideas of this niml troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-85 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunda at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of sh sketches that purport to give us a refreshi view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 4 St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesda and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:3 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright nam Bernard Slade has invented an Erector of one-liners that should last a lifetin With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markha directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkins 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, exce Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunda at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Sout ern high-school girl cheerleaders change fr all but identical "best friends" (1963) in quite different and incompatible New Yorke (1974), in this amusing and gently iro comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright rected the attractive performance. (Dow stairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43 St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their hundred-and-eighth edition. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, May 4, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 27, at 10:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Tuesday, May 2, at 10:30 and 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

ONDEKO-ZA DEMON DRUMS—A program of music, ritual, and dance, from the Japanese island of Sado. Opens Monday, May 1, and will run through Saturday, May 13. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, July 2—Tuesday evening, May 2: "Ballo della Regina," "In the Night," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 3: "Ballo della Regina," "The Cage," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." ... ¶ Thursday evening, May 4: "Fanfare," "Allegro Brillante," and "Vienna Waltzes." ... ¶ Friday evening, May 5: "Ballo della Regina," "Duo Concertant," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 6: "Raymonda Variations," "Irish Fantasy," and "The Concert."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 6: "Raymonda Variations," "The Cage," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 26-27: "Les Sylphides," "Sphinx" (New York première), "Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." ... ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Danses Concertantes," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Sphinx," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, April 29: "Danses Concertantes," "Sphinx," "Pavane," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Monday evening, May 1: "Danses Concertantes," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Sphinx," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 2 (a benefit performance) through Tuesday, May 9: A new version by Mikhail Baryshnikov of "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 10.)

JOFFREY BALLET—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 26, at 8: "The Dream," "As Time Goes By," "L'Air d'Esprit," and "Façade."... ¶ Thursday, April 27, at 8: "Conversations About the Dance," a special tribute to Agnes de Mille, with Miss de Mille as narrator, and with soloists from her Heritage Dance Theatre and Orchestra, as well as Gemze de Lappe, James Jamieson, Honi Coles, Mel Tomlinson, and others.... ¶ Friday, April 28, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Monotones," and "The Dream." ... ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 8: "Brouilliards," "Pas de Deux," "Heptagon," and "Trinity." ... ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 2: "Kettentanz," "Brouilliards," "Touch Me," and "Façade." ... ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 7:30: "Suite Saint-Saens," "Heptagon," "Pas de Deux," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 265-7310.)

RUDOLF NUREYEV—Final performances of an en-

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gagement with the Dutch National Ballet: "Faun," "About a Dark House," "Four Last Songs," "Four Schumann Pieces," and "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux." (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

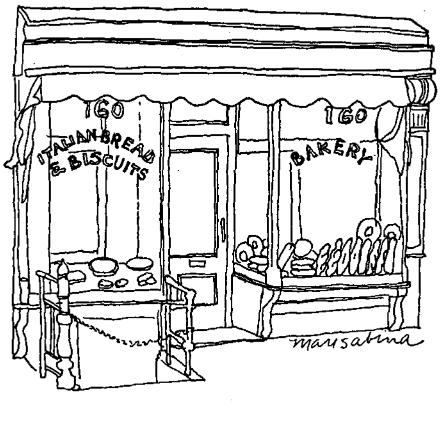
ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 21—Wednesday evening, May 3: "Gazelle," an unnamed work (première), "Butterfly" (première), and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 4: "The Lark Ascending," "Covcerage II," "Blood-Burning Moon" (première), "The Time Before the Time After," and "Night Creature."... ¶ Friday evening, May 5: "Hidden Rites," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 6: "Gazelle," the new unnamed work, "Butterfly," and "Revelations." ... ¶ Saturday evening, May 6: "Night Creature," "Pas de Duke," "Masekela Langage," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, April 26: "Bach Quartet," "Déjà Vu," and "Glances" (all with the Murray Louis Dance Company), and "Gallery."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 27: "Porcelain Dialogues" and "Déjà Vu" (both with the Murray Louis Dance Company) and "Styx."... ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Temple," "Gallery," and "Styx."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "Temple," "Gallery," and "Sanctum Suite." ... ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Castings," "Guignol," and "Triad." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3.)

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY—A brief engagement—Wednesday, April 26, and Sunday, April 30, at 8: "Cantilever," "Black Lake," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc."... ¶ Thursday, April 27, at 8: "Tightrope," "Lords of Persia," "Greek Dreams, with Flute," and "Cantilever."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, at 8: "Lords of Persia," "Greek Dreams, with Flute," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc."... ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2: "Early Floating," "Black Lake," and "Cantilever."... ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 2: "Early Floating," "Greek Dreams, with Flute," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY—Friday, April 28, at 8, and Sunday, April 30, at 2: "Soft Storm," "Clear Signals," "Ghost Train," and "Bach Pieces."... ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 8: "Waves," "Clear Signals," "Ghost Train," and "Bach Pieces." (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

5 BY 2 PLUS DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday and Thursday, April 26-27, at 8: "Night Wandering," "Gallopade," "Bach Dances," "Just Another Dance," and "The Beloved."... ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2 and 8: "Gallopade," "Just Another Dance," "Celestial Circus," "Negro Spirituals," and "Song." (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)



KATHERINE LITZ DANCE COMPANY—"Nice to See You," "Like an Unending Song," and "The Car That Went with Motor 88 Miles." (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Thursday through Saturday, April 27-29, at 8, and Sunday, April 30, at 3:15.)

LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY—"Scriabin Dance," "North Star," "A New Work," "Marimba," "Les Noces," and "Exsultate Jubilate." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Friday, May 3-5, at 8; Saturday, May 6, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, May 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

JOHNNY HARTMAN (Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. 753-3429. Wednesday and Thursday, April 26-27, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.)—Hartman is the last of the luxuriant, big-voiced black singers who came along in the forties in the wake of Paul Robeson and included Herb Jeffries, Billy Eckstine, and Al Hibbler. All are baritone-bassos, and all like to cruise around down there, leaving tones like cannonballs lying around. Indeed, Hartman's sumptuousness can be a hindrance. His bass notes and shouldering vibrato and fondness for Johnny Hodges glisses get in the way. But when he is relaxed and lets his voice follow the contours of the song, he is a stunning singer. His voice gleams and rings, and the song steps right off the page. This happened on a recent night in a long and intense version of Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life," which remains, sophomorics and all, an astonishing song; in Alec Wilder's "While We're Young;" in Jerome Kern's "The Folks Who Live on the Hill;" and in Rodgers and Hart's "You Are Too Beautiful." The brilliant **TONY MONTE** is on piano, **RON NASPO** is on bass, and **RONNIE BEDFORD** on drums. Sibi is over Ibis, which was once the Roundtable and is now Arabic in nature. It is a small, dark, mirrored room that makes a fine refuge for singers in New York.

JILL MCMANUS (W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. 226-3444. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine.)—For better or worse, Jill McManus is what has come to be known as a bop pianist. Her left-hand figures are made up of off-and-on-the-beat punctuations, placed in a gadfly way, and her right hand works out short single-note lines, often broken by silence or folded over into double-time spurts. It is a clean, articulate, well-lighted way of playing the piano, in which harmony is implied more than stated and excitement is the result of logic rather than adventurousness. The piano at W.P.A. was out of tune last week. There is no more excuse for this than there would be for the Met to hang pictures crooked.

JOE MORELLO (Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. 260-0250. Wednesday and Thursday, April 26-27, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one.)—One of the enduring diversions of the mid-fifties was dropping in at Hickory House, on West Fifty-second Street, to hear Marian McPartland and her young drummer, Joe Morello. He was tall and thin and heavily bespectacled, and both in his accompanying and in the breaks he exchanged with his boss he exhibited a snap and delicacy and wow that suggested Sid Catlett. Then Dave Brubeck hired him away, and it was as if the Brubeck Quartet had switched from gas to electricity. Rent by so much unaccustomed swinging, it nearly came apart, and Morello, willy-nilly, became a star. But when the quartet broke up in the late sixties, Morello, surprisingly, drifted into semi-obscurity, and it is only now that he has come out again. He has lost none of his great skills. His touch is somewhat heavier, but his attack is no less daring and

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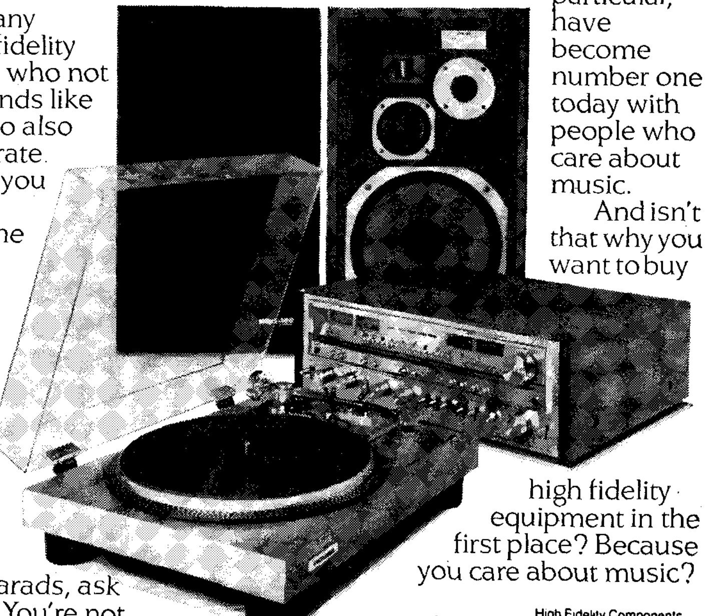

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complex. His cymbals whisper and splash and blow, his snare-drum figures explode (his rimshots still *crack*), and he uses silence with great effect—the rarest of virtues among drummers of whatever kind. Morello has brought along a presumably protective brace of horns, but his good young pianist (**NOREEN GREY**) and good young bassist (**ROY CUMMING**) would have been sufficient.

•

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Trumpeter Eddie Gale leads a quintet through Saturday, April 29; on Tuesday, May 2, tenor saxophonist **KALAPARUSHA MAURICE MC INTYRE** will bring in his quartet. Mondays are turned over to trumpeter Ted Daniel and Energy, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini revue produced and presided over by the composer Charles Strouse—he scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Patrick Quinn, Linda Griffin, and Ann Anello sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Through Sunday, April 30. On Tuesday, May 2, singer Martha Schlamme will begin a month-long tribute to Brecht and Weill. Shows nightly, except Mondays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. Trumpeter, flugelhornist, and humorist **TED CURSON** is currently present, leading a quartet through material which—although it's only a couple of steps beyond old-reliable hard bop—sounds wonderfully contemporary. Through Saturday, April 29. Wednesday through Saturday, May 3-6, guitarist John Scofield will work with drummer Billy Hart, pianist Jim McNeely, and bassist Chip Jackson. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BLUE HAWAII, 135 Third Ave., at 15th St. (260-7690)—Gussied up to look like a cruise ship; in fact, this place, with its open, airy roominess, soft colored lights, and illuminated photographs of Hawaiian beaches on the walls, feels more like southern California than like Third Avenue. Pianists can usually be heard nightly from about nine (ten on Sundays). **SHARON FREEMAN,** who plays French horn with the Gil Evans band, proves to be a fine pianist, too; she works with bassist **CHRIS WHITE** Tuesdays through Thursdays; on Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, pianist **PATTI BOWN** will perform with a bassist; and Sundays still belong to **JAKI BYARD,** who occasionally likes to mix ragtime with the avant-garde—the result might be called free stride. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Guitarist Earl Klugh, a jazz-rock recording-studio mainstay, performs on Wednesday, April 26; Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, belong to pop-trumpet kings Herb Alpert and Hugh Masekela; on Monday, May 1, rock and blues singer Bonnie Bramlett will drop in; on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 2-3, British rocker Ian Dury and his Blockheads will plug in; and Thursday through Saturday, May 4-6, singer **CARLY SIMON** will be making one of her rare forays into the world of live night-club audiences. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—If you can get here about three-thirty in the afternoon, you can probably secure a nice seat at the end of the bar near the piano. Pianist **GEORGE CABLES** works with bassist **RUFUS REID** through Saturday, April 29. **JIMMY ROWLES,** the house favorite, mans the piano Sundays. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, driving jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **HOWARD COLLINS** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

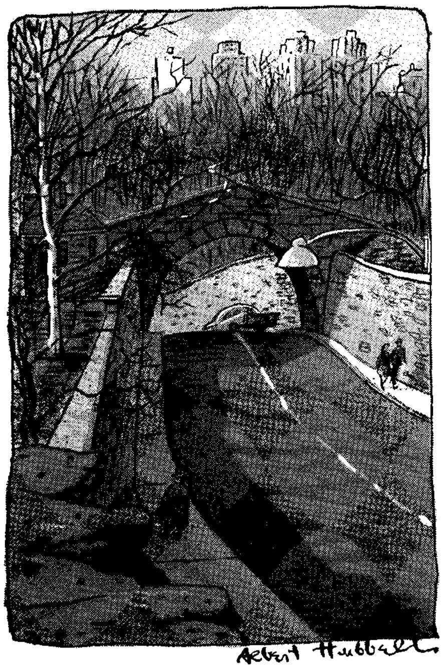
CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** has moved his court, which includes his two aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE,** back into the Café Carlyle. They're ready Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is in the Bemelmans Bar for a couple of months, and she has brought with her a set list that includes tunes composed by Evelyn Danzig, Alberta Nichols, Ann Ronell, Kay Swift, Carole King, and Carol Sager. She is at the piano weeknights from nine-forty-five to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences here look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage, affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is, for the most part, mid-sixties hard rock that has come around again on the guitar. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER,** who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall weeknights. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY,** whose thirty-and-more-year-old hits include "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," and who still chichis in a little-girl voice, works with bassist Morris Edwards. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**WARREN VACHÉ** is present with a trio, playing smooth-and-sleek trumpet in a style that's nearly twice as old as he is (he's twenty-six). Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.



DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer-pianist, has settled in with his collection of Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and Stevie Wonder tunes. He performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. On Tuesday, May 2, trombonist **EDDIE HUBBLE** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, April 30, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, will lead a quintet, from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS,** and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland and bassist Morris Edwards.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**JOE MORELLO** (see above) and his quintet are here through Saturday, April 29. On Monday, May 1, singer **JOE WILLIAMS** will begin a two-week visit. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** is, through Saturday, April 29, at the wheel of a sextet that usually comprises drummer Ernie Hackett, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and clarinettist Joe Muranyi. On Tuesday, May 2, **ROY ELDRIDGE** will return to the bandstand. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This progressive-country-and-western-music bar and chili house bills itself as "the biggest honky-tonk north of Abilene," but the place is actually a hangout for homesick Austin, Texas, transplants. Much but not all of the music is provided by genuine Texas bands, and much but not all of it is first-rate. Thursday through Saturday, May 4-6, have been reserved for Greezy Wheels, an exuberant country-rock bar band from that very city, Austin. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOE VENUTI** is an impeccable violinist, who loves rocket tempos, cheek-shaking rhapsodies, and showy, good-time blues. His intonation is perfect, and he has a superb sense of dynamics. **RIO CLEMENTE** is on piano, **MILT HINTON** is on bass, and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** is on drums, and every so often, **SPIEGELE WILLCOX,** who worked with Venuti in Jean Goldkette's band fifty-five years ago, sits in on trombone. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. **CISSY HOUSTON,** who is here Wednesdays through Saturdays, used to be the lead singer with the highly regarded vocal quartet the Sweet Inspirations—a decade ago they backed up Elvis and Aretha in the recording studio and, sometimes, on tour. She's on her own now, with a loose, adept R. & B. band and two beaming backup singers behind her. On Mondays, pianist Tom Pierson heads a jazz-rock sextet called Turning Point. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasional-

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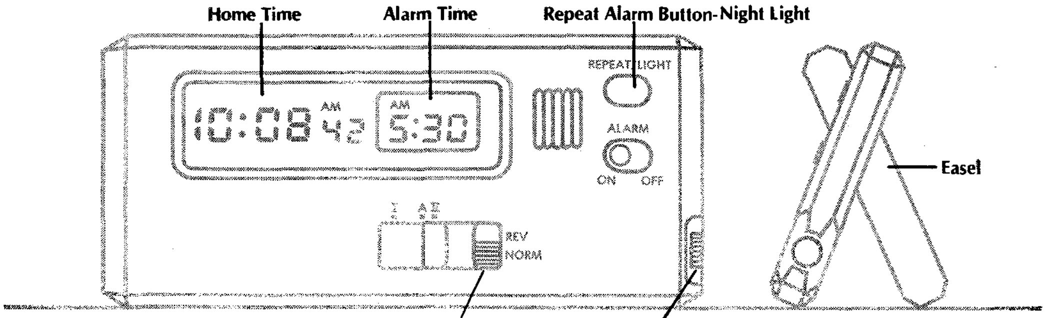
Home Time
Alarm Time
Repeat Alarm Button-Night Light
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Easy to set.
Pull out crown and turn.

Hidden easel
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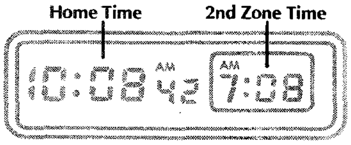
Home Time
2nd Zone Time
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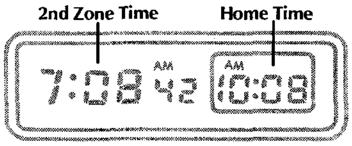
Flip switch and 2nd Zone Time appears in alarm display area.


2nd Zone Time
Home Time
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ly, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Elliott Murphy sings and plays guitar with his rock-and-roll band Thursday through Saturday, April 27-29; Canadian folkie Bruce Cockburn will be present Thursday through Saturday, May 4-6. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** is back and in charge of a dance septet that plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer and pianist (and former Reno Sweeney proprietor) Lewis Friedman performs at nine, and actor and singer Michael Moriarty goes on at eleven-thirty; all this happens through Sunday, April 30. Dining.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—**JOHNNY HARTMAN** (see above) is here Wednesday and Thursday, April 26-27, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** heads up a quartet through Saturday, April 29; on Sunday and Monday, April 30-May 1, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will bring in a quintet; and on Tuesday, May 2, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will begin a five-night visit replete with blues-infested crescendos. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs: **JOE PASS,** a guitarist in his late forties, has, in the past ten years or so, been increasingly revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike, who generally make up a good part of his audiences. He is a masterly soloist, drawing on every technical resource of the guitar—bass lines, chording, and contrapuntal melodies. And if he tends to be a bit hammy on up-tempo songs, he glows on slow, medium-tempo tunes like "Have You Met Miss Jones?" and "Here's That Rainy Day"—guitarists' stock-in-trade favorites—playing them in a way that doesn't just let them hang in the air but, instead, really move. He's here Friday through Sunday, April 28-30. On Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, two legendary bluesmen—**LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS** and **PROFESSOR LONGHAIR**—will share the stage. The music begins at ten. On Monday, May 1, at eight-thirty, the place will be turned over to trumpeter **CHARLES MCGEE,** pianist **HANK JONES,** drummer **CHARLIE PERSIP,** saxophonist and flutist **FRANK WESS,** and others. Music upstairs: Sundays, from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a swing orchestra; on Thursdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—The **HEATH** brothers—saxophonist **JIMMY,** bassist **PERCY,** and drummer **TOOTIE**—and a friend of the family, pianist **STANLEY COWELL,** perform through Sunday, April 30. On Tuesday, May 2, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will arrive with a quintet. Monday nights are cheerfully raucous as **GEORGE RUSSELL,** the highly admired composer, arranger, and jazz theorist, leads his youthful, awe-filled seventeen-piece band. Russell's arrangements, which span thirty years, sound at times like big-band Monk, and at other times like Gil Evans charts with bite and muscle. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat has re-acquired some of the famous swing musicians who used to play here regularly. Clarinettist Art Miller's quintet performs through Saturday, April 29; on Tuesday, May 2, trumpeter Franc Williams will bring in *his* quintet—guitarist Jimmy Shirley, pianist Ram Ramirez, drummer Jo Jones, Jr., and bassist Frank Dean. Live music from nine to one-thirty, every night but Monday. On Monday, May 1, Franc Williams will play rare records and comment on them, beginning at eight.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place, and the trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive. The W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals depicting two thirties motifs—big-band night life and workers of the world (who probably never would have come here)—grow on one. **JILL MCMANUS** (see above) performs Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Sundays, **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** another energetic soloist, is at the keyboard. Music from nine. Dinner. Closed Mondays.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 26, at 5:45: **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 3, at 5:45: **MOLLY PICON.**

Jazz Loft Festivals—New music and new jazz in Spartan, and sometimes crowded, surroundings. Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway (475-9357). Wednesday, April 26: **HILTON RUIZ**. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 27: **MARVIN BLACKMAN**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 28: **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29: **RASHIED ALI**. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 30: **HAKIM JAMI & ANCESTRAL TIES.** (At 8:30 and 10:30.) . . . Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (777-8656). Friday, April 28: **GEORGE LEWIS ENSEMBLE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29: **CHICO FREEMAN QUARTET.** (Performances at 9 and 11.)

Rod McKuen—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, April 28, at 8.

Van Halen, Horslips, and **Head East**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Pat Metheny Group and **the Steve Kuhn Quartet**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, at 9:30 and at midnight.

Art Garfunkel—With Jimmy Webb, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Monday, May 1, at 7:30.)

Average White Band—With Etta James. (Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, May 2, at 7:30.)

Old Time Country Music Festival—Tuesday, May 2, at 8: J. D. Crowe, Graham Townsend, Glen Paul, and Donny & Gina Gilchrist. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 3, at 8: J. D. Crowe, Donny & Gina Gilchrist, and Joseph Cormier. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 4, at 8: Martin Bogan & Armstrong, Graham Townsend Glen Paul, Donny & Gina Gilchrist, an Joseph Cormier. . . . ¶ Friday, May 5, at 8 Martin, Bogan & Armstrong and Dewey Balfa. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 6, at 8: Dewey Balfa and Rosco Holcomb. . . . ¶ Sunday, Ma 7, at 2: Smokey Valley Boys and Rosco Holcomb. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 3 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

George Benson—Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44t St. 354-4490. Wednesday and Thursday, Ma 3-4, at 8, and Friday through Sunday, Ma 5-7, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Roy Ayers Ubiquity and **Dexter Wansel**—Aver Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.

Blondie and **Robert Gordon (with Link Wray)**—Palladium. Thursday, May 4, at 8.

Alice Coltrane—Public Theatre. Thursday May 4, at 8:30 and 11.

Al DiMeola—With John Miles. (Palladium Friday, May 5, at 8.)

Sun Ra and His Arkestra—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, at 8:30 and 11.

Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes and **Milli Jackson**—Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, May 6, at 7 and 10.

Elvis Costello and the Attractions, Mink DeVille, and **Nick Lowe (with Rockpile)**—Palladium. Saturday, May 6, at 7:30 and at midnight.

Lester Flatt and the Nashville Grass and **Easy On the Tuba**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract paintings into which occasional Asiatic dragons and occasional exuberant vegetation can be read. Through May 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave. at 76th St.)

Leland Bell—Stylized figure paintings, several of them devoted to the same bedroom scene Through Saturday, May 6. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Willard Boepple—Abstract sculptures, ranging in size from tabletop to large free-standing floor pieces, done in welded-steel plates that have been crunched together and sometimes molded with heat. Through Saturday, April 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Camille Bombois (1883-1970)—Thirty-one paintings by this French naïf. Through May 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

A. M. Cassandre (1901-68)—Commercial posters, chiefly from the twenties and thirties, by a leading twentieth-century designer. Through May 27. (Reinhold-Brown, 26 E. 78th St.)

Jud Fine—Conceptual drawings concerned with the cellular structure of bamboo, for instance, or the effect of wind on ocean waves. Through Saturday, May 6. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Jean-Michel Folon—A man conversing with an earth-digging machine, and other soft-toned watercolors. Through May 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Lucian Freud—Recent figurative paintings. Through Saturday, April 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

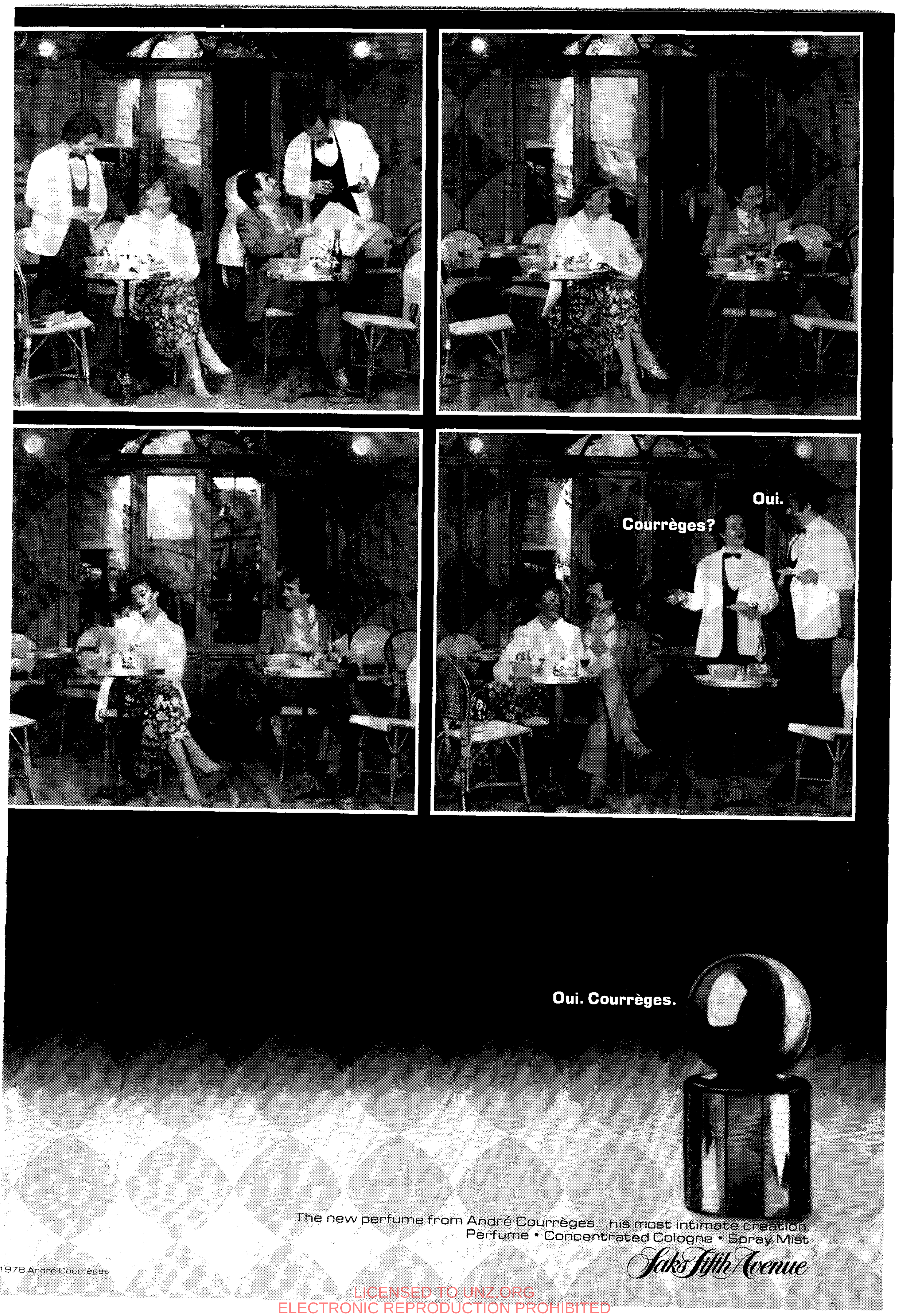
Morris Graves—Flower and fruit still-lifes. Through May 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

John Hegarty / Dennis Clive—Life-size figure drawings in colored pencil, plus a few portrait heads in oil. / Ceramic models of monster trucks. Through Saturday, April 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Recent abstract paintings and sculptures. Through May 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Reuben Kadish—Figurative and abstract bronzes and terra-cottas. Through May 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ida Kohlmeyer—This New Orleans artist, who specializes in grids made up of small, independent abstracts, is now moving toward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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

larger components and a more representational approach. Through Saturday, May 6. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

David Levine—Watercolors and sharp pen-and-ink caricatures and satirical drawings. Through May 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Paintings and collages dating from 1976. Through May 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

George and Henriette Amiard Oberteuffer—This pair of artists met and married in Paris in 1905, where he had come from Philadelphia to paint and she had come from Le Havre to study art. This is a touching exhibition of their works. Through May 10. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Meret Oppenheim—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the Surrealist credited with the "Fur-Lined Teacup" (1936); first solo show in New York. Through May 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Oils from the fifties and sixties, works on paper executed late in his career, and two bronzes. Through June 3. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Karl Prantl—Small sculptures, called "Meditation Pieces," made of Vermont, Massachusetts, Canadian, Muehledorf, and Carrara marble, Swedish granite, and serpentine. Through Saturday, April 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

George Rickey—Indoor kinetic sculptures and the drawings for them. Through Saturday, April 29. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Sahl Swarz—The subject for these forty new sculptures is fellow-sculptor Katie Ohe, and the representations of her range from lifelike portraits to abstractions. Through May 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CARUS**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works from the twenties by Constructivists, including Moholy-Nagy, Lozowick, and El Lissitzky. Through May 20. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Sculptures—several pieces by de Kooning, Michael Heizer, and Tony Smith and a single work each by Bourgeois, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Lichtenstein, and Henry Moore. Through June 3. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Eastman Johnson and Winslow Homer are two of the stars in an exhibition entitled "American Genre Painting in the Victorian Era." Several of the Homer drawings are unfamiliar ones. Through Saturday, May 6. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Landscape drawings by Carol Anthony, new figurative paintings by Robert Beauchamp, handmade wall hangings by Frank Faulkner, and an outsize and incredibly detailed pencil drawing of a misty ravine by David Hendricks. Through Saturday, April 29. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and illustrations by Alain, Helen Hokinson, Reginald Marsh, Mary Petty, Carl Rose, James Thurber, and others. Through Saturday, May 6. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings by Diego Rivera, George Grosz, Marsden Hartley, and others. Through Saturday, April 29. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: The Chrysler Museum at Norfolk, Virginia, will benefit from a showing of highlights from its collections, among them Veronese's altarpiece "The Virgin and Child with Angels," Degas's "Danseuse aux Bouquets," and Kline's "Bleecker Street Bar." Through May 13. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Large abstract oils, and small works on paper. Through Saturday, April 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Don David—Watercolors, pastels, and pencil drawings of unusual rock formations jutting out into the Pacific along the Oregon coast. Through May 11. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Small drawings by a leading American Constructivist. Through May 20. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Dorfman—Vividly colored landscapes as the artist imagines they exist in, for instance, Joppa and the Negev. Through Saturday, April 29. (Nobé, 250 W. 57th St.)

Walter Dusenbery—Three massive masonry sculptures—a doorway and a nine-foot column of red travertine and a two-ton dome of rough tufa. Through Saturday, April 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

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John Ferren (1905-70)—Small abstract watercolors and etchings, all of them completed before 1940. Through Thursday, May 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Madeleine Gekiere—Abstract drawings and paintings. Through May 18. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Recent abstract oils. Through May 18. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Hood—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 11. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Ray Johnson—Painted-wood silhouettes of art-world lions and other notables—Larry Rivers, Victor Hugo, Lou Reed. Through Saturday, May 6. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Richard Lindner (1901-78)—Some new additions to the mysterious gallery of demimonde characters created by this artist, who died last week. Nine are portrayed in oil, eleven in watercolor, and three in pastel. Through Saturday, May 6. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Fred Meyer—Terra-cotta and bronze figures. Through May 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

George Nick—Realist paintings of storefronts and dwellings in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Through May 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joseph B. O'Sickey—Large Impressionist paintings of sun-drenched patios all but engulfed in riotous blossoms. Through Saturday, May 6. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Several series of new watercolors and hand-colored etchings—Second World War soldiers on furlough, seagoing ships, self-portraits. Through Friday, May 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Seven more of his huge female nudes; this time the modelling seems less patchy, and in a couple of the paintings a good deal of attention is given to complicated shadows. Through Saturday, April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—What appear to be random pencil squiggles reveal a unified purpose as this artist spreads them over the entire surface of thick sheets of rough paper. Through Saturday, April 29. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

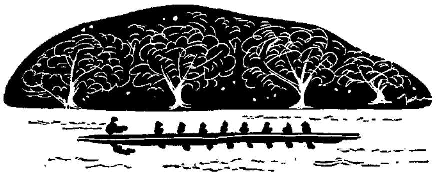
Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948)—More than sixty-five works, dated 1919 to the year before his death, by this pioneer collagist. Through Saturday, April 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter—Machu Picchu, the Grand Canyon, and an aerial view of Manhattan by an artist who works in acrylics and watercolors on a very large scale. Through Thursday, May 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Wallace H. Smith—Still-lifes, landscapes, and a self-portrait he calls "A Mediocre Specimen." Through May 13. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Hedda Sterne—Desolate landscape paintings. Through Saturday, May 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan / Bruce Monteith—Large, racy drawings, many devoted to backstage scenes at the Paris fashion shows, by an artist who works in oil pastels. / Boxes containing miniature café interiors, plus tiny, mysterious houses and storefronts. Through Saturda May 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)



Antoni Tàpies—Works from the last three yea by a leading Spanish abstract artist. Throug May 19. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Michael Tetherow—A series of faces that see sunk just out of sight in these canvases, e cept for the eyes, which are gouged throug the surface with a knife. Through Saturda May 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bill Barrell—Canvases on which are repr duced, in every miserable detail, typical ci potholes, complete with their attendant d bris—busted umbrellas, squashed beer can splintered wood. Through Saturday, April 2 (Apollo, tenth floor, 104 Greene St.)

Rachel bas-Cohain—A single large fibre-gla sculpture, plus related drawings. Throug Wednesday, May 3. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.

Dionigi Cossu / Ernst Aebi—Seventy or eigh thin layers of acrylic go into some of the large abstracts, in which geometric forms ca be dimly seen. / Surrealist pen-and-ink drav ings by a Swiss artist. Through Thursda May 4. (Hubris, a new gallery at 150 Thom son St.)

Hanne Darboven—A conceptual work by a Ge man artist. Through Saturday, April 2 (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Audrey Flack—Three huge Photo-Realist pain ings, eight feet square, in which locket beads, skulls, watches, and trompe-l'oe printed matter are crowded togethe Through Thursday, May 4. (Meisel, 14 Prince St.)

Max Gimblett—Two-color abstract painting Through May 18. (Cuningham Ward, 9 Prince St.)

Robert Grosvenor—Two rectangular coate wood sculptures. Through Saturday, Apr 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Maryann Harman—Abstract paintings based o Virginia landscapes. Through Saturday, Ma 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Miyoko Ito—Abstract oils. Through Saturda April 29. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Diane Karol / Cynthia Gallagher—Canvas-an wash wall hangings. / Painted jigsaw-puzzl pieces are used in abstract collage works o paper. Through May 13. (55 Mercer Stree Gallery.)

Anatol Kovarsky—Colorful sequential painting depicting stripteases, prizefights, parades, an so on, in a manner reminiscent of Greek-vas decorations. Through May 31. (Jack, 13 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon t 6.)

Barry Le Va—An installation (wood built to sui the gallery space, and drawings) that occupies two rooms. Through Saturday, Apri 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

John Okulick—Wall constructions in whic neatly baled bunches of twigs or crates ful of charred wood seem to project a long wa out from the wall. It's an illusion; the distance is only a few inches. Through Thursday, May 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—Times of the day depicted in six works, each consisting of fou aluminum panels painted in a simple abstrac pattern with primary acrylic colors. Throug May 13. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway Opens at noon.)

Robert Swain—New paintings, based on a grid which look like huge color charts from paint company. Through Saturday, April 29 (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Drawings for Animated Films—A survey of this genre that includes drawings and cels from films done by studio artists (from Disney, Warner Brothers, Hubley) as well as by independent artists. Of special note are ten pen-and-ink drawings from Winsor McCay's 1914 "Gertie the Dinosaur." Through June 10. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Dale Henry / Bernard Joubert—A single monochromatic interior painted in the style of Matisse and placed behind an actual table and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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chair. Also, an installation made entirely of materials found in the gallery. / Strips of painted cloth tape applied to the floors and walls. Through May 13. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Wallace Putnam—A series of forty Expressionistic oils inspired by the writings of Carlos Castaneda. Through Friday, April 28. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

Eric Sloane / Bob McCall—Cloud studies. / Paintings by an artist who illustrated his and Isaac Asimov's book "Our World in Space." Through Friday, April 28. (Grand Central, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **GLASS**, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St.: Portraits in pastels by Mimi Gross Grooms, drawings and lithographs of female nudes by Raphael Soyer, and works by three others. Through May 13. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **PACE UNIVERSITY**, 41 Park Row: Small monochromatic abstract works by twenty-nine artists, among them Arakawa, Robert Kapelis, and Louise Nevelson. Through Saturday, May 6. (Open Mondays.)... **ROY G. BIV GALLERY**, 245 W. 19th St.: Jack Tworkov, William King, Budd Hopkins, and Howardena Pindell are among those represented in a show called the Artists of Chelsea. Through Friday, April 28. (Opens at noon.)... **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: About forty works by contemporary Austrian painters and printmakers. Through Friday, April 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

Constructions—The Organization of Independent Artists has mounted an exhibit devoted entirely to three-dimensional wall pieces in a variety of styles and mediums. More than fifty artists have contributed one work apiece. Through May 30. (The Bleecker Renaissance, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—Early works. Through June 24. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Edouard Denis Baldus (1815-82)—This architectural photographer recorded Paris sites (St. Sulpice, the Louvre, the Tuileries palace before its destruction during the Commune), as well as the viaducts and cast-iron stations along the original Paris-to-Marseilles railway. Through May 13. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

John G. Bullock (1854-1939)—Platinum prints of landscapes and people in Pennsylvania by a founding Photo-Secessionist. Through May 20. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Frank Gohlke / Alex Jameson—This artist, born in Wichita Falls, Texas, photographs expansive Midwestern landscapes of trailers, billboards, empty parking lots, and endless telephone lines. / Abstractions and an accompanying text. Through May 20. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Elaine Mayes—Landscapes; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, April 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jeanne Moutoussamy—Forty-five prints, some in color, devoted to urban and rural South Africa. Through Saturday, May 6. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

Martin Munkacsi (1896-1963) / **Peter Magubane**—A retrospective of works by this Hungarian photographer. / Photographs by a black South African photojournalist spanning the last twenty years and centering on social unrest in his home country. (Many of the photographs are of riots.) Through May 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904)—Animal-locomotion studies. Through Friday, April 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Walter Rosenblum / Tim Gidal—Documentary photographs of, among other places, Haiti, the Gaspé, New York City, taken over the past forty years. / Photographs of Europe in the thirties. Through May 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael A. Smith—Western landscapes. Through Saturday, April 29. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Eve Sonneman—More of this artist's color photographs (these made in Paris, London, and Greece) mounted in pairs. Through Saturday, April 29. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Tad Yamashiro—Silver-emulsion prints of lower Manhattan, mostly. Through May 14. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

James Wong Howe: 60 Years Close-Up—An exhibition of photographic enlargements chronicling the life and career of the noted cinematographer. Through May 11. (Chinese Cultural Center, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

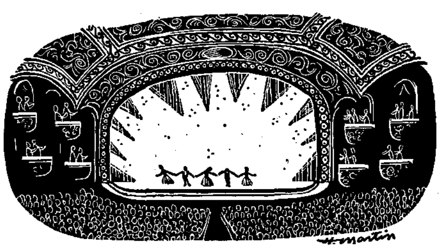
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rubens' "Self-Portrait with Helena Fourment and Their Child," recently bought for big bucks by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman and loaned to the museum, is on view for the first time here, in the European Paintings Galleries.... ¶ An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his gardens at Giverny. Through July 9.... ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30.... ¶ Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18.... ¶ Views of Rome by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and other prints and drawings constitute a small show called "Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century." Through Sunday, April 30.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Starts Friday, April 28.... ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Group show of street photography. Through Sunday, April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages, and other works. Through July 9. As a complement to this exhibition, Poster Originals (924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St., and 386 West Broadway) is showing more than fifteen Steinberg posters done between 1965 (for the Betty Parsons Gallery) and last year (for the Galerie Maeght). Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.



Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Painting of indigenous American subjects—the Ever glades, New York City playgrounds, India reservations—by contemporary artists con missioned by the Department of the Interio during the Bicentennial year. The painter include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, an Neil Welliver. Through May 21.... ¶ Mor than a hundred prints (by Nevelson, Tanguy Dali, Calder, others) made at Stanley Wi liam Hayter's Atelier 17, now observing i fiftieth anniversary. Through May 14. (Ope Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Centra Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexic and Central America, which houses a collec tion of archeological artifacts dating fro 1500 B.C., is but one of a dozen major ex hibitions at the museum. (Open daily. Hour Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday eve nings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, com missioned from Indian artists primarily b British and other European colonists, tha portray the landscapes and customs of Indi between 1760 and 1880. Through June (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, an Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Album leave hanging scrolls, rank badges, and three drag on robes from the Sung, Ming, and Ch'in dynasties constitute an exhibit entitled "Em broidery of Imperial China." Through Ma 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays throug Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A new exhibit of decorative objects (a Breu er chair, a Desfosse wallpaper series, Japanese screen samples) from the museum's vas permanent collection. Through May 2 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5 Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—New York in literature is the theme of an exhibit that bring together books and manuscripts by such authors as Washington Irving, Henry James Edith Wharton, Edmund Wilson, Ralph Ellison, and Ruth McKenney. Through June 3 (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Oxford University Press books, type, and type specimens in an exhibit that traces that publisher's five-hundred-year history (1478 to th present). Through May 7.... ¶ French an English flower books and drawings, most o them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through May 14 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53r St.—Paintings, quilts, weathervanes, furniture, and other articles either recently acquired or from the permanent collection Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53r St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwea (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers); representations of shoes and of feet by Robert Arneson Andy Warhol, Ann Slavit (one of her contributions is the pair of thirty-foot inflate legs that dangle from the museum's roof) shoes worn by dancers, sports figures, space explorers. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through May 13. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 26, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Samuel Ramey, Vernon Hartman, and Richard McKee; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 27, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Sharon Daniels, Elizabeth Haley, Henry Price, and Howard Hensel; Lloyd Walser. . . . ¶ Friday, April 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, David Rendall, and Dominic Cossa; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Faye Robinson, William Wildermann, and Melvyn Novick; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Norma French, David Holloway, Richard McKee, and Henry Price; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 1: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 7: "The Turn of the Screw," with Eileen Schauler, Ellen Faull, John Lankston, and Howard Hensel; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Manhattan Opera Singers—Lois Albright directing a performance of Gounod's "Faust," staged by Carol Bayard, with the Players Orchestra of New York. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Saturday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 695-1454.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—James Levine conducting the final performances of the regular season and acting as piano soloist on Thursday, April 27, and Saturday, April 29, at 8:30, and Friday, April 28, at 2 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and Paul Jacobs, piano). . . . ¶ "Music in May," four programs for classic and baroque orchestra. Thursday, May 4, at 8, Neville Marriner conducting (with Rudolf Firkusny, piano); Friday, May 5, at 8, Alexander Schneider conducting (with Yefim Bronfman, piano; Shlomo Mintz, violin; and Yo-yo Ma, cello); Saturday, May 6, at 8, Neville Marriner conducting (with Earl Wild, piano); and Sunday, May 7, at 8, Alexander Schneider conducting and acting as violin soloist (with Peter Serkin, piano, and Julius Baker, flute).

Bavarian Symphony Orchestra of Munich—Rafael Kubelik conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Wednesday, April 26, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert of the season here, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 2, at 8.)

Oslo Philharmonic—Okko Kamu conducting, with Staffan Scheja, piano, and Arve Tellefsen, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 6, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one with Wilmer Wise, trumpet; Geanie Faulkner, soprano; and others. Composers Lucia Dlugoszewski, Ned Rorem, and Gerhard Samuels will participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, April 28, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Charles Wuorinen conducting the Manhattan Orchestra in Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra," with commentary by Milton Babbitt. The final concert of the season. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, April 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Brahms-Schumann Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Benefit Concert—Christoph Eschenbach conducting an orchestra composed of forty-five members of the New York Philharmonic and acting as piano soloist, with Justus Frantz, also piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 30, at 3.)

Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra of Budapest—Frigyes Sándor conducting, with Andras Schiff, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kayser directing. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Wednesday, April 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Westminster Festival—Wilhelm Ehmann directing the Westminster Choir in the complete six motets of Bach, with the Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8.)

Celebrating the Life and Work of Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)—Lyndon Woodside and John Pritchard directing the Oratorio Society of New York in a Britten-Mozart benefit concert, with Benita Valente, soprano; Janet Baker and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-sopranos; Peter Pears, tenor; Richard Cross, bass-baritone; the Boys of St. Thomas Church; and members of the American Symphony Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 879-2236.)

Cleveland State University Collegium Musicum—Marilyn Carlson directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 29, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Sandra Walker, mezzo-soprano; John Carpenter, tenor; Richard Anderson, baritone; Christopher Smith, treble; and J. Michael Bart, organ. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 30, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Jonathan Reinhold, baritone, and a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a performance of Hindemith's "Apparebit Repentina Dies" and of Bruckner's Mass in E Minor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 6, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing the last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 6, at 8.)

RECITALS

Daniel Epstein—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 26, at 8. For free tickets, call 787-6262.)

Viktor Friedman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 26, at 8.)

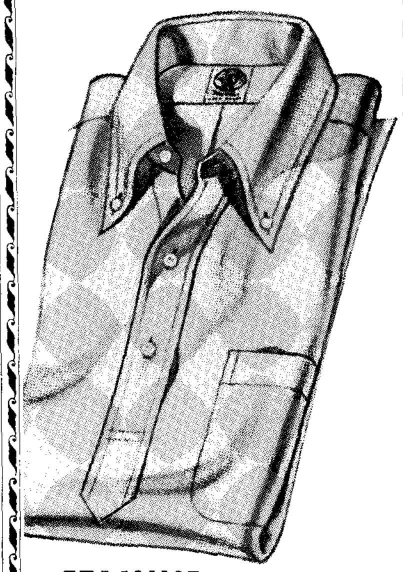
Music from Marlboro—The final program in two series of concerts, performed by Isidore Cohen, violin, and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 27, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 6, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in Schubert's "Winterreise." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Columbia University Faculty Concert—The Composers String Quartet and Ronald Roseman, oboe, with Seymour Barab, cello, in an all-Boccherini program. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Jude Quintiere and John Heineman. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 28, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of con-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

temporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 2:30.)

KENNETH BELL—Bass, in a program of serenades, with, among others, Andrew Appel, harpsichord; Mark Shuman, cello; and Daniel Shulman, conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 8.)

PROSPECTIVE ENCOUNTERS—Gunther Schuller directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the second of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Jeanie Ommerlé, soprano. The performance will take place between eight and ten, with periods after each selection devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Saturday, April 29. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERT—Scott Nickrenz, viola; Lee Luvisi, piano; Sharon Robinson, cello; Benita Valente, soprano; and Jaime Laredo, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 30, at 2.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—A program of music of Tudor England. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, April 30, at 2:30. Admission by contribution.)

EVELYN LEAR—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, April 30, at 3.)

TADEUSZ KERNER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 30, at 3.)

VIRTUOSI DA CAMERA TRIO—A program of Flemish music of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 30, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700. Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Ursula Oppens, piano; James Buswell and Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler and Marcus Thompson, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Paula Robison, flute. The final program of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 30, at 5, and Tuesday, May 2, at 7:30.)

ANA MARIA TRENCHI DE BOTTAZZI—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 30, at 8.)

JOSEPH FUCHS AND ARTUR BALSAM—The second in a series of three recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, May 1, at 8.)

APPLE HILL CHAMBER PLAYERS—The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 1, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The first of two all-Schubert programs, this one with Jules Eskin, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 2, at 8.)

ABBEY SIMON—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.)

ALFRED AND HEIDI KANWISCHER—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.)

PARNASSUS—The last in a series of concerts of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

REMEMBERING GODDARD LIEBERSON (1911-1977)—Participating in this benefit concert will be Emanuel Ax, Leonard Bernstein, Lukas Foss, Morton Gould, Donald Gramm, Peter Lieberson, Isaac Stern, Vera Zorina, the Musica Sacra Chorus, and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 751-7790.)

SPORTS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, April 26, at 8:05.... ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, April 28, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, April 29-30, at 2:05. ... YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Mets (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball), Thursday, April 27, at 8.... ¶ Kansas City, Monday through Wednesday, May 1-3, at 8.... ¶ Texas, Friday, May 5, at 8, and Saturday, May 6, at 2.

BOXING—Roberto Duran vs. Adolfo Viruet, lightweights, 10 rounds; and Vito Antuoferno vs. Willie Classen, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 27, at about 10; preliminary bouts start at 8:30.)

CREW—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 29.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 29.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia, Saturday, April 29.)... ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 6.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 6.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, May 22. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 29, and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 6.... CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 6.

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis at Madison Square Garden: Apples vs. Indiana, Thursday, April 27, in Felt Forum.... ¶ Apples vs. Los Angeles, Monday, May 1, in the Arena. ... ¶ Apples vs. Indiana, Friday, May 5, in Felt Forum. (Games begin at 7:30.)

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 27-29.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, April 29.... YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, May 1, through Saturday, July 8.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.... MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Alfred Kazin reading from his new autobiographical work "New York Jew." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 26, at 8.)... ¶ Albert Goldbarth and Lauren Shakely reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, April 27, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 26, at 10:15 and 2: English, American, and Continental silver, paperweights, and *objets de vertu;* from various owners.... ¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 10:15 and 2: American historical manuscripts and autographs, from the collection of the Elsie O. and Philip D. Sang Foundation.... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, April 27-29, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including paintings, pottery, furniture, tinware, and pewter; from a number of sources.... ¶ Friday, April 28, at 2: American furniture and decorative art, from the Henry F. du Pont Winterthur Museum.... ¶ Tuesday, May 2, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs by Frederick H. Evans, Edward S. Curtis, Edward Weston, and others; from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 27.... ¶ Wednesday, May 3, at 2, and Thursday, May 4, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master, nineteenth-century, and twentieth-century prints; from various sources. Exhibition starts Friday, April 28.... CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, April 27, at 10:30 and 2: Wedgwood and other English porcelains and pottery; from several collectors.... ¶ Thursday, May 4, at 10:30 and 2: Chinese works of art, from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 28.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts Sunday, April 30, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 28.

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, May 7 (day). Minnesota, May 8-9 (night). Cleveland, May 23-25 (n). Toronto, May 26 (n), May 27 (d), and May 28 (day doubleheader). Baltimore, May 31 (n) and June 1 (d).... METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, May 12 (night), May 13 (day), and May 14 (day doubleheader). Atlanta, May 16-18 (n). Philadelphia, May 19 (n) and May 20-21 (d). St. Louis, May 29 (twi-night doubleheader) and May 30-31 (n). San Diego, June 2-3 (n) and June 4 (d). Los Angeles, June 5-7 (n). San Francisco, June 9 (n) and June 10-11 (d).

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. May 14.)... ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 1-3.)... ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 10.)

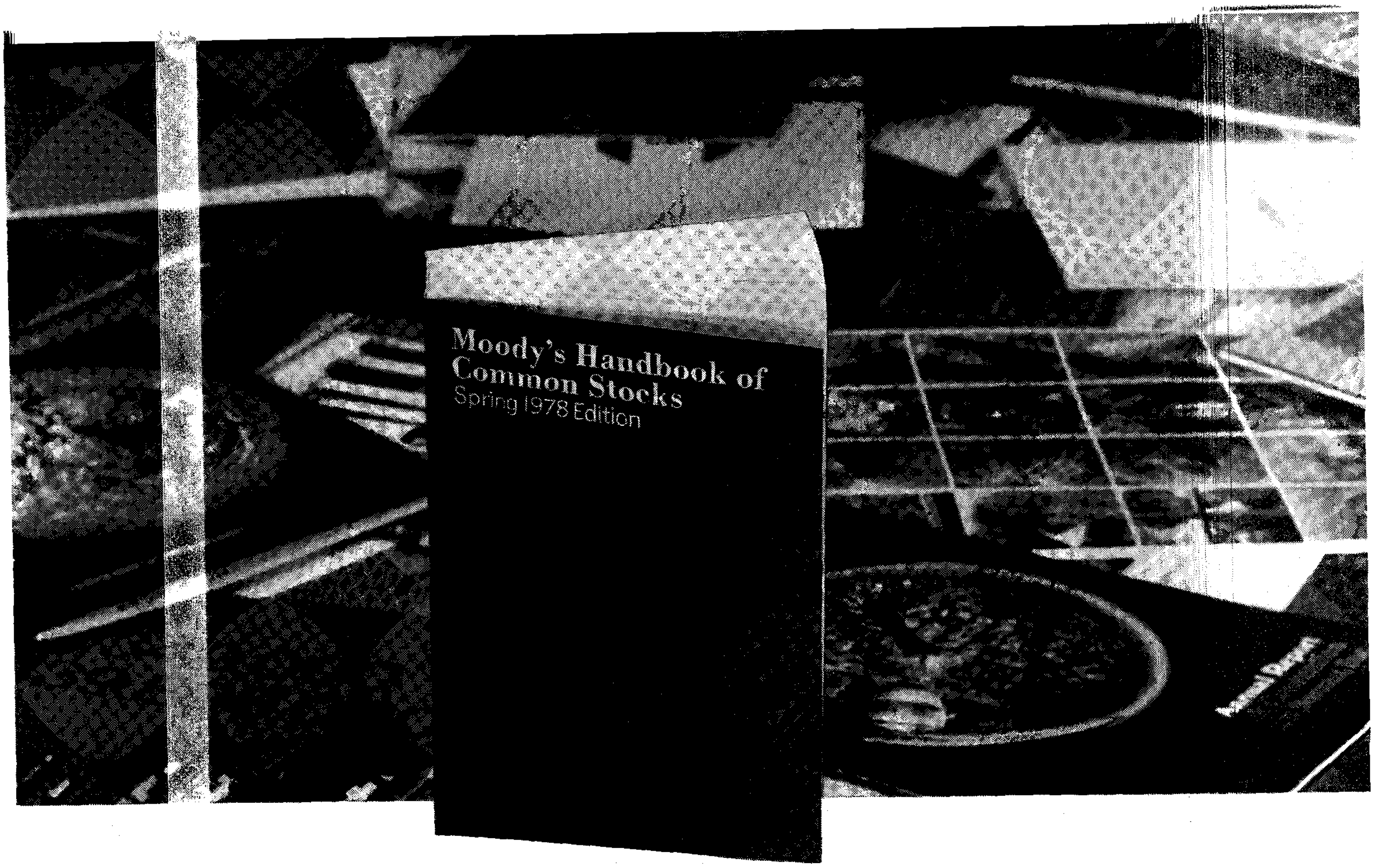
RACING—At MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: May 11-Sept. 4.... PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 20.... BELMONT: May 24-July 29. The Belmont, June 10.... EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 7.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos games on May 7, 21, and 28, and June 4.

MUSIC—AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's three-week season of "Promenades," May 10-27.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 8-10 and 12.... ¶ Metropolitan Greek Chorale, May 14.... ¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, May 17, 19-20, and 25-27.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 21.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Music from Marlboro, May 8.... ¶ Peter Pears tenor, and Murray Perahia, piano, May 9.... ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra Brass Ensemble, May 11.... ¶ Malcolm Frager, piano, May 13.... ¶ Ivan Nunez, piano, May 13.... ¶ Speculum Musicae, May 18.... ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, May 20.... ¶ American Composers Orchestra, May 23.... ¶ Newark Boys Chorus, May 24.... KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Boston Symphony Chamber Players, May 7.... ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, May 9.... ¶ Chicago Symphony String Quartet, May 11.... ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, May 20.... ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano, May 25.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Jorge Morel, classical guitarist, May 12.... ¶ Federal Music Society, May 18.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Della Reese in "The Last Minstrel Show," a musical play by Joe Taylor Ford.... ¶ "Ain't Misbehavin'," a musical (produced last February at the Manhattan Theatre Club) comprising songs by or made famous by Fats Waller, with Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard.... ¶ Fred Gwynne and Frances Sternhagen will appear in "Angel," a musical based on Ketti Frings' play and the Thomas Wolfe novel "Look Homeward, Angel," with music by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell, and a book by Miss Frings and Mr. Udell.... ¶ "Working," a musical adaptation by Stephen Schwartz of Studs Terkel's book of the same title. The music and lyrics are by Craig Carnelia, Micki Grant, Mary Rodgers, Susan Birkenhead, James Taylor, and Mr. Schwartz.... ¶ A revival of "Broadway," a 1926 play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott, with a cast headed by William Atherton, Teri Garr, and Chris Sarandon.... ¶ Jack Lemmon will star in "Tribute," a play by Bernard Slade.

OTHER DATES—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 27-29, June 3-4, and June 10-11. ... ¶ Memorial Day will be celebrated in New York State on Tuesday, May 30; the Federal holiday is Monday, May 29.... ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, June 15.



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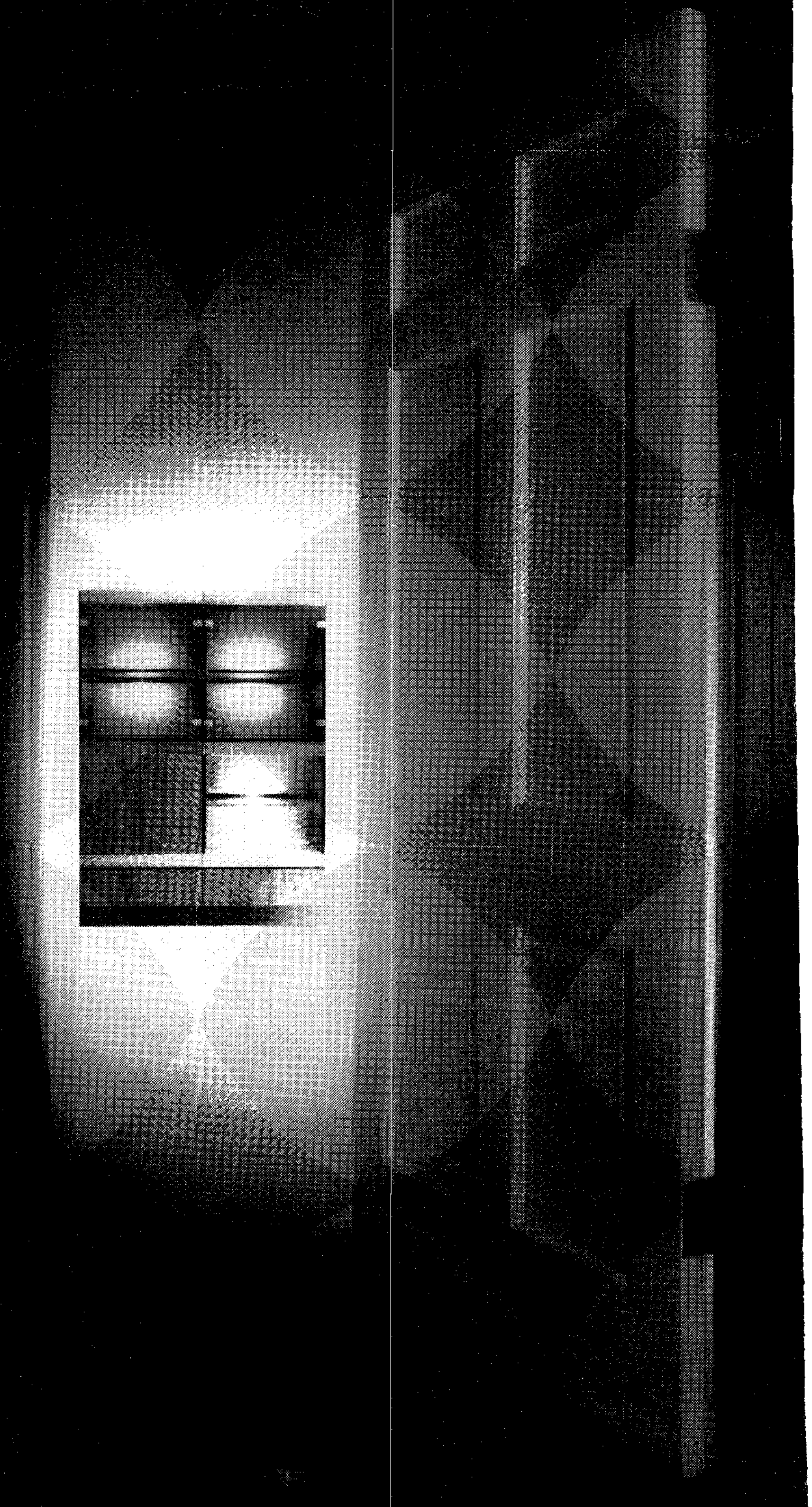

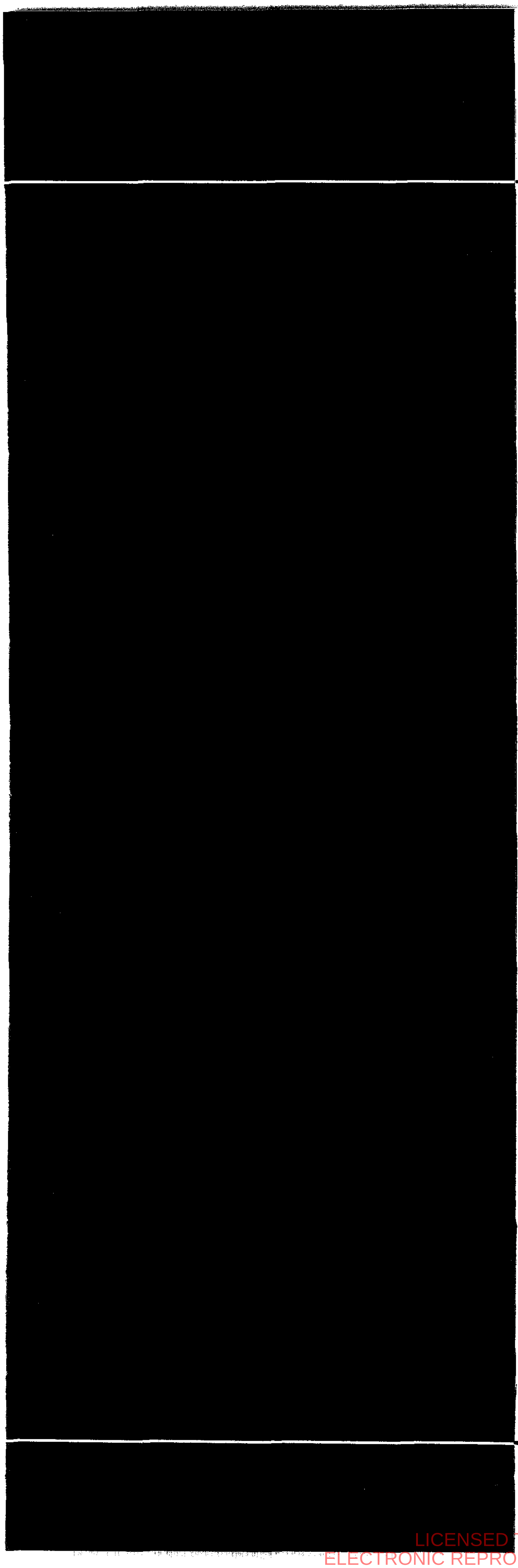

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Padre Padrone."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 2: "The Turning Point."
From May 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 2: "The Goodbye Girl."
From May 3: "Julia."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"F.I.S.T."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Detective."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"High Street."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"High Anxiety."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Coming Home."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"September 30, 1955."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 2: "Annie Hall."
From May 3: "We Will All Meet in Paradise."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"House Calls."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 2: "The Turning Point."
From May 3: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Gentleman Tramp."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through April 27: "Rabbit Test."
From April 28: "The Manitou."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Fury."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"F.I.S.T."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through April 27: "Silver Bears."
From April 28: "FM."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Gentleman Tramp."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rabbit Test."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: "Word Is Out."
Theatre 3: Through April 27: "The Goodbye Girl." From April 28: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 4: "High Anxiety."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"High Anxiety."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
April 26: "Crossed Swords."
From April 27: "The Sea Gypsies."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Joseph Andrews."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 2: "The Turning Point."
From May 3: "Julia."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Rubber Gun."

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman of Paris."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 2: "Word Is Out."
From May 3: "The Goodbye Girl."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 3: "Rabbit Test."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Gentleman Tramp."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 2: "The Turning Point."
From May 3: "Coma" and "Audrey Rose."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 26: "La Rupture" (1970), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet; and "The NADA Gang" (1974), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Fabio Testi.
April 27: "Invitation to the Dance" (1956), directed by Gene Kelly, with Mr. Kelly, Tamara Toumanova, Igor Youskevitch, Claire Sombert, Tommy Rall, and Carol Haney; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Mr. Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagan.
April 28-29: "Seven Beauties" (1976) and "Swept Away" (1975), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.
April 30: "Through a Glass Darkly" (†); and "The Virgin Spring" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom.
May 1: "Brink of Life" (†) and "The Devil's Eye." (†)
May 2: "Destroy, She Said" (1970), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Catherine Sellers and Michel Lonsdale; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
May 3: "The 400 Blows" (†); and "Me" (1970), in French, directed by Maurice Pialat.
May 4: "Fat City" (1972), directed by John Huston, with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "The Man Who Would Be King." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 26: "Private Lives" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "Bitter Sweet" (1940), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and George Sanders.
April 27: "Merry-Go-Round" (1922), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Norman Kerry, Dorothy Wallace, and Mary Philbin; and "The Struggle" (1931), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Hal Skelly, Zita Johann, and Helen Mack.
April 28: "Night Must Fall" (†) and "Gaslight." (†)
April 29: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "A Face in the Crowd." (†)
April 30: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (†) and "Ivanhoe." (†)
May 1: "Mademoiselle" (†) and "Le Chat." (†)
May 2: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.
May 3: "Design for Living" (†) and "Star!" (†)
May 4: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "Page of Madness" (1926), a Japanese silent film with added musical sound track, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 27: "Barbara Broadcast" (1978) and "Misty Beethoven" (1976), both X-rated.
April 28-29: "Hollywood on Trial" (1976), a documentary on Hollywood blacklisting in the fifties, directed by David Helpern, Jr.; and "The Front." (†)
April 30-May 1: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada.
May 2: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; and "Thieves Like Us" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen.
May 3-4: "Shoe-Shine" (†) and "Umberto D." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 26: "The Thing" (1951), directed by Christian Nyby, with Kenneth Tobey; and "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Frances Dee and James Ellison.
April 27-29: "The Gay Divorcée" (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; and "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.
April 30-May 1: "Moulin Rouge" (1953), directed by John Huston, with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor; and "The Night They Raided Minsky's." (†)
May 2-3: "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (†); and "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas.
From May 4: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through April 27: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster, and Ann Richards; and "Thelma Jordon"

(1950), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Barbara Stanwyck and Wendell Corey.

April 28-29: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "The Awful Truth." (†)

April 30-May 1: "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Liebelei" (1932), in German, directed by Max Ophuls, with Wolfgang Liebeneiner, Magde Schneider, and Luise Ulrich.

May 2: "Sunrise" (1927), a silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston; and "Seventh Heaven" (1927), a silent film, directed by Frank Borzage, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

May 3-4: "They Live by Night" (†) and "Gun Crazy." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 26: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, and William Gargan; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

April 27: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix.

April 28-29: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.

April 30-May 1: "Little Women" (†) and "Quality Street." (†)

May 2: "International House" (†); and "The Big Broadcast" (1932), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Bing Crosby and the Mills Brothers.

May 3: "Maytime" (1937), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald, John Barrymore, and Nelson Eddy; and "Naughty Marietta" (1935), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, and Frank Morgan.

May 4: "I Love You Again" (†) and "Love Crazy." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 27 at 2:30: A program of early Danish films, 1907-11. . . . ¶ April 27 at 6: A program of early Danish films, 1914-15. . . . ¶ April 27 at 8:30: A program of early Danish films, 1911-13. . . . ¶ April 28 at 2:30: A program of early Danish films, 1914-15. . . . ¶ April 28 at 6: A program of early Danish films, 1907-11. . . . ¶ April 29 at noon: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll. . . . ¶ April 29 at 2:30: "Sierra Jim's Reformation" (1914), directed by Jack O'Brien, with Raoul Walsh, Wallace Reid, and Gertrude McLynn; and "Regeneration" (1915), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Anna Q. Nilsson and William Sheer. . . . ¶ April 29 at 5: A program of early Danish films, 1911-13. . . . ¶ April 30 at noon: "The 39 Steps." . . . ¶ April 30 at 2:30: "Casual Relations" (1973), directed by Mark Rappaport. . . . ¶ April 30 at 5: "Le Jour Se Lève" (1939), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin, Jacqueline Laurent, and Arletty; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 1 at noon: "Running Fence" (1978), directed by David Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and Albert Maysles. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/78.) . . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30: "Mikael" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Benjamin Cristensen and Walter Slezak; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 1 at 6: "Sierra Jim's Reformation" and "Regeneration." . . . ¶ May 2 at noon: "Running Fence." . . . ¶ May 2 at 2:30: "The Battle of the Sexes" (1928), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Jean Hersholt and Phyllis Haver. . . . ¶ May 2 at 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ May 4 at 2:30: "The Red Desert" (1964), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 4 at 6: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970), directed by Leonard Kastle, with Shirley Stoller and Tony Lo Bianco. . . . ¶ May 4 at 8:30: "Mikael." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 30: "The Foreigner" (1977), directed by Amos Poe, with Eric Mitchell, Patti Astor, Deborah Harry, and Terens Severine. . . . ¶ Starting May 2: "Always for Pleasure" (1977), directed by Les Blank, with Maureen Gosling; and "The Black Indians of New Orleans" (1976), directed by Maurice M. Martinez. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Landow, Menken, Mekas, Murnau, Baldessari, Nelson, Peterson, Jacobs, and others. Showings April 26 at 7 and 9; April 27 at 8; April 28 at 7 and 9; April 29 at 2:30, 7, and 9; April 30 at 8; May 2 at 8; and May 3-4 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 27-30: "Italianamerican" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese; and four short films. . . . ¶ Starting May 4: A program of seven films by Maya Deren. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"Bad Company" (1972), directed by Robert Benton, with Jeff Bridges, Barry Brown, and David Huddleston. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:15; and Sundays at 3, 6:30, and 8:30.

Metropolitan Museum, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—April 26: "Mississippi" (1935), directed by A. Edward Sutherland, with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ April 27: "Aerograd" (1935), in Russian, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; with English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 2: "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ May 4: "So This Is Paris" (1926), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller; and "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Irene Rich and Ronald Colman. Showings at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films; stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. With Errol Flynn slinging a deer across his shoulders, almost impossibly pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and, for villainy, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz and William Keighley directed; Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Columbia I; through May 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 28.)

Audrey Rose (1977)—Directed by Robert Wise, with Anthony Hopkins as a man who hangs about a West Side school because he believes that an eleven-year-old girl there is the reincarnation of his own daughter, killed in a car crash eleven years earlier. (Olympia; starting May 3.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton plays the night-club performer whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Thalia; April 28-29.)

Brink of Life (1957)—Ingmar Bergman directed this study of women in a maternity hospital—and a gory, dreary film it is. With Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, and Bibi Andersson. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 1.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic—a view of the Crimean War with modern revue humor. At times, the satire of political platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining, but Richardson and his scenarist, Charles Wood, seem to shrink everything they touch. This epic has so little feeling for the courage that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Regency; May 2-3.)

Le Chat (1971)—Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments (Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret) regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Bay Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Coma—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Olympia; starting May 3.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Cinema I.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Crossed Swords—With Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Mark Lester, Ernest Borgnine, George C. Scott, Rex Harrison, David Hemmings, and Charlton Heston; directed by Richard Fleischer. (Music Hall; April 26.)

Dear Detective—With Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret, directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht. Though Hecht swore that he had deleted all but one of Coward's actual lines, the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting

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Salerno	Lloyd's Baia Hotel
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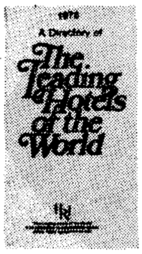

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stylishness. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 3.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 1.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 29.)

F.I.S.T.—With Sylvester Stallone, Rod Steiger, and Peter Boyle; directed by Norman Jewison. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

FM—With Michael Brandon, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras, and Cleavon Little; directed by John A. Alonzo. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting April 28.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 3.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated and flat. (10/4/76) (Cinema Village; April 28-29.)

The Fury—Brian De Palma's visionary science-fiction thriller. The script (John Farris's adaption of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Loews Ciné.)

Gaslight (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won an Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-age Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 28.)

The Gentleman Tramp—A documentary on Charlie Chaplin, narrated by Walter Matthau, Laurence Olivier, and Jack Lemmon. Directed by Richard Patterson. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and New Yorker.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Quad Cinema; through April 27. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through May 2. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 3.)

Gun Crazy (1949; originally called "Deadly Is the Female")—Peggy Cummins and John Dall in a tawdry version of the Bonnie and Clyde story. Cummins is a really mean broad, whose partner is her desperately eager victim. In its B-picture way, it has a fascinating crumminess. With Morris Carnovsky, Berry Kroeger, and Don Beddoe. Joseph H. Lewis directed, from a screenplay credited to MacKinlay Kantor and Millard Kaufman and based on Kantor's *SatEvePost* stories. Dalton Trumbo later revealed that he wrote the script and persuaded Kaufman to let him use his name. (Thalia; May 3-4.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (D.W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

High Street—With Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman, directed by André Ernotte. In French. (Baronet.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Loews Tower East.)

I Love You Again (1940)—Bum title but surprisingly lively comedy. William Powell is the slick con man who awakes from a nine-year bout of amnesia to discover (with horror) that he has settled down to a job, married Myrna Loy, joined the Elks, and taken to wearing a straw hat. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the writers include Charles Lederer and Maurine Watkins. With Frank McHugh and Edmund Lowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4.)

International House (1933)—A Paramount musical revue starring W. C. Fields, with Peggy Hopkins Joyce (as his inamorata), and Rudy Vallée, Burns and Allen, Cab Calloway, and Baby Rose Marie. The songs are by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 2.)

Ivanhoe (1952)—What a ruckus! Everybody in twelfth-century England is fighting everybody else—lunging at one another with long lances while on horseback, or throwing rocks off the parapets of keeps, or raising and lowering drawbridges over moats and plunging shouting, screaming men into the water below. In between, barbecue pits are made ready for human roasts and stakes are erected for the purpose of burning beautiful young women. The Normans, who have pledged their allegiance to Prince John (Guy Rolfe) are at war with the Saxons, who are committed to Richard the Lion-Hearted (Norman Wooland), and the Saxon hero Wilfred of Ivanhoe (Robert Taylor) is trying to raise the ransom money to free Richard from his foreign captors. Ivanhoe is also attentive to the beautiful blond Rowena (Joan Fontaine) and to the dark, sensitive Jewish outcast Rebecca (Elizabeth Taylor). Elizabeth Taylor, just turned twenty, is so improbably beautiful that Fontaine, ordinarily a great beauty in her own right, seems pallid and smarmy. The big clash between Ivanhoe and the villain (George Sanders) is unaccountably brutal—they go at each other with axes and heavy spiked balls attached to chains. No one could say this wasn't a rousing movie. It's also romantic, big, commercial, and slick, in the M-G-M Technicolor grand manner. Directed by Richard Thorpe and made in England, it was shot by Fred A. Young (who was later to do "Lawrence of Arabia"). With Emlyn Williams, Finlay Currie, Felix Aylmer, Basil Sydney, Robert Douglas, Harold Warrender, Sebastian Cabot, and Valentine Dysell. Screenplay by Noel Langley; score by Miklos Rosza. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

I Wanna Hold Your Hand—Directed by Robert Zemeckis. (34th St. East, Trans-Lux East, and U. A. East.)

Joseph Andrews—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has just directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." It is spring in England; this is a very English film—lyric and debonair and cheeky and wild. Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor who makes no distinction between the well and the dead in his search for a patient. Michael Hordern, in a wig that makes him look like a King Charles spaniel who has just come out of the wet, plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager, floating along without weight, as in Fielding's novel. (4/24/78) (Festival.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Gramercy, and Playboy; starting May 3.)

The Last Waltz—The final concert of the rock group The Band, directed by Martin Scorsese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

Little Women (1933)—Enchanting. There are small flaws—a few naïvely sentimental scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as Jo, and the cast includes Edna May Oliver, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Spring Byington (as Marmee, of course), Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, and John Lodge. George Cukor directed (beautifully), and David O. Selznick produced. The dreadful score is by Max Steiner, and Jean Parker, as Beth, is not the world's greatest actress. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30-May 1.)

Love Crazy (1941)—A screwball-comedy spin-off of "The Thin Man" series; William Powell tries to prevent his wife, Myrna Loy, from divorcing him by feigning insanity. The picture isn't memorable, though it gets laughs out of such subjects as mothers-in-law, a lunacy commission, life in a goofy rest home, William Powell in drag, and slippery scatter rugs that send the actors flying. Myrna Loy retains her cool, amiably aloof manner, and Powell alternates between bouts of skittishness and his usual urbanity. With Florence Bates, Gail Patrick, Jack Carson, Sidney Blackmer, and Sara Haden as a kleptomaniac. Directed by Jack Conway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

Mademoiselle (1966)—Jeanne Moreau as a sex-starved pyromaniac schoolteacher, in a script by Jean Genet that punctuates Kate Millett's argument for him. Tony Richardson directed this exquisitely photographed, elaborately bizarre, ridiculous, and tedious movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

The Manitou—With Tony Curtis, Michael Ansara, and Susan Strasberg; directed by William Girdler. (Loews Orpheum; starting April 28.)

The Man Who Would Be King (1975)—John Huston's exhilarating farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 4.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—Robert Montgomery, the foremost romantic light comedian of the early talkies, startled movie audiences when he took this role of a baby-faced killer—a Cockney psychopath carrying a sinister hatbox. Adapted (just barely) by John Van Druten from the Emlyn Williams play, this shocker, set in an isolated cottage, is stage-bound but very scary. Intelligent, repressed Rosalind Russell is drawn to the smiling, thick-lipped Montgomery but becomes frightened when she sees him wheedling his way into the affections of a silly, spoiled old lady (Dame May Whitty). The direction, by Richard Thorpe, is somewhat ponderous (in the M-G-M manner), but the penny-dreadful theatrics are gruesomely effective. This is one of the rare movies in which the viewer loathes the potential victim (Whitty) and still doesn't want to see her get it. (A later version, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Albert Finney, was insistently cinematic, and a mess.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 28.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus

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line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big, warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Regency; April 30-May 1.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Winner of the Golden Palm at Cannes, 1977, also the International Critics' Prize. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Art.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district of America is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is sharp in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

Quality Street (1937)—It isn't really so long ago—though it seems like another age—that the heroine of an American movie could say, "I could bear all the rest, but I've been unladylike." This film is from the James M. Barrie play about a street where gentlemen are an event, and where a dashing, gallant officer (Franchot Tone) devastates the maiden ladies. As in so much of Barrie, the sensitive, all-knowing woman (Katharine Hepburn) gets the vain, infantile male. Underneath all the proprieties, there's a dismaying and rather grim view of human relations. The director, George Stevens, holds to a quaint style that gets silly, but Hepburn does wonders for the material. With Cora Witherspoon as the belligerent servant, Fay Bainter, Eric Blore, Bonita Granville, and—in a lace cap and tall hat—Estelle Winwood. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30-May 1.)

Rabbit Test—With Billy Crystal, directed by Joan Rivers. (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.... ¶ Loews Orpheum; through April 27.)

The Rubber Gun—With Steve Lack, directed by Allan Moyle. (Little Carnegie.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Sea Gypsies—With Robert Logan and Mikki Jamison-Olsen, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Music Hall; starting April 27.)

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September 30, 1955—With Richard Thomas, directed by James Bridges. (Cinema II.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for black-marketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (Cinema Village; May 3-4.)

Silver Bears—With Michael Caine, Cybill Shepherd, and Louis Jourdan; directed by Ivan Passer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through April 27.)

Star! (1968)—Gertrude Lawrence was a nervy technician, with the cool technique that is so clever a projection of personality that it becomes glamour. Playing Lawrence and trying for the mystery of that glamour, Julie Andrews lacks the insolent confidence and the elusive, magical sophistication that can make mannerisms into style; she's pert and cheerful in some professional way that is finally cheerless. She merely coarsens her shining, nice-girl image, becoming a nasty Girl Guide. One gets the feeling from this movie that the director, Robert Wise, and the writer, William Fairchild, were aiming for a dispassionate portrait of an archetypal empty ratfink kind of star—a female Citizen Kane of the theatre and high society. But the ambivalence doesn't come across successfully, because Andrews is never convincing as a magnetic, tough-sentimental playgirl-star. Some of the best songs of Cole Porter and Noël Coward and Kurt Weill and the Gershwins are mangled, while audiences inside the movie go mad with enthusiasm. As Coward, Daniel Massey (Raymond Massey's son and Coward's godson) has the best lines and gives an amiable parody-impersonation. With Richard Crenna, Michael Craig, Beryl Reid, Jenny Agutter, and Robert Reed. Choreographed by Michael Kidd; the ugly, unflattering swell clothes ($347,000 worth) that Andrews wears are by Donald Brooks. At a cost of $14,000,000, "Star!" was a catastrophic box-office failure. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 3.)

They Live by Night (1948)—Nicholas Ray made his début as a director with this near-hallucinatory, hard-boiled, expressionist version of Edward Anderson's too little known 1937 novel "Thieves Like Us." The film—designed as a social tragedy—was ready for release in 1948 (under the title "The Twisted Road"), but R.K.O. apparently thought it lacking in entertaining values and shelved it; released in England, it became a critical and box-office success, which caused the studio to relent and open it here. A variation of such earlier Bonnie-and-Clyde, on-the-road movies as "You Only Live Once," it presents the girl, Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell), and her young escaped-convict lover, Bowie (Farley Granger), as doomed innocents, trying to escape the forces pursuing them, looking for a refuge where their baby can be born. Ray's tense choreographic staging and tightly framed compositions give the film a sensuous nervous feeling of imminent betrayal. Yet this *film-noir* stylization, elegant in design terms and emotionally powerful, is also very simplistic; the movie suffers from metaphysical liberalism—social injustice treated as cosmic fatalism. With Jay C. Flippen and Howard Da Silva, as Bowie's bank-robber friends, Helen Craig, Ian Wolfe, and Marie Bryant. Script by Charles Schnee; produced by John Houseman, under the aegis of Dore Schary. (Robert Altman made another version of "Thieves Like Us," released in 1974.) (Thalia; May 3-4.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 30.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through May 2.)

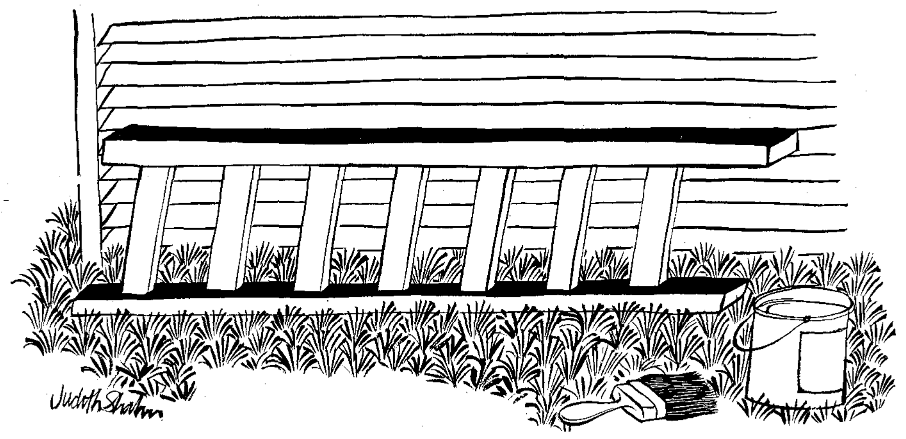
Umberto D. (1952)—Possibly Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Cinema Village; May 3-4.)

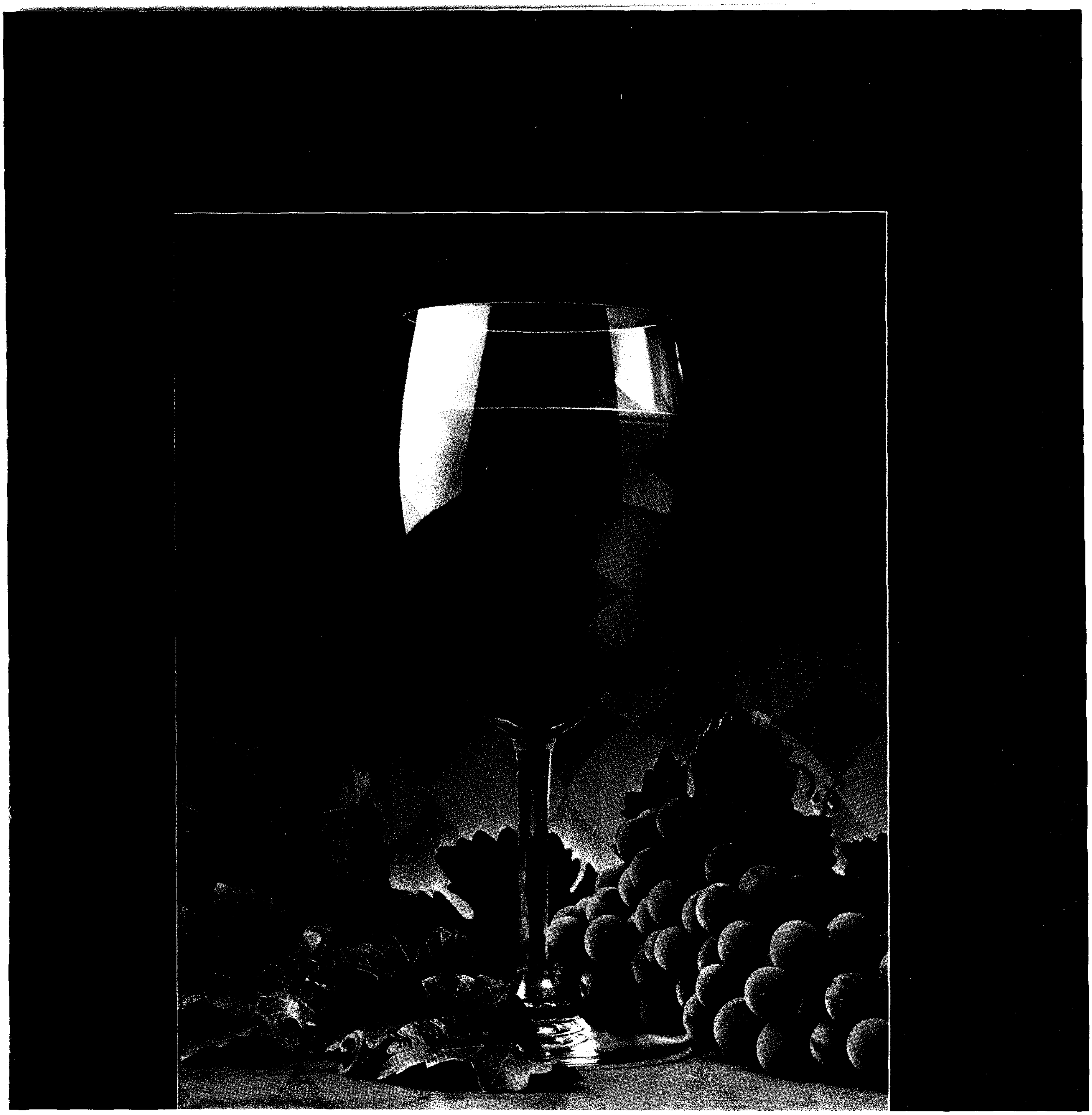
An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

We Will All Meet in Paradise—With Jean Rochefort, Claude Brasseur, Guy Bedos, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Columbia I; starting May 3.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The characterization makes it seem as though Chaplin toyed with—perhaps feared—the idea that he himself was this dandy. The film was greatly to influence Lubitsch, among others. It has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (4/17/78) (Cinema Studio.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Quad Cinema.... ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 2.)





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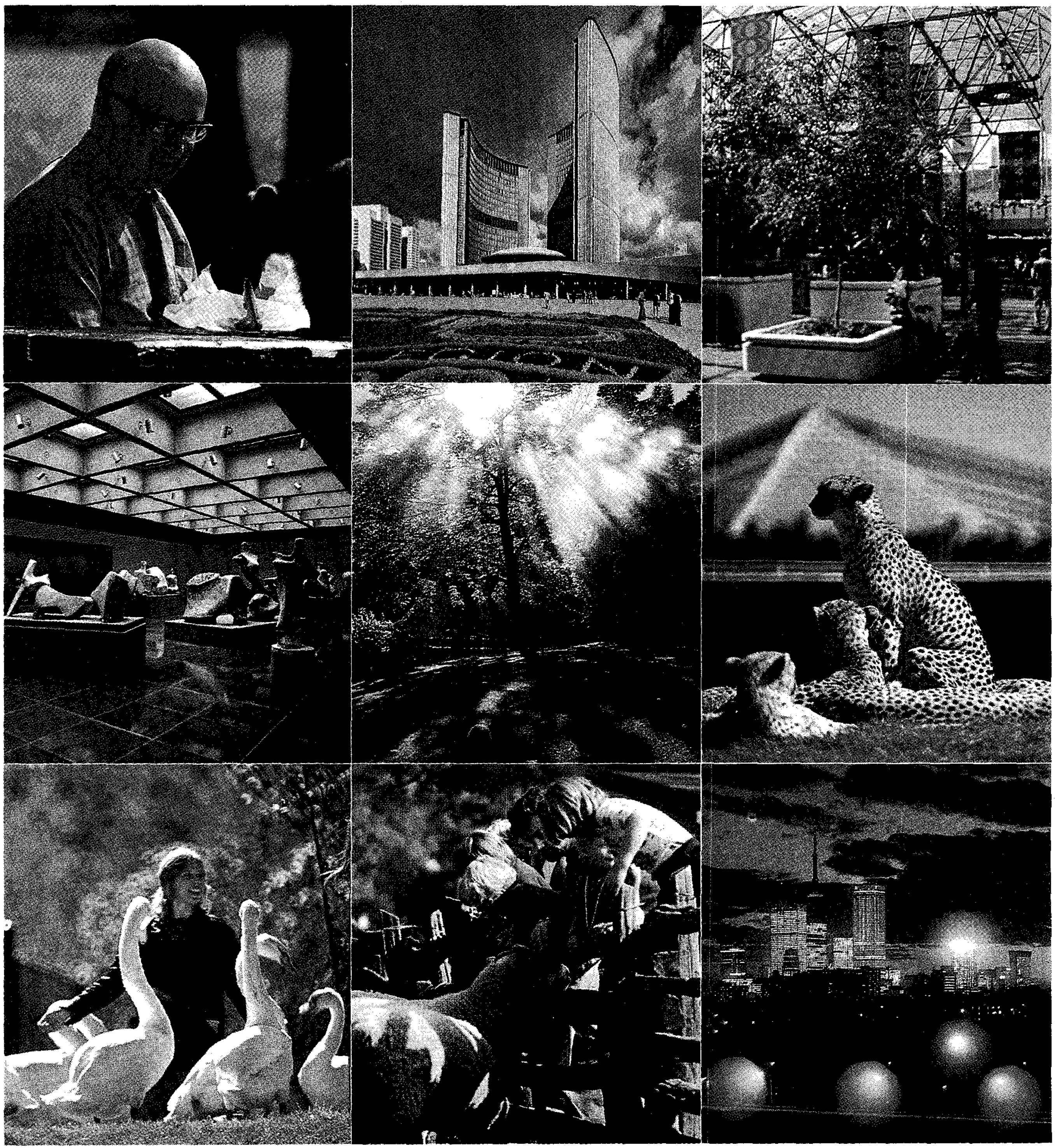

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AFTER the second Panama Canal Treaty was passed, last week, Brigadier General Omar Torrijos Herrera, Panama's head of state, told reporters that if it had been rejected, his Army would have "liberated" the Canal—by violence, if necessary. "The armed forces had decided not to resume negotiations if the treaties were rejected or an unacceptable amendment was attached," he said. "Tomorrow we would have begun the struggle for liberation, and possibly by tomorrow the Canal would no longer be functioning." Now, it's true that this statement would not necessarily qualify the General for a place on anyone's list of Top Ten Statesmen. Nor was his accession to power exactly the picture of democracy. And then there's that swagger stick, and the hat with the brim tied up on both sides that he likes to wear, and his troublingly elusive quality. (He has five or six houses, and often people aren't quite sure where he is.) On the evening of the day after his press conference, the network news programs broadcast interviews with some of our leading pro-treaty and anti-treaty senators, and most of them said that they found General Torrijos' statement "unfortunate," or words to that effect. For all that, it seems to us that with his ex-post-facto threats the General may have invented a welcome new tool for the workshop of international diplomacy—or, at least, one that is infinitely preferable to using the contents of the world's arsenals and armories and missile silos, and even to rattling sabres. We would much rather see presidents and generals and prime ministers shaking their fists at other presidents and generals and prime ministers after there's nothing to shake their fists about than at a time when it's still possible that someone might get hurt.

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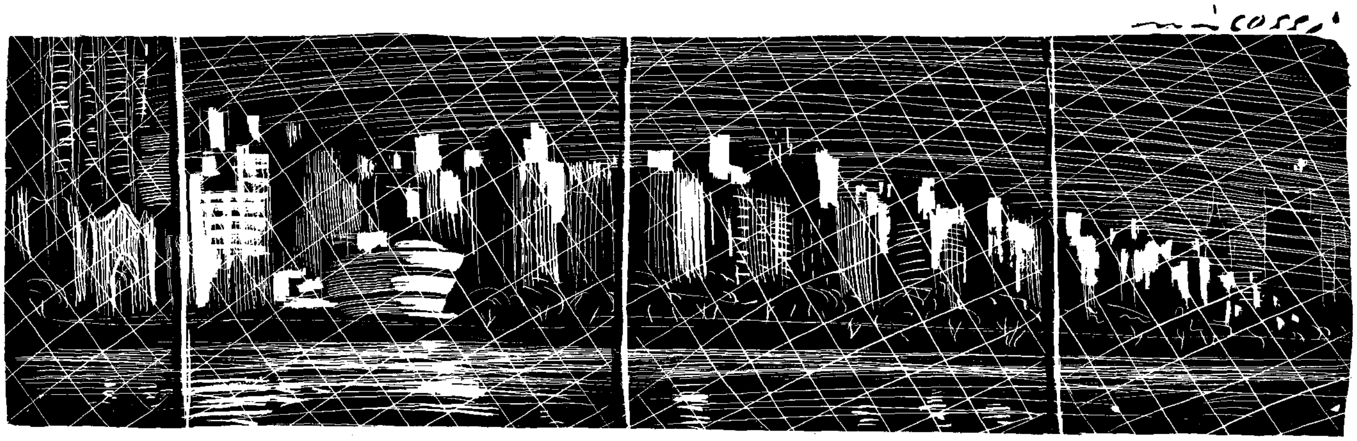
Visiting Editor

WE had lunch the other day with Hilary Ng'weno, of Nairobi, Kenya. Mr. Ng'weno was in New York to receive the John D. Rockefeller 3rd Youth Award, which is given by the trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation annually to someone under forty who has "contributed significantly to the well-being of mankind"—a prize, of ten thousand dollars, for which the latest honoree was only just eligible, since he will reach forty this June. Mr. Ng'weno's credentials as an early achiever are impressive: At twenty-five, he was editor-in-chief of the *Nation*, Nairobi's largest daily paper, and at twenty-seven he resigned, feeling that being merely the editor, rather than the owner, restricted his decision-making authority. Today, he presides unfettered over an East African publishing complex that consists of the Nairobi *Times*, a Sunday paper; *The Weekly Review*, an African counterpart, more or less, of *The Economist;* and *Rainbow*, a children's weekly, one recent issue of which was devoted entirely to elephants.

The visiting journalist, who is a Nairobi-born member of the Samia tribe—a subdivision of the Abaluhya—told us that tribal conflicts remain a touchy political issue in Kenya, and that President Jomo Kenyatta, whose exact age is also a touchy issue but who is generally thought to be about eighty-five, spends much of his time trying to keep them from intensifying. "The President's main interest is in security and stability," Mr. Ng'weno said, "and pronouncements on government policy tend to originate in Cabinet meetings rather than with him. But there are exceptions. For instance, it was the President himself who decreed at the end of 1977 that, beginning this spring, stores could no longer sell animal skins and other such trophies. Some months before that, all hunting had been forbidden; the decree was a followup, and was promulgated because the government feared that animals would continue to be killed, but now by poachers. We get a different kind of tourist in Kenya today, you know—in part, of course, because our border with Tanzania has been closed since February, 1977, and the game-reserve



crowd can no longer make the circuit in and out of the two countries. Instead of the tourists who would come from Britain and America to Nairobi, get into their safari suits, and take off in their zebra-striped microbuses for the Serengeti and Ngorongoro, today we have planeloads of West Germans flying directly to Mombasa, on the coast, merely to soak up our sun. This has caused some problems. There are many Moslems in that part of Kenya, and the sight of women strolling along their streets in bikinis deeply offends them. The change in the nature of our tourism has been rather good for the animals, however. Conservation used to be almost exclusively an expatriate cause. Now Kenya has become interested in animal conservation for its own sake rather than as a stimulus to tourism, whereas if the emphasis had continued to be placed on attracting outsiders who wanted to hunt or photograph animals, the native environmentalist movement might not have developed. But today the East African Wildlife Society has people like me on its board of trustees, and in our secondary schools there are twenty thousand African students who belong to the Wildlife Clubs of Kenya.”

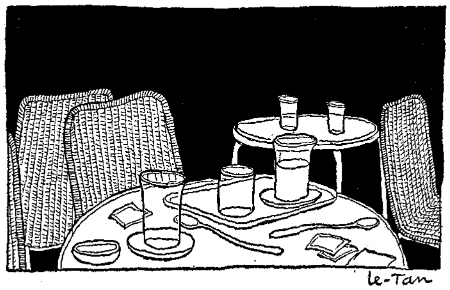
We asked Mr. Ng’weno what the prospects were for Kenya in the post-Kenyatta era.

“You have to live in my country to realize just how powerful the President is, and how he acts as a reference point,” he said. “His whole position is that if there is a crisis you don’t have to try to solve it instantly. There was a treason trial several years ago in which witnesses implicated the Chief Justice and the head of the Army. In any other African country, the two of them would have been summarily shot. Since the plot against him had failed, Kenyatta concluded that there was no point in his appearing to be vindictive, so he simply let the two men resign. As to what happens when the President dies, we Kenyans just don’t ask ourselves that question. The matter of succession is never discussed directly—least of all in print. But when at rallies we shout ‘Long live Kenyatta!’ we are also saying, to ourselves, ‘God help us when he is no longer around.’ ”

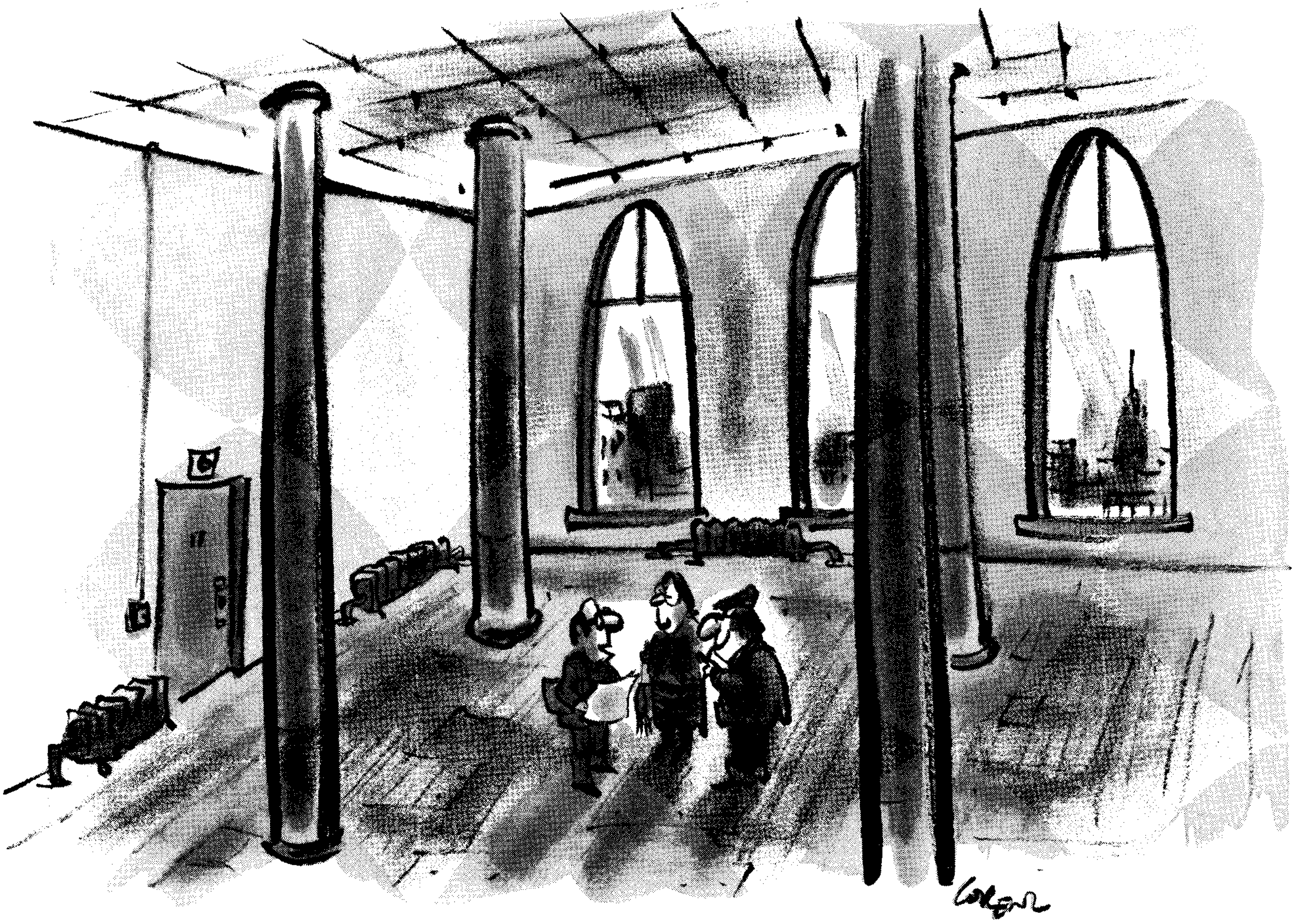
Mr. Ng’weno is no stranger to the United States, nor is his wife, a woman of French parentage who was raised on Long Island. He himself twice attended Harvard—once as an undergraduate, and then as a Fellow at the Center for International Affairs. “I was the first Kenyan to matriculate at Harvard College,” he told us. “But I disappeared after my junior year. The Soviet Union had not long before set up its Patrice Lumumba University, in Moscow, for foreign students, and I wanted to go there, because I didn’t like capitalism. But the Russians wouldn’t let me in, because they didn’t think I was a bona-fide Socialist. So I worked in London in a wine cellar, filling bottles from casks, and after seven months I went back to Harvard, and finally graduated, in 1962. I had almost gone to Cambridge University instead—I needed a scholarship wherever I went, my father being a locomotive engineer—but I wasn’t admitted there, because they said my Swahili wasn’t good enough. That was odd, because I spoke Swahili as a child, and here was a university turning me down on the ground that I wasn’t sufficiently fluent in a language it didn’t teach. My second time around at Harvard was during the 1968-69 academic year—the year of all the campus turmoil there. I kept marvelling at the similarity between the antic behavior of some American academicians and the behavior of some African politicians I knew back home. I guess I learned a lot at Harvard, although, unfortunately, it had no courses in journalism. Well, I know something about that now, and, at least, I’m my own boss, though by no means as powerful a one as people occasionally seem to think. Your New York *Times* once described me as the William Randolph Hearst of Kenya. That was ironic; a few weeks afterward, I was barely able to scrape up enough cash to pay for a shipment of newsprint. I’m not sure how much I’ve contributed to date to the well-being of mankind, but the Rockefeller Award will certainly go a long way toward contributing to my own.”

Yes and No

YES: When Alan Sonfist, a thirty-one-year-old New York artist who is reforesting about a quarter of an acre of Manhattan, on LaGuardia Place between Bleecker and Houston, was five years old, his best friend was a beech tree in Bronx Park. Alan’s family lived in West Farms, a tough South Bronx neighborhood a block and a half from the park, and, as a little kid, whenever he got sick of the city he would wander up the Bronx River, through the hemlock forest—the only piece of forest in the city that looks exactly as it did before white men (in this case, the Jonas Broncks) moved into the neighborhood, in the sixteen-thirties—and come to a stop in a beech grove just beyond. He felt that the trees were as alive as he was, he wondered whether the rocks had a language of their own, and he understood that human beings don’t have to use a forest, or even do anything in a forest, to enjoy themselves: they only have to be there, and look and listen. When Alan got a bit older, he used to play hooky and take long walks through his borough’s enormous park system. He used to see a lot of deer and a few foxes, and he still has a small scar on the bridge of his nose from falling down a ten-foot waterfall in the Bronx River. Then he grew up and went away to college and became an artist, and about ten years ago he got the idea of taking bits of the city and restoring them to what they looked like when the Dutch arrived, so that other New Yorkers could discover what he had discovered when he was five. It was the first time anyone had ever thought of reforesting New York, and it took him until last week, when he wielded a New York Horticultural Society silver shovel and planted a bayberry bush on LaGuardia Place, to interest a large enough number of foundations, city and state agencies, businesses, and neighborhood groups in his project—which he calls a Time Landscape—so that he could get it off, or into, the ground. In the meantime, having decided that what he was interested in was natural phenomena as public monuments, he worked on other undertakings, and we first ran into him six years ago, when he put on an exhibit at Automation House which consisted of a colony of a million army ants from Central America.



When the Sonfist Greenwich Village Time Landscape is completed, it will display on a forty-five-foot-by-two-hundred-foot plot of land the three stages of a Lower Manhattan forest: wild flowers and grasses, the beginnings of a forest, at the southern end; saplings in the middle; and mature trees at the northern end. The first two stages will be planted by the middle of May, which is the end of the city spring-planting season: meadow plants like chicory, goatsbeard, dandelions, prickly lettuce, groundsel, wormwood, thistles, yarrow, oxeye daisies, coltsfoot, cheat, bromegrass, annual bluegrass, quack grass, beard grass, sheep sorrel, smart-



"Well, the space certainly has potential. The question, then, is how important a statement you're prepared to make."

• •

weed, lamb's-quarters, pigweed, field cress, and mustard for Stage One; and larger plants like bittersweet, black cherry, blackberries, sumacs, wild roses, the bayberry bush already in place, and small red cedars, gray birches, red and white oaks, sweet gums, beeches (of course), red maples, sassafras, dogwood, and white ash for Stage Two. (Stage Three will be undertaken later this year.) Ragweed would also be a natural part of the beginnings of a Lower Manhattan forest, but Community Planning Board No. 2, which is strongly backing the project, persuaded Sonfist to omit it. The New York forests that the Dutch saw were basically oak-and-hickory forests, and they were probably only about two thousand years old—the end product of a seventeen-thousand-year process of reforestation which started when the glaciers that covered all of the city except the southern tips of Staten Island, Brooklyn, and Queens began their retreat. New York is of interest to foresters, because it marks a border between two plant zones. Trees characteristic of Southern forests grow here—sweet gum, tulip, persimmon, hackberry, sweet-bay magnolia, and willow oak. So do the trees of the New England forests—maple, beech, birch, and hemlock. Anyone who has ever flown into the city from Boston when the plane was on a northern approach through Westchester may have an inkling of what Alan Sonfist discovered in Bronx Park: you fly over mile after mile of trees, and it's only after you've flown over several miles of northern Manhattan that you see nothing but buildings. Even today, New York is quite obviously, from the air, just a little clearing in the great woods.

In Dutch days, the Time Landscape plot was part of a line of sandy hills, the Zantberg, that stretched northeast from the present intersection of Varick and Charlton Streets to somewhere around the intersection of Eighth and Greene Streets. North of the hills ran Minetta Brook—well stocked with fish—which drained the springy marshes, full of wild ducks, that are now Washington Square. A 1925 book about Greenwich Village suggests that the Dutch rode up to the Zantberg to hunt and fish "as we would . . . to the Adirondacks and the Maine woods." Two Dutch missionaries who walked up from Nieuw Amsterdam to Sappokanikee, the Indian village that later turned into Greenwich Village, reported that "in passing through this island we sometimes encountered such a sweet smell in the air that we stood still; because we did not know what it was we were meeting." Sonfist is re-creating some of the Zantberg on his plot: the morning of the ground-breaking, a small bulldozer trundled around piling up landfill that had been trucked up from City Hall Park, where the Delacortes are building a new fountain. We talked with a man from the H. O. Penn Machinery Company, the local Caterpillar dealer, which had supplied the bulldozer and a foreman to operate it, and he said that Penn was eager to participate in Sonfist's forest, in order to show that "these machines are constructive—they knock down things, but they build toward something better."

Robert Moses and a baker on Prince Street named Tony Dapolito can take some of the credit for Sonfist's forest. Back in the fifties, Moses wanted to run a highway south through Washington Square from Fifth Avenue to West Broadway (now LaGuardia Place). West Broadway would then have been widened to a hundred and twenty feet and renamed South Fifth Avenue. Dapolito was chairman of Community Board No. 2 at the time, and he and a number of other Villagers got together and blocked the highway, the street widening, and the name changing. But the land allotted for the street widening had already been approved as far south as Houston Street, and along there for the last twenty years there has been a forty-five-foot-wide strip consisting of some grass, a lot of dirt, and a couple of trees between two sidewalks on the east side of LaGuardia Place. This strip falls under the jurisdiction of the Department of Highways, not the Parks Department, and it has always looked more like a street than like a park. Community Board No. 2 had for years been trying to think of what to do with the land, and when Sonfist got in touch with the board a couple of years ago Dapolito, then serving as its vice-chairman, steered him to the spot.

After the planting of the bayberry bush, Sonfist and his wife and Dapolito went up to the apartment of Connie Masullo, chairman of community affairs for the tenants' group of 505 LaGuardia Place, which is another group backing the forest. Peter Masullo, Connie's husband and a friend of Dapolito's, was born on the site of 505—an I. M. Pei building with a big Picasso sculpture out front—and for twenty-five years he has owned a liquor store in SoHo, where he serves people like Robert Rauschenberg and Leo Castelli. Connie Masullo now served her visitors Virginia ham, turkey, Swiss cheese, salami, tomatoes, white and rye bread, cheesecake, pound cake, white wine, and coffee. Everyone drank a toast to the forest.

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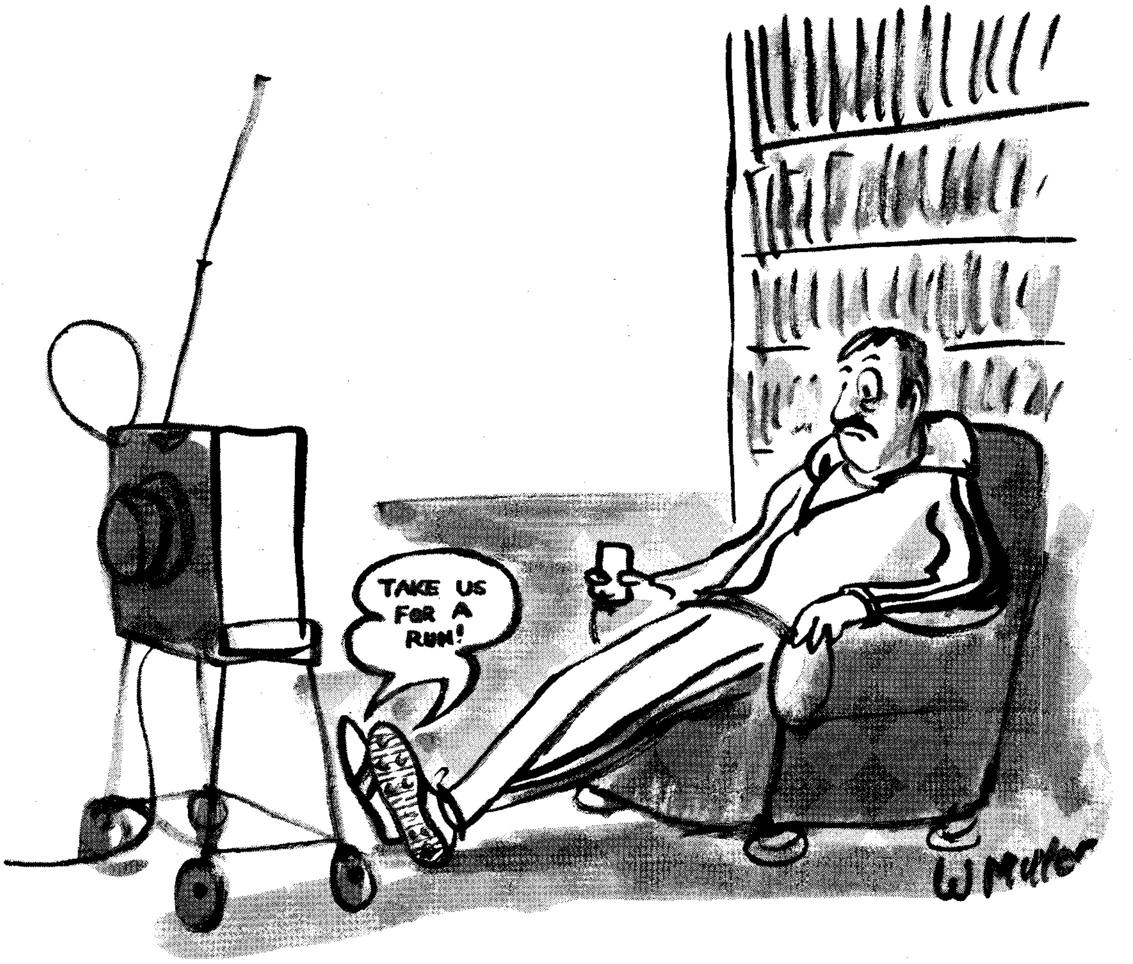
NO: Westway, the name-brand, one-point-one-six-billion-dollar, four-point-two-mile stretch of interstate highway currently planned for the West Side of Manhattan, either (a) will or (b) will not be built, depending upon who's doing the talking. After reading the newspapers during the past couple of weeks ("KOCH CONCEDES ON THE WESTWAY—ALMOST," a headline in the *News* forewarns one morning; "WE KEEP 50c FARE & GET WESTWAY," says another, a few days later), one could innocently assume that Westway is ineluctably destined to exist. Spending a few hours in a room full of Jacobsites, however, leaves one with exactly the opposite assumption. We did just that one recent Friday evening, when the West Village Committee, Incorporated, held a reception in the parish house of the church of St. John's-in-the-Village to honor Jane Jacobs, the urban thinker and writer, and to raise money for the legal expenses of fighting Westway. In 1968, seven years after the publication of her book "The Death and Life of Great American Cities," Jane Jacobs moved with her family to Toronto. The reception for her was therefore in the nature of a reunion, and about two hundred and fifty people attended. Like Jane Jacobs, all of them had a good deal to say about Westway, and virtually none of it was complimentary.

We stood near an entrance corridor watching the crowd assemble, and Rachele Wall, a former chairwoman of Community Board No. 2, identified some of the arrivals for us. "The people who are coming tonight have been trained to combat things like Westway," said Mrs. Wall. "They're Jacobsites—staunch believers in the human scale and in stabilizing neighborhoods. They believe in spending money for mass transit instead of for more highways for cars. Jane Jacobs and I go back to 1960, when we worked together to save the West Village, and then we fought the Lower Manhattan Expressway, which would have gone right through the middle of Little Italy and what became SoHo. It's an awful thing when people keep having to band together to fight their government. The reason people now get the impression that Westway is inevitable is that, unfortunately, anything that gets printed in the newspaper is taken to be true. But not by this crowd. There's Dan Gabel—he's an insurance man. Peter Fritsch, coming in behind him, owns a record company. Hilda Mayorga is a housewife in the neighborhood, Jim Shaw's an actor, Otis Burger is a longtime resident and home owner. Ann Lye is a real-estate broker who helped to create the Landmarks Commission; her husband, Len Lye, is a kinetic artist. Pierre Tonachel, coming in now with his wife, Anne, is a lawyer. She's a teacher.


TAKE US FOR A RUN!

These are the sort of people who the Westway advocates tell you are 'obstructionist crazies.' Notice how crazy they are. It's an insane group, isn't it?"

Quite a few politicians also happened to be on hand. When the topic for discussion is Westway, most local politicians become highly quotable. For instance, Henry Stern, the councilman-at-large from Manhattan, in response to questions about the city administration's views, enumerated its pro-Westway arguments. At one point, a man said to him, "You sound as if you were *for* building the interstate."

Stern looked pained. "No," he said. "I am not for Westway. For a variety of reasons. In the simplest terms, it's silly in a spaceship-earth sense to take more than a billion dollars and spend it on four miles of road." Having clarified his position, Stern looked relieved.

"Pop, you've got to be more supportive of Mom and more willing to share with her the day-to-day household tasks. Mom, you have to recognize Pop's needs and be less dependent on him for your identity."

Nearby, we saw a middle-aged man wearing a gray suit, a white shirt, and a black bow tie—the uniform, we felt intuitively, of a no-nonsense litigator. The man turned out to be William Hoppen, a no-nonsense litigator! He represents Action for Rational Transit—the lead plaintiff in a coalition of twenty-one groups that are engaged in the legal battle against Westway. Mr. Hoppen offered a blunt verdict on the fate of Westway. "It'll never be built," he said. "The more people learn the facts, the more people will oppose the whole thing. It was illegally planned and, if it should be built, would have to be built illegally. Westway would violate the Clean Air Act, and it would violate federal law as far as dredge-and-fill in the Hudson River is concerned. Three federal agencies—the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior, the Commerce Department's National Marine Fisheries Service, and the Environmental Protection Agency—have recommended that the state and federal permits to build the thing be denied. The plaintiffs are now just waiting for the Westway people to get their act together—to get their permits. Then we'll start to litigate. It'll never be built."

When the reception was two hours old, the guest of honor was invited to speak. Jane Jacobs is a robust, imposing white-haired woman who wears eyeglasses with thick, egg-shaped black frames. In this crowded room, standing at the top of a low stairway, she seemed to hover like a well-tethered airship. She congratulated the Westway opponents on their tenacity—the Ad-Hoc Committee Against the Interstate, for instance, which is the biggest group, has existed since 1972—and then she exhorted them to keep up the fight. "The way you win battles like this," said Jane Jacobs, "is you hold the powers-that-be off and hold them off, and eventually they have to give up. Time is on our side. Expressways are never wiped out at a single stroke. They're nibbled to death by ducks. So let's all be ducks and nibble this thing to death." Jane Jacobs had a few more things to say, but none of her subsequent metaphors rivalled the ducks.

As the gathering began to disperse, Jane Jacobs leaned against a table and spoke with several friends. A heavyset young man with dark hair approached her and, blushing slightly, said, "Jane, I don't know if you'll remember me. I'm Jack Hanley. One of the Hanley boys. We used to be neighbors when you were on Hudson Street. Do you remember?"

Quickly, she sorted through her memory bank. Then she recognized Jack Hanley and gave him a hug and a kiss. "Oh, my, the Hanley boys," she said. "*Sure* I remember you. Now, which one are you? Are you the one who hurt his arm falling through the plate-glass window?"

"No," Jack said. "That was my brother Kevin."

"Oh, then, are you the one with the pigeons, who broke his leg falling six stories off a roof?"

"I'm the one," he said, grinning.

"Is it O.K. now?" Jane Jacobs asked.

He shook his right leg a couple of times and stomped his heel into the floor. "Yeah," he said. "It works fine."

MORNING

SAY you're frightened. Admit it.

—In Colorado, by the mountains. In California, by the sea. Everywhere, by breaking glass.

—Say you're frightened. Confess.

—Timid as a stag. They've got a meter wired to my sheet. I don't know what it measures. I get a dollar a night. When I wake suddenly, I notice it's there. I watch my hand aging, sing a little song.

—Were you invited to the party?

—Yes, I was. Stood there smiling. I thought, Those are tight pants, how kind of her. Wondered if she was orange underneath. What shall we do? Call up Mowgli? Ask him over? Do you like tongue? Sliced? With mushrooms? Is it a private matter? Is Scriabin as smart as he looks? This man's a fool—why are you talking to him? Yes, his clothes are interesting, but inside are dull bones.

—This gray light, I don't see how you stand it.

—A firestorm of porn all around—orange images, dunes and deserts. Bursts of quarrelling through the walls. I wonder who the people are? I tried that Cuisine Minceur, didn't like it. Oh, it looks pretty—

—Say you're frightened.

—I'm frightened. By flutes and flower girls and sirens. We get a lot of sirens because of the hospital. By coffee, dead hanging plants, people who think too fast, vestments and bells.

—Get some Vitamin E. I take eight hundred units.

—The sound of glass breaking. I thought, Oh Christ, not again. The last time they got a bicycle, fancy Japanese bicycle somebody'd left in the hall. We changed the lock. Guy left his crowbar. Actually it wasn't a crowbar it was a jack handle.

—I'm not afraid of crime, there's got to be crime, it's the manner or mode that— I mean if they could just take it out of your bank account, by punching a few buttons or something. . . .

—I'm not afraid of snakes. There was a snake-handling bunch where we spent the summers. I used to go to their meetings now and again, do a little handling.

—Not afraid of the mail, not so much as I used to be, all those threatening letters, I just say sticks and stones, sticks and stones, see the triage nurse.

—It's only when you stop to think about it. I don't stop.

—Not afraid of hurricanes because we used to have them, where I lived, not afraid of tarantulas, used to have them too, they jump, have to chop them up with a hoe, long-handled hoe as opposed to the stoop hoe, by preference.

—Nature in general not seen as antipathetic. Nor are other people, except for those who want to slap your ears back without first presenting their carefully reasoned, red-white-and-blue threats.

—Behavior in general a wonderful sea, in which we can swim, or leap, or stumble.

—She got out of bed and, doing a cute little walk, walked to the bathroom. I dreaded the day I would see her real walk.

—There's the sunset gun. That means we can loosen up and get friendly. Think we can get any of that government money?

—I sent for the forms. Merrily merrily merrily merrily.

—Think we can get us some of that good per diem?

—If you decide to run for it a bus is better. No one's seated facing you. They've got bigger windows now, and the drivers are usually reliable.

—Well that's one thing I want to stay away from. Flight, I mean. Too much like defeat.

—But when I get to all these strange places they seem empty. Nobody on the streets and I'm not used to that. Their restaurants all have the same things: filet, surf 'n' turf, prime rib. Spend a few days in a hotel and then check out, leaving a dollar or two for the maids.

—Turkeying around trying to get situated.

—Searching the room for someone to go to bed with. What if she agrees?

—That's happened to me several times. You just have to be honest.

—The love of gain is insatiable. This is true.

—What are you afraid of? Mornings, noons, or nights?

—Mornings. I send out a lot of postcards.

—Take a picture of this exceptionally dirty window. Its grays. I think I can get you a knighthood, I know a guy. What about the Eternal Return?

—Distant, distant, distant. Thanks for calling Jim it was good to talk to you.

—They played "One O'Clock Jump," "Two O'Clock Jump," "Three O'Clock Jump," and "Four O'Clock Jump." They were very good. I saw them on television. They're all dead now.

—That scare you?

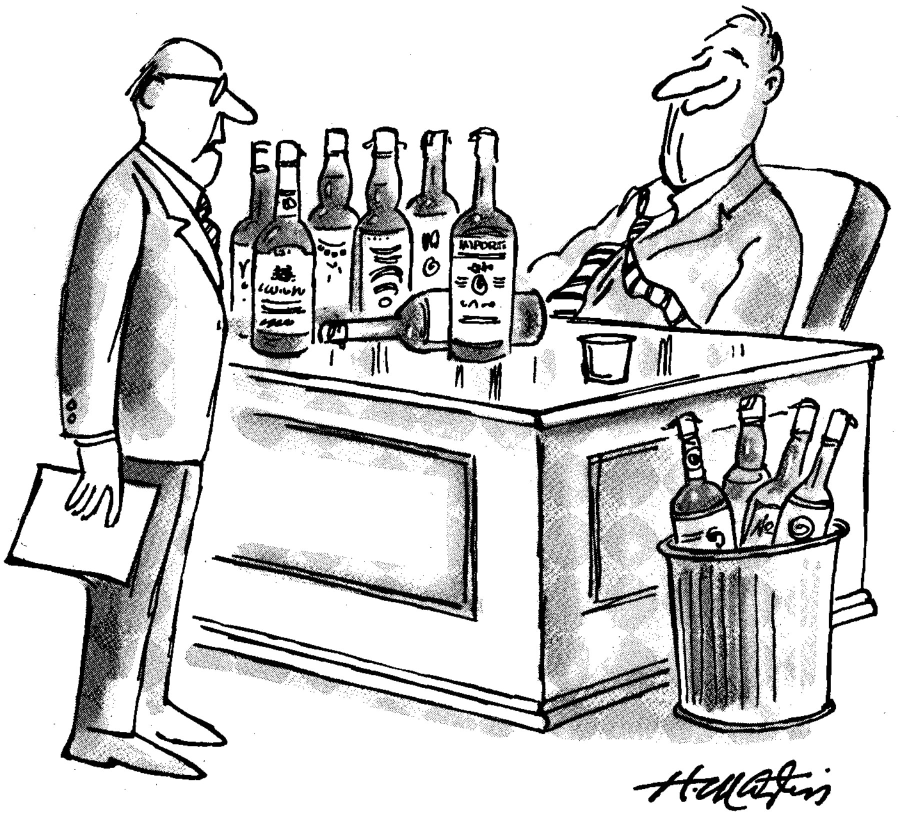
—Naw that doesn't scare me.

—That scare you?

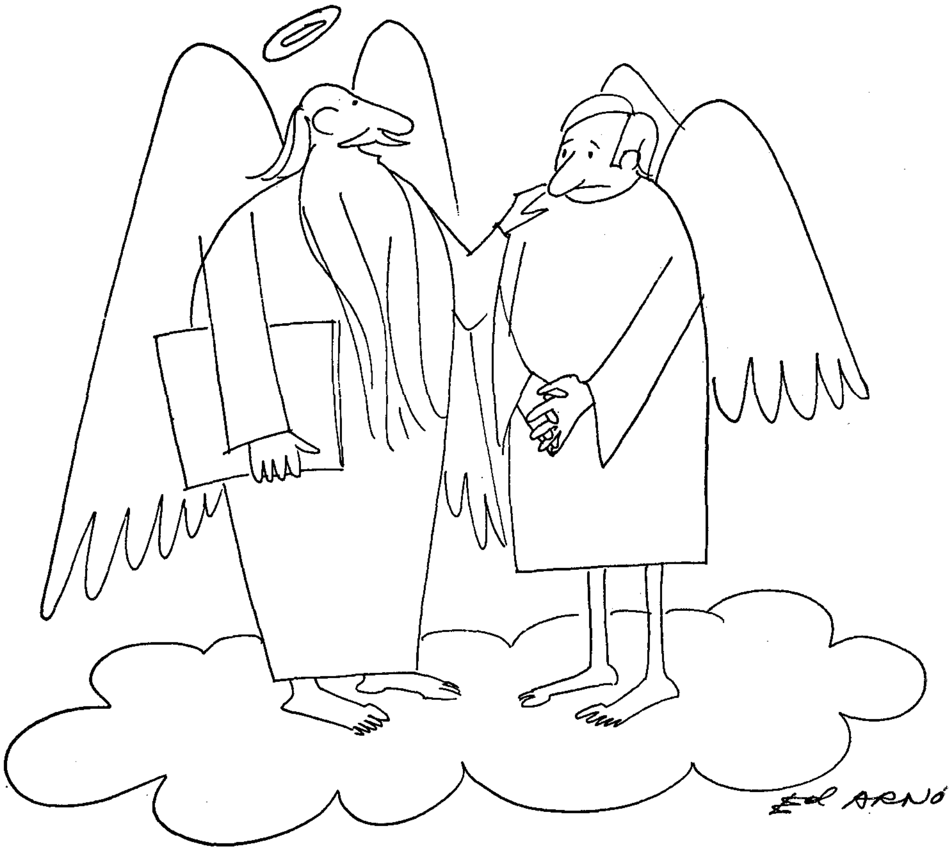
—Naw that doesn't scare me.

—What scares you?

—My hand scares me. It's not well.



"Just what's going on here, Dillington?"



“But, Mr. Atherton, this is Heaven. You don’t buy and sell anything.”

• •

—Hear that? That’s wolf talk. Not bad is it?

—Scarcely had I reloaded when a black rhinoceros, a female as it proved, stood drinking at the water.

—Let me give you a hint: *Find me one animal that is capable of personal friendship.*

—So I decided it was about time we got gay. I changed the record, that helped, and fiddled with the lights—

—Call up Bomba the Jungle Boy? Get his input?

—Fixed up the Kool-Aid with some stuff I had with me. Complicated the décor with carefully placed items of lawn furniture, birdbaths, sundials, mirrored globes on stands . . .

—That set toes to tapping, did it?

—They were pleased. We danced Inventions & Sinfonias. It wasn’t bad. It was a success.

—It is this that the new portraits are intended to celebrate.

—Then, out of another chute, the bride appeared, caracolling and sunfishing across the arena.

—I knew her. I was very fond of her. I am very fond of her. I wish them well.

—As do I. She’s brave.

—Think we can get some of that fine grant money?

—If we can make ourselves understood. If I applaud, the actors understand that I am pleased. If I take a needle and singe it with a match, you understand that I have picked up a splinter in my foot. If I say “Have any of the English residents been murdered?,” you understand that I am cognizant of native unrest. If I hand you two copies of a thesis bound in black cloth, you understand that I am trying to improve myself. Appeals to patriotism, small-boat warnings up.

—Say you’re frightened.

—I’m frightened. But maybe not tomorrow.

—Well that’s one thing I want to stay away from. You can get mad instead. I got mad, really got mad.

—Put-on anger. A technique of managers.

—Got so mad I coulda bit a chisel in two.

—And very graciously. Skin of dreams, paint marks, red scratches, grass stains. We watched “60 Minutes.” Fed on ixias, wild garlic, the core of aloes, gum of acacias. She’s gone now, took an early plane. How do I feel? O.K.

—Another bright glorious day. How do you feel? Have you tried to get a drink on one of these new trains? It’s as easy as pie. Have you got anything we could put over the windows? Tar-paper or maybe some boards? Do you want to hear “The Battle Hymn of the Republic”? Is there any more of this red?

—Jugs and jugs. Two weeks would do it, two weeks in a VW Rabbit.

—Going home.

—No, thank you.

—You’re afraid of it?

—Indeed, do I still live?

—What are you afraid of?

—One old man alone in a room. Two old men alone in a room. Three old men alone in a room.

—Well maybe you could talk to them or something.

—And say: Howdy, have you heard about pleasure, have you heard about fun? Let’s go out and bust up a bar, it’s been a long time. What are you up to, what are your plans? Still lifting weights? I’ve been screwing all night, how ’bout you? “You please me, happiness!”

—Well I don’t think about this stuff a lot of the time.

—Humility is barefoot, Lewdness is physically attractive and holds a sprig of colewort, the Hour is a wheel, and Courage is strangling a lion, by shoving a mailed fist down its throat.

—How did the party end?

—I wasn’t there. Got to scat, I said, got to get away, got to creep, it’s that time of night. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, bless the bed that I lie on.

—Say you’re frightened.

—Less and less. I have a smoke detector and tickets to everywhere. I have a guardian angel blind from birth and a packet of Purple-top White Globe turnip seeds, for the roof.

—Want to see my collection of bass clarinets? Want to see my collection of painters’ ears? This gray light, I don’t see how you stand it.

—I grayed it up myself. Sets off the orange.

—A fine person. Took the Fire Department exam and passed it. That’s just one example.

—All women are mortal, she explained to me, and Caius is a woman.

—Say you’re not frightened. Inspire me.

—After a while, darkness, and they give up the search.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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What it has all added up to so far is that there has been no real change in the validity of the tired French maxim, Plus ça change, plus c’est la même chase.

—*The Times.*

Well, maybe a little change.

THAT MOMENT LONG

I. SNAPSHOTS

Last summer father brought them out,
the albums from his family home.
Pictures in uniform: a Scout
becomes a seaman in the First
World War, becomes a monochrome
in which he plays, he says, the worst
French horn the Columbia band has had.
And then the ones with girls rehearse
what fills two books: one time he's mock-mad

at you, it seems, for wearing hats . . .
another of you posed, a box
of taffy in hand and made to chat
with The Boardwalk's Only Talking Dog.
The images—that equinox
in Alabama when the frogs
covered the road, making you stop
the car to take a snap, or that log
you'd found in Maine, where father propped,

filled his young-doctor's pipe, and told
you tales of what an interne sees—
spill out alive, and yet withhold,
each one, the handsome, quiet, dark
young woman you were. You disagreed
with him on where (the Smokies? Ozarks?)
a pair were taken, but page on artless page
they came, sheer presences, remarking
why, those years, women your age

would leave the Southern farms and towns,
come North to school or work, and stay.
Ten years, these photos turning brown
record, your courtship lasted, ten!
The pain that came of that delay
even a child may see, yet when
the years went by you did find one
way that the rural young, back then,
could make their sun stand still, or run:

by the casual, possessing act
taking a picture is. That night,
as sleep slid further from me, fact
gave way to reverie: I mused
that I, like him on edge, contrite,
now knew how memory pursued
Marcel—and how, without one more
good night, he'd never rest. Renewed
by the camera's thick-grained metaphors,

my dreams that night were snapshots . . . no,
were negatives of what had not
been photographed—the even, slow,
unspoken years of your growing up . . .
the move at twelve you've not forgot,
exchanging for a single-crop
and red-loam farm deep in the South
your family's simple hardware shop.
There, in that Ohio town, your youth

had been a level round of chores:
helping your mother with the bread,
and then your uncle at the store . . .
before the hour when you could read
George Sand in French. Sometimes, instead,
you followed your thoughts where they might lead,
imagining it might be you
by whom Debussy would be freed,
his phrasing, finally, played true.

But it was school that let you out.
When done, you found a place to teach
children in junior high about
the diction of Molière, Racine.
—There, unease wakened me, as each
new photo-dream ran out of light.
What was it, then, I'd halfway seen
in blurred interstices? Piecemeal,
dark fragments took on form. Despite
our years, the you—imagined, real—
I watched in sleeplessness that night . . .
held me. In unbelief (the trite
unlikenesses from Sunday school
flooding my mind, to ridicule
all sense), in unbelief and fright
I closed my eyes, losing, in time,
myself. That final paradigm
of you remained, too still for sight.
Hieratic, motionless, ideal,
infixed in tacitness, your face
comprised what was, wasn't, isn't, is. Time
became tangent. Time became space.

II. STARS AND STRIPES: LIBERTY BELL MARCH

One, two, three, four, now let your foot take flight!
(Echo: . . . three, four, now set your rhymes back right . . .)
The opening notes stride up, then leap, and so
Balanchine's corps de ballet starts to throw
its legs across the stage. The Sousa march,
Liberty Bell, sends forty girls, backs arched,
in kicking lines of force into . . . my mind.
The notes return. I *know* them: they unwind
the time from . . . when? from 1946
till now, from when that spring father—all quick
with pride and health confirmed by splinting legs
and arms on lava reefs with names as vague
to me (at eight) as Bougainville—returned
at last from war and in a month, concerned
with Muscle Tone, declared we had to be
what he'd called "Fiji fit," as fit as he
had been when stationed there. The morning rite,
therefore, began as day first turned to light—
five, six, seven, eight, now make the muscle tight.
Time, I must have learned that year, was what
got counted off, as, one by one, we'd strut
and sigh around the room. I think of you:
this fluky Sousa déjà-entendu
turns into -vu parodically, for now,
as Christine Redpath marches on, somehow
I see you fatiguably jack your arm
or leg into the air. Passive, unharmed,
that space receives assaults from you, from me,
from Sousa, from the phony joie-de-vivre
Enthusiasm with which His Master's Voice,
American, barks from the grooves his choice
of exercises fitting this or that
too-bracing march. The Victor Dog, grown fat
with boredom, sleeps the sleep you wish were still
your own. If not quite motionless until
the record stops, when silence finds us you
follow your mind's quick flight into the skewed,
prismatic world Scott-Moncrieff's Proust unfolds
some inches from your head, where, being told

the time to sleep had come, you put the book
aside last night. But now, returned, your look
falls on the portrait done in oil last year
on Okinawa: father, a hemisphere
away and looking levelly across
the world to see again they'd not been lost,
the clear Midwestern verities you are,
have been, will be to him. The notes of *Stars
and Stripes* subside. In Lincoln Center I'm lost
in uniforms: la Redpath, smartly glossed
red, white, and blue; myself, turned out, this time,
provincially in faultless pantomime
of what one wears on New York Saturdays;
in Marcel's Norman Doncières the gay,
parading cavalry; then father's new
and bright bird colonel's wings, which even you,
placing the portrait on the wall, were not
allowed to joke about; the apricot
chiffon (with blue lace) negligee you wore
for morning sit-ups now, and last, before
my startled eye can stop itself, burlesques,
absorbs, transmutes such uniforms, grotesque
or drab in turn, until one knows that how
one fills one's time, with art, with war, allows
of thinking this, or that, or both, of what
we do. Home truths. There's nothing for it but
to say each uniform makes its own sense,
to say someone's in place, in shape. *Now tense
your arm . . . relax . . . tense and relax . . . one, two . . .*
Unmasterful and fatuous and true
(enough), our drill instructor's final mot
is this: *The day is his whose strength doth grow.*

III. CLAIR DE LUNE

Tonight this softness of the light
in Rome transforms the roof next door
into the water's ridged and white
reflectingness I saw from your
and father's room last June. Your window, then,
was stainless; now, on mine, the eight or ten

unfocussed spots I'll not wash off
filter the single human act
that one can see from here: those soft
drawings in space, as inexact
as daylight here's exact, made when
the Swedish nun sloughs down on men

whatever is not right about
the nightgown that each day she shakes
at 9 P.M. Sixty, and stout,
her habits dry and gray, she makes
designs Bernini couldn't do.
And I am Seurat looking through

my spots, pretending that what's there
is art no less than life. It's not.
This nun (mother of none, aware
I'm writing here but not of what
her gestures say to me) because
your movements hardly match now draws

my thoughts to you. More negatives.
A roof's a roof, a lake a lake.
But something shining there does give
me back that soundless night, rewakes
in me a recognition of
the ground you've given your life: above

the bluff of clay and earth you'd built
this time a house you'd never leave.
You'd put the Southern farm, the guilt
that when you left you pre-perceived
would follow you, at last aside.
The room and window on a wide

and luminant Lake Michigan
were there, had been achieved. My thoughts
were all clichés. What you'd begun—
a life as surgeon's wife—and brought
about had come to this not-to-
be-mocked conception of virtu:

a house, a lake, a woods, a view,
a garden, books, pictures on walls.
Penshurst-en-Amérique. There grew
briefly in me a fear that all
you'd made the gods would take away.
To think that, jealous, they'd betray

Success: how un-American!
And then, because tonight in Rome
my mind runs on those overdone,
deep-moonlight songs that honeycombed
my youth . . . Vermont, Miami . . . now
I know the piece whose notes somehow

came from that soundlessness last June.
Sleepless upstairs, I'd heard you play
all through the war years *Clair de Lune.*
Night after night you would delay
that third, descending note, as if
you knew leaving us all adrift—

yourself, and me, the light-washed night
in Illinois and somewhere in
Pacific battle zones—unites
us in impendency. Within
that willed arrest, time stopped. I learned,
at length, your one intent: to turn

event into potentialness
is to insist nothing can come
undone, to know that you possess
the force, incorporate, to stun
all flux until you'll let the next
note sound. Silent, you unperplex

being itself: that moment long,
no husband, child, or self can be
taken from you. The wordless song
resumes, its over-affecting, sweet
ennui glazing the night with sound,
its wandering phrases slowly wound

and then rewound until the two
of us no longer know just where
we are. The notes expand till you,
and they, and I displace the air,
displace the dark. Everywhere streams
this moonlight now. And so it seems,

or is: a roof in Rome becomes
the Seine Debussy knew, and Proust,
becomes Lake Michigan, becomes,
borne by the loneliness you used
those years to know, a windless Fiji bay.
I am, then, truly your Marcel, at play.

—DAVID SOFIELD

A ROSE IN THE HEART

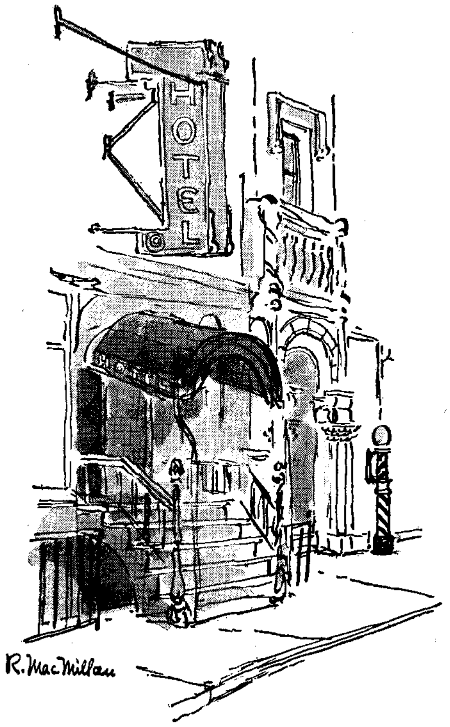
DECEMBER night. Jack Frost in scales along the outside of the windows, giving to the various rooms a white filtered light. The ice like bits of mirror bevelling the puddles of the potholes. The rooms were cold inside, and for the most part identically furnished. The room with no furniture at all—save for the apples gathered in the autumn—was called the Vacant Room. The apples were over the floor and in rows along the curb of the tiled fireplace. Their smell was heady, many of them having begun to rot. Rooms into which no one had stepped for days, and yet these rooms and their belongings would become part of the remembered story. A solemn house, set in its own grounds, away from the lazy bustle of the lakeside village. A lonesome house it would prove to be, and with a strange lifelikeness, as if it were not a house at all but a person observing and breathing, a presence amid a cluster of trees and sturdy wind-shorn hedges.

The overweight midwife hurried up the drive, her serge cape blowing behind her. A storm raged in Ireland. She was puffing. She carried her barrel-shaped leather bag in which were disinfectant, gauze, forceps, and a small bottle of holy water lest the new child should prove to be in danger of death. More infants died around Christmastime than in any other month of the year. When she passed the little sycamore tree that was halfway up, she began to hear the roaring and beseeching to God. Poor mother, she thought, poor, poor mother. She was not too early, had come more or less at the correct time, even though she had been summoned hours before, by the serving boy who worked on the farm. She had brought most of the children of that parish into the world, yet had neither kith nor kin of her own. Coming in the back door, she took off her bonnet and then attached it to the knob by means of its elastic string.

It was a blue room—walls of dark, wet, morose blue, furniture made of walnut, including the bed on which the event was taking place. Fronting the fireplace was a huge lid of a chocolate box with the representation of a luscious lady. The tassel of the blind kept bobbing against the frosted windowpane. There was a washstand, a basin and ewer of off-white with big roses splashed throughout the china itself, and a huge lumbering beast of a wardrobe. The midwife recalled once going to a house up the mountain and finding that the child had been smothered by the time she arrived—the fatherless child had been stuffed in a drawer.

Moans filled the blue room and went beyond the distempered walls into the cold hall outside, where the black felt doggie with the amber eyes stood sentinel on a tall varnished whatnot. At intervals, the woman apologized to the midwife for the untoward commotion, said "sorry" in a gasping whisper, and then was seized again by a pain, which at different times she described as being a knife, a dagger, a hell on earth. It was her fourth labor. The previous child had died two days after being born. Her womb was sick unto death. Why be a woman?

Oh, cruel life, oh, merciless fate, oh, heartless man, she sobbed. Gripping the coverlet and remembering that between those selfsame, much-patched sheets she had been prized apart, again and again, with not a word to her, not a little endearment, only rammed through and told to open up. When she married, she had escaped the life of a serving girl in some stately house or some grim institution such as a hospital or an asylum. Yet soon after marriage she saw that she was being made to serve in an altogether other way. When she wasn't screaming, she was grinding her head into the pillow and praying for it to be all over. She dreaded the bloodshed long before they saw any. The midwife made her ease up as she put an old sheet under her and, over that, a bit of oilcloth. The midwife said it was no joke and repeated the hypothesis that if men had to give birth there would not be a child born in the whole wide world.



The husband was downstairs getting paralytic. Earlier, when his wife announced that she would have to go upstairs because of her labor, he said, looking for the slightest pretext for a celebration, that if there was any homemade wine or altar wine stashed away to get it out, to produce it, and also the cut glasses. She said there was none and well he knew it since they could hardly afford tea and sugar. He started to root and to rummage, to empty cupboards of their contents of rags, garments, and provisions, even to put his hand inside the bolster case, to delve into hollows; on he went, rampaging until he found a bottle in the wardrobe, in the very room into which she delivered her moans and exhortations. She begged of him not to, but all he did was to wield the amber-colored bottle in her direction and then put it to his head so that the spirit started to go glug-glug. It was intoxicating stuff. By a wicked coincidence, a crony of his had come to sell them another stove, most likely another crock, a thing that would have to be coaxed alight with constant attention and puffing, to create a draft.

The other child was with a neighbor, the dead ones in a graveyard six or seven miles away, among strangers and distant relatives, without their names carved on the crooked rain-soaked tomb.

"Oh Jesus," she cried out as she coiled into a knot and felt the big urgent ball—that would be the head—as it pressed on the base of her bowels and battered at her insides. Curses and prayers combined to issue out of her mouth, and as time went on they became most pitiful and were interrupted with screams. The midwife put a facecloth on her forehead and told her to push, in the name of the Lord to push. She said she had no strength left, but the midwife went on enjoining her, and simulating a hefty breath.

It took over an hour. The little head showing its tonsure would recoil, would reshow itself, each time a fraction more, although in between it was seeming to shrink from the world that it was hurtling toward. She said to the midwife that she was being burst apart, and that she no longer cared if she died, or if they drank themselves to death. In the kitchen they were sparring over who had the best greyhound, who had the successor to Mick the Miller. The crucifix that had been in her hand had fallen out, and her hands themselves

"The first thing you should know about going to Scandinavia is that pants suits are out!"

felt bony and skinned because of the way they wrenched one another.

"In the name of God, push, Missus." She would have pushed everything out of herself—her guts, her womb, her craw, her lights, and her liver—but the center of her body was holding on and this center seemed to be the governor of her. She wished to be nothing, a shell, devoid of everything and everyone, and she was announcing that, and roaring and raving, when the child came hurtling out, slowly at first, as if its neck could not wring its way through, then the shoulder—that was the worst bit—carving a course, then the hideous turnabout, and a scream other than her own, and an urgent presage of things, as the great gouts of blood and lymph followed upon the creature itself.

Her last bit of easiness was then torn from her, and she was without hope. It had come into the world lopsided and the first announcement from the midwife was a fatality, was that it had clubfeet. Its little feet, she ventured to say, were like two stumps adhering to one another, and the blasted cord was bound around its neck. The result was a mewling piece of scrunched up, inert dark-purple misery.

The men subsided a little when the announcement was shouted down and they came to say "congrats." The salesman said was it a boy or a girl child, although he had just been told that it was a daughter. The mother could feel the blood gushing out of her, like water at a weir. The midwife told them to go down and behave like gentlemen.

Then she got three back numbers of the weekly paper and a shoebox with a lid, into which she stuffed the mess and the unnecessaries. She hummed as she prepared to do the stitching down the line of torn flesh that was gaping and coated with blood. The mother roared again and said this indeed was her vinegar and gall. She could feel her mouth and her eyelids being stitched, too; she was no longer a lovely body, she was a vehicle for pain and for insult.

The afterbirth was placed on the stove, where the dog, Shep, sniffed at it through its layers of paper and for his curiosity got a kick in the tail. The stove had quenched and the midwife said to the men that it was a crying shame. Later, she carried the big bundle down to the cellar, put an oil rag to it, set a match to it, and knew that she would have to be off soon to do the same task elsewhere. At least, the child had not clubfeet—it had only seemed like that in the commotion. She would have liked to stay and swaddle the infant, and comfort the woman and drink hot sweet tea, but there was not enough time. There was never enough time, and she hadn't even cleaned out the ashes or the cinders in her grate that morning.

THE child was in a corner of the room in the brown cot with the slats that rattled because of the racketing they had received from the previous child. The mother was not proud—far from it. She fed the child its first bottle, looked down at its wizened face, and thought, Where have you come from and why? She had no choice of a name. In fact, she said to her first visitor, a lieutenant from the Army, not to tell her a pack of lies, because this child had the ugliest face that had ever seen the light of day. That Christmas, the drinking and sparring went on, the odd neighbor called, the mother got up on the third day and staggered down to do something about the unruly kitchen. Each evening at nightfall, she got a bit of a candle to have handy and re-oiled the Sacred Heart lamp for when the child cried. They both contracted bronchitis and the child was impounded in masses of flannel and flannelette.

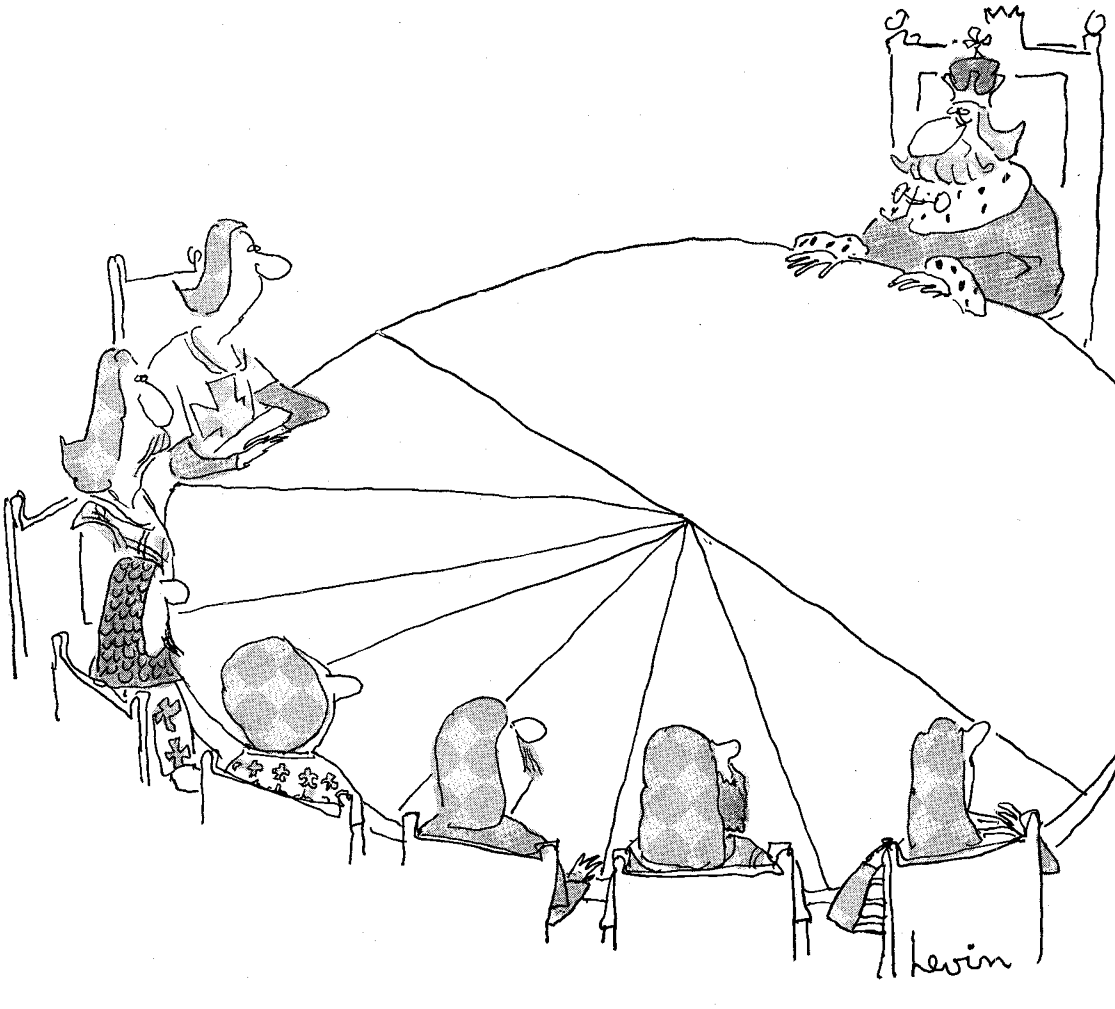
Things changed. The mother came to idolize the child, because it was so quiet, never bawling, never asking for anything, just covert in its pram, the dog watching over it, its eyes staring out at whatever happened to loom in. Its very ugliness disappeared. It seemed to drink them in with its huge, contemplating, slightly hazed-over navy eyes. The mother would look in the direction of the pram and say a little prayer for it, or smile, and often at night she held the candle shielded by her hand to see the face, to say "pet," or "tush," to say nonsenses to it. It ate whatever it was given, but as time went on it knew what it liked and had a sweet tooth. The food was what united them—eating off the same plate, using the same spoon, watching one another's chews, feeling the food as it went down the other's neck. The child was slow to crawl and slower still to walk, but it knew everything, it perceived everything. When it ate blancmange or junket, it was eating part of the lovely substance of its mother.

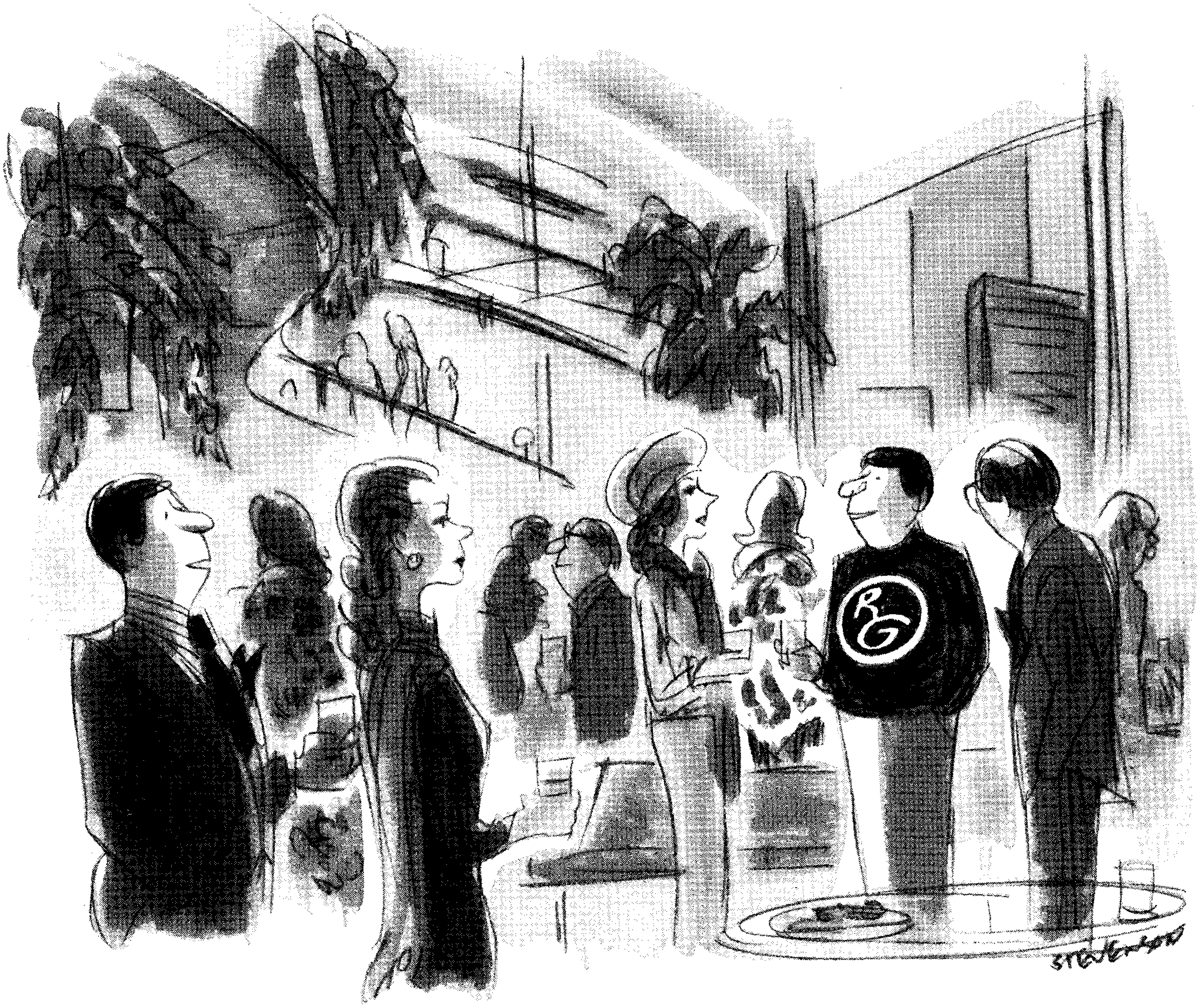
THEY were together, always together. If its mother went to the post office, the child stood in the middle of the drive praying until its mother returned safely. The child cut the ridges of four fingers along the edge of a razor blade that had been wedged upright in the wood of the dresser, and seeing these four deep identical slits the mother took the fingers into her mouth and sucked them, to lessen the pain, and licked them to abolish the blood, and kept saying soft things until the child was stilled again.

Her mother's knuckles were her knuckles, her mother's veins were her veins, her mother's lap was a second heaven, her mother's forehead a copybook onto which she traced A B C D, her mother's body was a recess that she would wander inside forever and ever, a sepulchre growing deeper and deeper. When she saw other people, especially her pretty sister, she would simply wave from that safe place, she would not budge, would not be lured out.

Her father took a hatchet to her mother and threatened that he would split open the head of her. The child watched through the kitchen window because this assault took place out-of-doors on a hillock under the three beech trees where the clothesline stretched, then sagged. The mother had been hanging out the four sheets washed that morning, the two off each bed. The child was engaged in twisting her hair, looping it around bits of white rag to form ringlets, decking herself in the kitchen mirror, and then every other minute running across to the window to reconnoitre, wondering what she ought to do, jumping up and down as if she had a pain, not knowing what to do, running back to the mirror, hoping that the terrible scene would pass, that the ground would open up and swallow her father, that the hatchet would turn into a magic wand, that her mother would come through the kitchen door and say "Fear not," that travail would all be over.

Later, she heard a verbatim account of what had happened. Her father demanded money, her mother refused same on the ground that she had none, but added that if she had it she would hang sooner than give it to him. That did it. It was then he really got bucking, gritted his teeth and his muscles, said that he would split the head of her, and the mother said that if he did so there was a place for him. That place was the lunatic asylum. It was twenty or thirty miles away, a big gray edifice, men and women lumped in together, some in straitjackets, some in padded cells, some blindfolded because of having sacks thrown over their heads, some strapped





"That's Ron Gallagher, and that's his logo."

• •

across the chest to quell and impede them. Those who did not want to go there were dragged by relatives, or by means of rope, some being tied onto the end of a plow or a harrow and brought in on all fours like beasts of the earth. Then, when they were not so mad, not so rampaging, they were let home again.

March was the worst month, when everything went askew, even the wind, even the March hares. Her father did not go there. He went off on a batter and then went to a monastery, and then was brought home and shook in the bedchair for five days, eating bread and milk and asking who would convey him over the fields until he saw his yearlings, and when no one volunteered it fell to her, because she was the youngest. Over in the fields, he patted the yearlings and said things that he'd never say indoors, or to a human, and he cried and said he'd never touch a drop again, and there was a dribble on his pewter-brown mustache which was the remains of the mush that he had been eating, and the yearling herself became fidgety and fretful, as if he unnerved her.

The girl and her mother took walks on Sundays—strolls—picked blackberries, consulted them for worms, made preserves, and slept side by side, entwined like twigs of trees or the ends of the sugar tongs. When she wakened and found that her mother had got up and was already mixing meal for the hens or stirabout for the young pigs, she hurried down, carrying her clothes under her arm, and dressed in whatever spot that she could feast on the sight of her mother most. Always she had an egg for breakfast. An egg a day and she would grow strong. Her mother never ate an egg but topped the girl's egg and fed it to her off the tarnished eggy spoon and gave her little sups of tea with which to wash it down. She had her own mug, red enamel and with not a chip. The girl kept looking back as she went down the drive for school, and as time went on she mastered the knack of walking backward, to be able to look all the longer, look at the aproned figure waving or holding up a potato pounder or a colander or whatever happened to be in her hand.

THE girl came home once and the mother was missing. Her mother had actually fulfilled her promise of going away one day and going to a spot where she would not be found. That threatened spot was the bottom of the lake. But in fact her mother had gone back to her own family, because the father had taken a shotgun to her and had shot at her but was not a good aim like William Tell, had missed, had instead made a hole in the Blue Room wall. What were they doing upstairs in the middle of the day—an ascent never made except by the mother alone, to dress the two beds. She could guess.

She slept in a neighbor's house—slept in a bed with two old people who reeked of eucalyptus. She kept most of her clothes on, and shrivelled into herself, not wanting to touch or be touched by these two old people buried in their various layers of skin and hair and winceyette. Outside the window was a climbing rose with four red flowers along the bow of it, and looking at the flowers and thinking of the wormy clay she would try to shut out what these two old people were saying, in order that she could remember the mother whom she despaired of ever seeing again. God alone knew where her father was.

Not far away was their own house, with the back door wide open so that any stranger or tinker could come in or out. The dog was probably lonely and bloodied from hunting rabbits, the hens were forgotten and were probably in their coops, hysterical and picking at each other's feathers because of their nerves. Eggs would rot. If she stood on the low whitewashed wall that fronted the cottage, she could see over the high limestone wall that boundaried their fields and then look to the driveway that led to the abandoned house itself. To her it was like a kind of castle where strange things had happened and would go on happening. She loved it and she feared it. The sky behind and above gave it mystery, gave it a kind of splendor when the red streaks in the heavens blazed like torches that betokened the performance of a gory play.

All of a sudden, standing there, with a bit of grass between her front teeth, looking at her home and imagining this future drama, she heard the nearby lich gate open and then shut with a clang, and saw her father appear, and jumped to avoid him, but did it so clumsily she thought she had broken everything—particularly her ribs. She felt she was in pieces. She would be like Humpty Dumpty, and all the king's horses and all the king's men would not be able to put her together again.

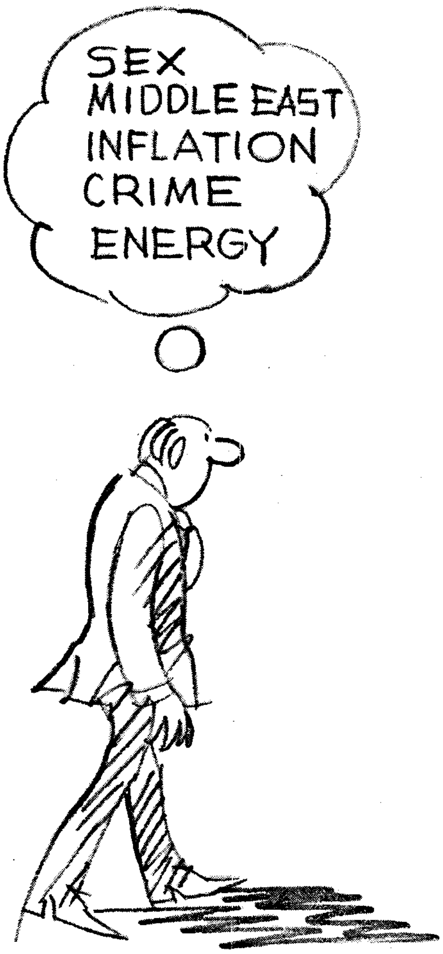
Dismemberment had happened, a long time before—the time when her neck swelled out into a big fleshed balloon. She could only move her neck on one side, because the other side was like a ball and full of fluid and made gluggles when she touched with her fingers. They were going to lance it. They placed her on a kitchen chair. Her mother boiled a saucepan of water. Her mother stood on another chair and reached far into the rear of a cupboard and hauled out a new towel. Everything was in that cupboard: sugar and tea, and round biscuits and white flour and linen and must and mice. First one man, then another man, then another man, then a last man, who was mending the chimney, and then, last of all, her father each took ahold of her—an arm, another arm, a shoulder, the waist, and her two flying legs that were doing everything possible not to be there.

The lady doctor said nice things and cut into the big football of her neck and it was like a pig's bladder bursting all over, the waters flowing out, and then it was not like that at all; it was like a sword on the bone of her neck sawing, cutting into the flesh, deeper and deeper, the men pressing upon her with all their might saying that she was a demon and the knife went into her swallow or where she thought of forever more as her swallow, and the lady doctor said, "Drat it," because she had done the wrong thing—had cut too deep and had to start scraping now—and her older sister danced a jig out in the flag, so that neighbors going the road would not get the impression that someone was being murdered. Long afterward, she came back to the world of voices, muffled voices, and their reassurances, and a little something sweet to help her get over it all, and the lady doctor putting on her brown fur coat and hurrying to her next important work of mercy.

WHEN she slept with the neighbors, the old man asked the old woman were they ever going to be rid of her, were they going to have this dunce off their hands, were they saddled with her for the rest of their blooming lives. She declined the milk they gave her, because it was goat's milk and too yellow and there was dust in it. She would answer them in single syllables—just yes or no, mostly no. She was learning to frown, so that she, too, would have A B Cs. Her mother's forehead and hers would meet in heaven, salute, and all their lines would coincide. She refused food. She pined. In all, it was about a week.

The day her mother returned—it was still January—the water pipes at home had burst, and when she got back from school she was told by the neighbors to go on up, and she ran with all her might and resolution. She found her mother down on her knees dealing with pools of water that gushed out from the red pipes. The brown rag was wet every other second and had to be wrung and squeezed in the big chipped basin, the one she was first bathed in. The lakes of water were everywhere, lapping back and forth, threatening to expand, to discolor the tiles, and it was of this hazard they talked and fretted over rather than the mother's disappearance, or the dire cause of it, or the reason for her return. The father would not be home for a week, as he had been taken to hospital with injuries from a fall. He had sprained his shoulder. Later, they got the ingredients and the utensils and the sieve so as to make an orange cake with orange filling and orange-and-lemon icing. She never tasted anything so wonderful in all her life. She ate three big hunks, and her mother put her hand around her and said if she ate any more she would have a little corporation.

THE father came home from the hospital, cried again, said that sure he wouldn't hurt a fly, and predicted that he would never break his pledge or go outside the gate again, only to Mass—never leave his own sweet acres. As before, the girl slept with her mother. She recited the Rosary with her, and shared the small cubes of dark raisin-filled chocolate, then trembled while her mother went along to her



father's bedroom for a tick, to stop him bucking. The consequences of those visits were deterred by bits of tissue paper, a protection between herself and any emission. No other child was conceived, and there was no further use for the baggy napkins, the bottle, and the dark-brown mottled teat. The cot itself was sawn up and used to back two chairs, and they constituted something of the furniture on the big upstairs landing, where the felt dog still lorded it, but now had an eye missing because a visiting child had poked wire at it.

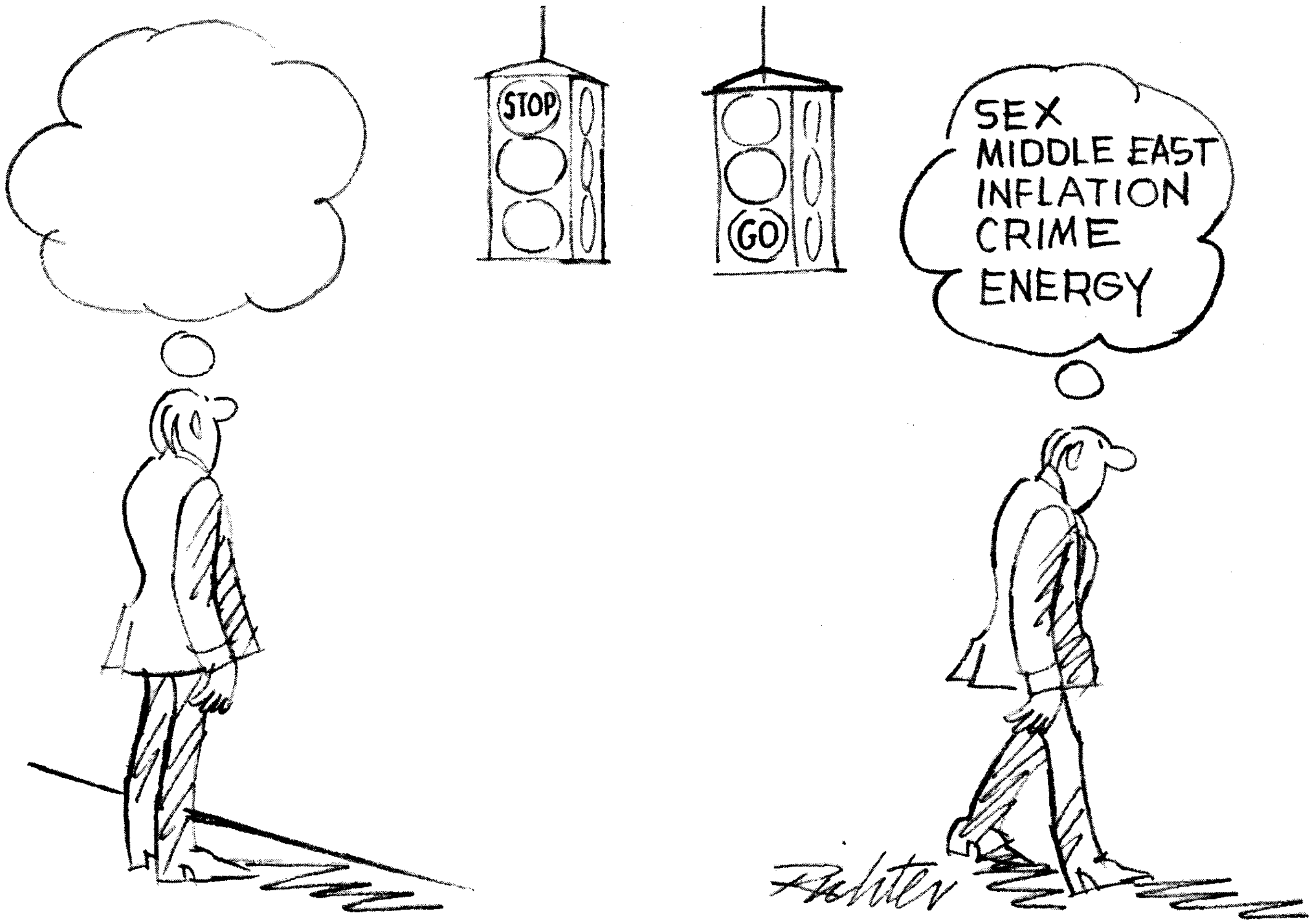
The chairs were painted oxblood red and had the sharp end of a nail dragged along the varnish to give a wavering effect. Also on the landing there was a bowl with a bit of wire inside to hold a profusion of artificial tea roses. These tea roses were a two-toned color, were red-and-yellow plastic, and the point of each petal was seared like the point of a thorn. Cloth flowers were softer. She had seen some once, very pale pink and purple, tumbling roses made of voile, in another house, in a big jug on a lady's bureau. On the landing at home, too, was the speared head of Christ that assayed all the proceedings with endless patience, endless commiseration. Underneath Christ was a pussycat of black papier-mâché which originally had sweets stuffed into its middle, sweets the exact image of strawberries and even with a little leaf at the base, a leaf made of green glazed angelica.

They liked the same things—applesauce and beetroot and tomato sausages and angelica. They cleaned the windows, one the inside, the other the outside, they sang duets, they put newspapers over the newly washed dark-red tiles so as to keep them safe from the muck and tramplations of the men. About everything they agreed, or almost everything.

WHEN the other child came back from boarding school, the girl was at first excited, prepared lovingly for her, made cakes, and soon after was plunged into a state of wretchedness. Her mother was being taken away from her, or, worse, was gladly giving her speech, her attention, her hands, and all of her gaze to this intruder. Her mother and her sister would go upstairs, where her mother would have some little treat for her, a hankie or a hankie sachet, and once a remnant that had been got at the mill at reduced price, owing to a fire there. Beautiful; a flecked salmon pink. Downstairs *she* had to stack dishes onto the tray. She banged the cups, she put a butter knife into the two-pound pot of black-currant jam and hauled out a big helping, then stuck the greasy plates one on top of the other, whereas normally she would have put a fork in between to protect the undersides.

But when her sister went back to the city happiness was restored again. Her mother consulted her about the design on a leather bag that she was making. Her mother wanted a very old design, something concerning the history of their country. The daughter said there would have to be atrocious battles followed by peace and wonderful scenes from nature. Her mother said that there must be a lot of back history to a land and that education was a very fine thing. Finer than the bog, her mother said. The girl said that when she grew up she would get a very good job and take her mother to America. Her mother mentioned the street in Brooklyn where she had lodged when she first set foot in America, while still a greenhorn, and said that it had adjoined a park. They would go there one day, the daughter ventured. Her mother said maybe.

THE growing girl began to say the word "backside" to herself and knew that her mother would be appalled. The girl laughed at bullocks



"Why, thank you. It becomes you, too."

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and the sport they had. Then she went one farther and jumped up and down and said "Jumping jack" as if some devil were inside her, touching and tickling the lining of her. It was creepy. It was done out-of-doors, far from the house, out in the fields, in a grove, or under a canopy of rhododendrons. She was given to wandering flushes and then fits of untoward laughter, so that she had to scold herself into some state of normality, and this she did by slapping both cheeks vehemently. As a dire punishment, she sometimes took cups of Glauber's salts three times a day, choosing to drink it when it was lukewarm and at its most nauseating.

She would be told by her father to get out, to stop hatching, to get out from under her mother's apron strings, and he would send her for a spin on the woeful brakeless bicycle. She would go to the chapel, finding it empty of all but herself and the lady sacristan, who spent her life in there polishing, and rearranging the artificial flowers; or she would go down into a bog and make certain unattainable wishes, but always at the end of every day, and at the end of every thought, and at the beginning of sleep, and at the precise moment of wakening it was of her mother and for her mother she existed, and her prayers and her good deeds and her ringlets and the ire on her legs—created by the serge of her gym frock—were for her mother's special intention, and on and on. Only death could part them, and not even that, because she resolved that she would take her own life if some disease or some calamity snatched her mother away. Her mother's best three-quarter-length jacket she would don, sink her hands into the deep pockets, and say the name "Delia," her mother's, say it in different tones of voice, over and over again, always in a whisper and with a note of conspiracy.

A LOVELY thing happened. Her mother and father went on a journey by hired car to do a transaction whereby they could get some credit on his lands. The girl was told how her father did not get drunk but ordered a nice pot of tea, and then sat back gripping his braces and gave her mother a few bob, with which her mother procured a most beautiful lipstick in a ridged gold case. It was like fresh fruit, so moist was it, and dark red in color. Her mother and she tried it on over and over again, were comical with it, trying it on, then wiping it off, trying it on again, making cupids, so that her mother expostulated and said what scatterbrains they were, and even the father joined in the hilarity and daubed down the mother's cheek and the mother said that was enough, as the lipstick was liable to get broken. With her thumbnail she pressed on the little catch, pushing the lipstick down into its case, into its bed. As the years went on, it dried out and developed a peculiar shape, and they read somewhere that a lady's character could be told by that particular shape, and they wished that they could discover whether the mother was the extrovert or the shy violet.

THE girl had no friends; she didn't need any. Her cup was full. Her mother was the cup, the cupboard, the press with all the things in it, the tabernacle with God in it—the lake with the legends in it, the bog with the wishing wells in it, the sea with the oyster and the corpses in it, her mother a gigantic sponge, a habitation in which she longed to sink and disappear forever and ever. Yet she was afraid to sink; caught in that hideous trap between fear of sinking and fear of swimming, she moved like a flounderer through this and that—through school, through inoculation, through a best friend who tried to clip her nails with a shears and then convince her she had lockjaw, through bicycle rides, Sundays, and unexpressible longings.

Then came a dreadful blow. Two nuns called, and her mother and her father said that she was to stay outside in the kitchen and see that the kettle boiled and then lift it off so that the water would not boil over. She went on tiptoe through the hall and listened at the door of the room. She got it in snatches. She was being discussed. She was being sent away to school. A fee was being discussed and her mother was asking if they could make a reduction. She ran out of the house in a dreadful state. She ran to the chicken coop and went inside to cry and to lament. The floor was full of damp and gray-green mottled droppings. The nests were full of sour sops of hay. She thought she was going out of her mind. When they found her later, her father said to cut out the bull, but her mother tried to comfort her by saying they had a prospectus and that she would have to get a whole lot of new clothes in navy blue. But where would the money come from?

IN the convent to which they sent her she eventually found solace. A nun became her new idol. A nun with a dreadfully pale face and a master's degree in science. This nun and she worked out codes with the eyelids and the flutter of the lashes, so they always knew each other's moods and feelings, so that the slightest hurt imposed by one was spotted by the other and responded to with a cough. The nun gave someone else higher marks at the mid-term examination, and did it solely to hurt the girl, to wound her pride; the nun addressed her briskly in front of the whole class, said her full name and asked her a theological conundrum that was impossible to answer. In turn, she let one of the nun's holy pictures fall on the chapel floor where of course it was found by someone who gave it back to the nun, who gave it to her with a "This seems to have got mislaid."

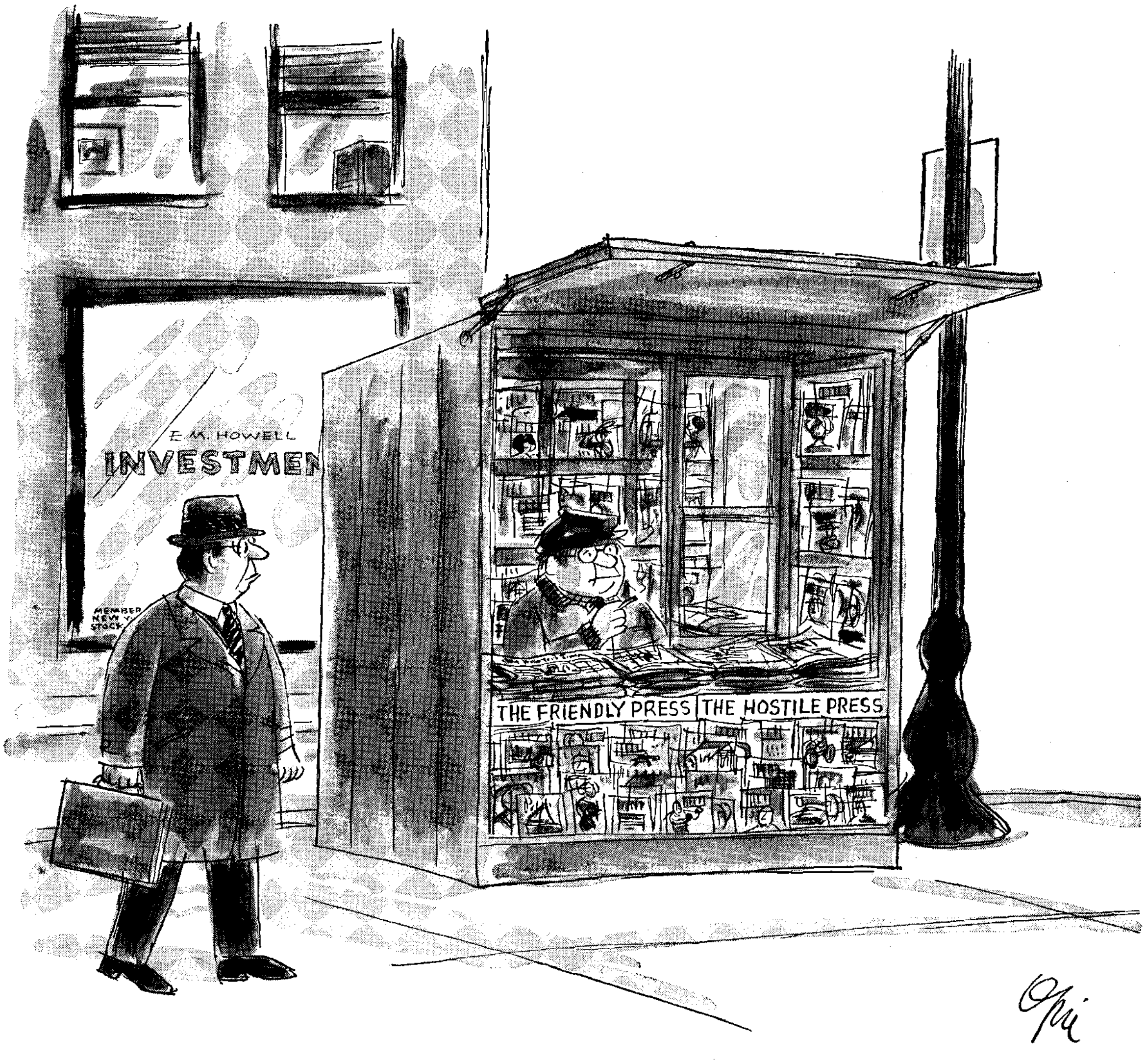
Home on holiday, it was a different story. Now *she* did the avoiding, the shunning. All the little treats and the carrageen soufflé that her mother had prepared were not gloated over. Then the pink crêpe-de-chine apron that her mother had made from an old dance dress did not receive the acclamation that the mother expected. It was fitted on, and at once taken off, and flung over the back of a chair with no praise except a remark on the braiding, which was cleverly done.

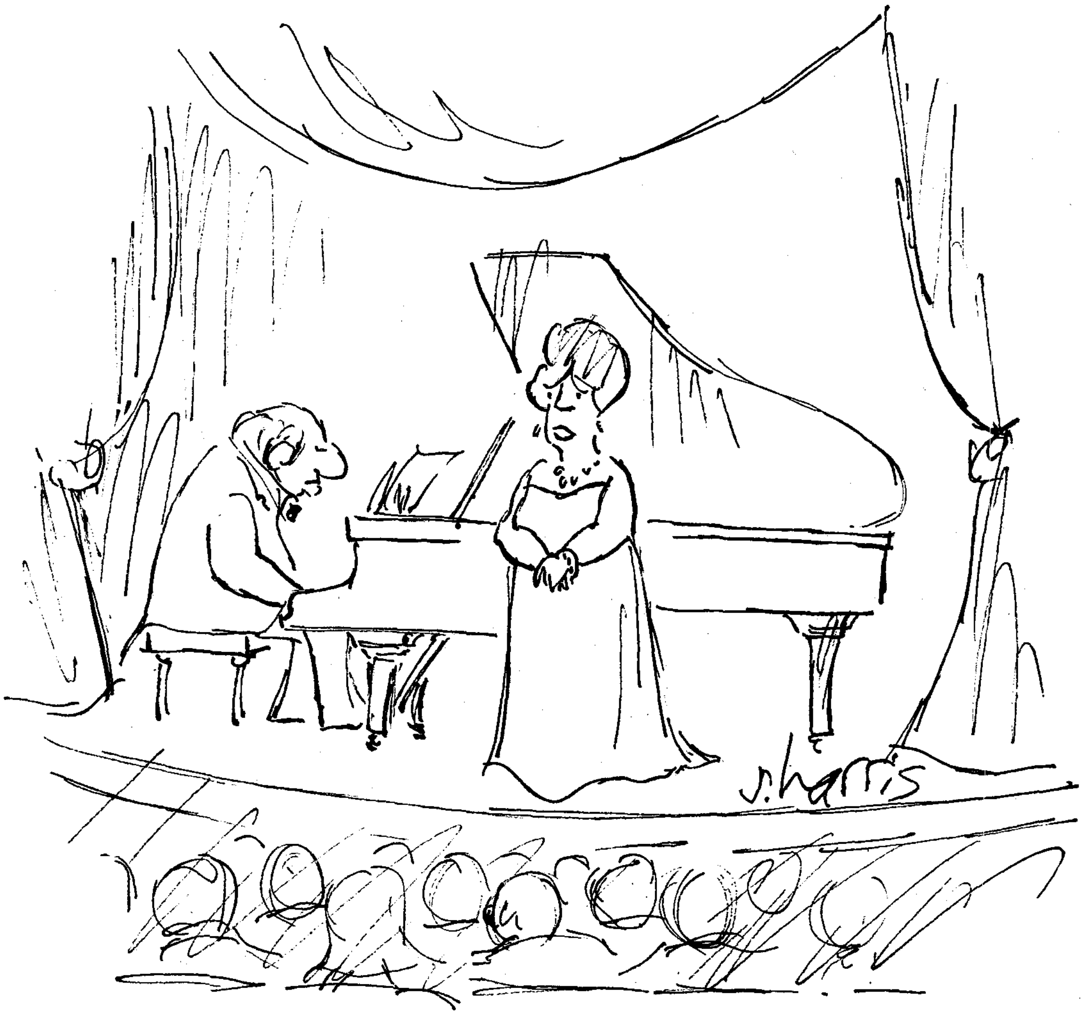
"These things are not to be sniffed at," her mother said, passing the plate of scones for the third or fourth time. The love of the nun dominated all her thoughts, and the nun's pale face got between her and the visible world that she was supposed to be seeing. At times, she could taste it. This love interfered with her studies, her other friendships, and got known about. She was called to see the Reverend Mother. The nun and she never had a tête-à-tête again and never swapped holy pictures. The day she was leaving forever, they made an illicit date to meet in the summerhouse, out in the grounds, but neither of them turned up. They each sent a message with an apology, and it was in fact the messengers who met, a junior girl and a postulant carrying the same sentence on separate lips—"So-and-So is sorry—she wishes to say she can't . . ." They might have broken down or done anything; they might have kissed.

OUT of school, away from the spell of nuns and flower gardens and acts of contrition, away from the chapel with its incense and its brimstone sermons, away from surveillance, she met a bakery man who was also a notable hurley player. They started up that kind of courtship common to their sort—a date at the pillar two evenings a week, then to a café to have coffee and cream cakes, to hold hands under the table, to take a bus to her digs, to kiss against a railing and devour each other's faces, as earlier they had devoured the mock cream and the sugar-dusted sponge cakes. She had come to the city and was training as a librarian.

But these orgies only increased her hunger, made it into something that could not be appeased. She would recall her mother from the very long ago, in the three-quarter-length jacket of salmon tweed, the brooch on the lapel, the smell of face powder, the lipstick hurriedly put on so that a little of it always smudged on the upper or the lower lip and appeared like some kind of birthmark. Recall that they even had the same mole on the back of the left hand, a mole that did not alter winter or summer and was made to seem paler when the fist was clenched. But she was recalling someone whom she wanted to banish.

The bakery man got fed up, wanted more than a cuddle, hopped it. Then there was no one—just a long stretch, doing novenas, working in the library, and her mother's letters arriving, saying the usual things: how life was hard,





"This song describes the events of a lovely spring day. The sky is a cloudless blue, birds are singing, and out at the ballpark the grass is an emerald green. It's the top of the fourth, there are two out and runners on first and second. The batter hits a slow roller down the third-base line. The third baseman scoops up the ball barehanded and tries for a force play at second . . ."

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how inclement the weather, how she'd send a cake that day or the next day, as soon as there were enough eggs to make it with.

The parcels arrived once a fortnight, bound in layers of newspapers and then a strong outer layer of brown paper, all held with hideous assortments of twines—binding twine, very white twine, and colored plastic string from the stools that the mother had taken to making; then great spatters of sealing wax adorning them. Always a registered parcel containing a cake, a pound of butter, and a chicken that had to be cooked at once, because of its being nearly putrid from the four-day journey. It was not difficult to imagine the kitchen table, the bucket full of feathers, the moled hand picking away at the pinfeathers, the other hand plunging in and drawing out all the undesirables, tremulous, making sure not to break a certain little pouch, for if broken its tobacco-colored contents would taint the flavor of the bird itself. Phow. Always the same implications in each letter, the same cry—"Who knows what life brings. Your father is not hardboiled, despite his failings. It makes me sad to think of the little things that I used to be able to do for you." She hated those parcels, and yet they were most welcome.

SHE married. Married in haste. Her mother said from the outset that he was as odd as two left shoes. He worked on an encyclopedia and was a mine of information on certain subjects. His theme was vegetation in pond life. They lived to themselves. She learned to do chores, to bottle and preserve, to comply, to be a wife, to undress neatly at night, to fold her clothes, to put them on a cane chair, making sure to put her corset and her underthings respectfully under her dress or her skirt. It was like being at school again.

The mother did not visit, being at odds with the censuring husband. Mother and daughter would meet in a market town midway between their rural homes, and when they met they sat in some hotel lounge, ordered tea, and discussed things that can easily be discussed—recipes, patterns for knitting, her sister, items of furniture that they envisaged buying.

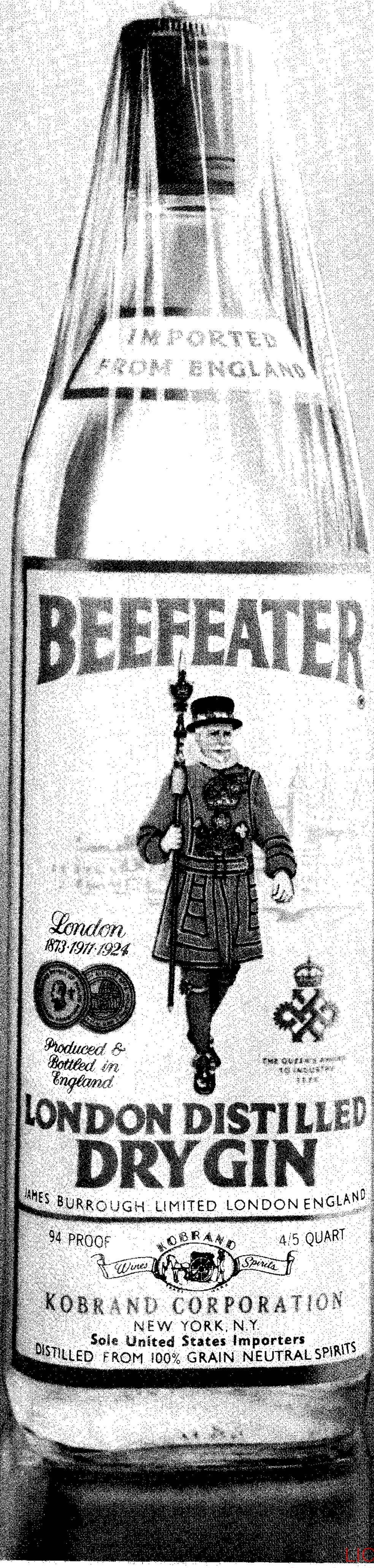
Her mother was getting older, had developed a slight stoop and held up her hands to show the rheumatism in her joints. Then all of a sudden, as if she had just remembered it, she spoke about the cataracts and her journey to the specialist and how the specialist had asked her if she remembered anything about her eyes and how she had to tell him that she had lost her sight for five or six minutes one morning and that then it came back. He had told her how lucky it was, because in some instances it does not come back at all. She said yes, that the shades of life were closing in on her.

The daughter knew that her marriage would not last, but she dared not say so. Things were happening, such as that they had separate meals, that he did not speak for weeks on end, and yet she defended him, talked of the open pine dresser he had made, and her mother rued the fact that she never had a handyman to do odd things for her. She said that the window had broken in a storm and that there was still a bit of cardboard in it. She said that she had her eye on two armchairs with a slight rock. The daughter longed to give them to her and thought that she might steal from her husband when he was asleep—steal the deposit, that is, and pay for them on hire purchase. But they said none of the things that they should have said.

"You didn't get any new style," the mother said, restating her particular dislike for her one tweed coat.

"I don't want it," the girl said tersely.

"You were always a softie," the mother said, and inherent in this was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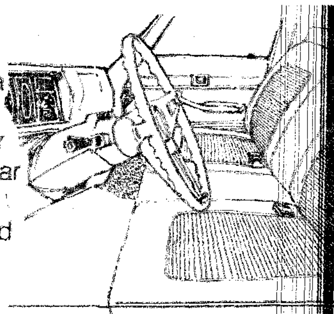

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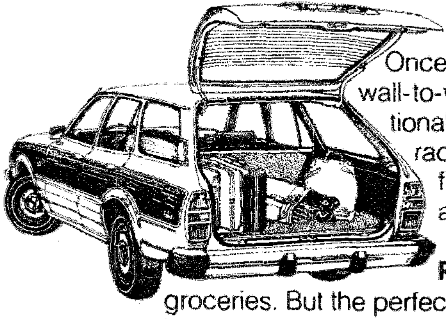

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disapproval for a man who allowed his wife to be dowdy. Perhaps she thought that her daughter's marriage might compensate for her own.

WHEN her marriage did end, the girl wrote and said that it was all over and the mother wrote posthaste exacting two dire promises—the girl must promise on her oath that she would never touch an alcoholic drink as long as she lived and that she would never again have to do with any man in body or soul. High commands. At the time, the girl was walking the streets in a daze and stopping strangers to tell of her plight.

Soon she sold her bicycle and pawned a gold bracelet and a gold watch and chain. She fled to England. She wanted to go somewhere where she knew no one. She was trying to start afresh, to wipe out the previous life. But although she had crossed the sea she was still staggered by the assaults of memory—a bowl with her mother's menstrual cloth soaking in it and her sacrilegious idea that if lit it could resemble the heart of Christ, the conical wick of the Aladdin's lamp being lit too high and disappearing into a jet of black, the roses, the four freakish winter roses that were in bloom when the pipes burst, the mice that came out of the shoes, then out of the shoe closet itself, onto the floor where the newspapers had been laid to prevent the muck and manure of the trampling men, the little box of rouge that almost asked to be licked, so dry and rosy was it, the black range whose temperature could be tested by just spitting on it and watching the immediate jig and trepidation of the spit, the pancakes on Shrove Tuesday (if there wasn't a row), the fletches of bacon hanging to smoke, the forgotten jam jars with inevitably the bit of moldy jam in the bottom, and always, like an overseeing spirit, the figure of the mother who loomed over them all, and always the pending doom in which the mother would perhaps be struck with the rim of a bucket, or a sledgehammer, or some improvised weapon—struck by the near-crazed father.

She was possessed by these thoughts, in the library where she worked day in and day out, filing and cataloguing and handing over books. The oddest dream came along. Her mother was on her deathbed, having just given birth to her—the little tonsured head jutted above the sheet—and had a neck rash, and was busy trying to catch a little insect, trying to cup it in the palms of her hands and was saying that in the end "all there is is yourself and this little insect that you're trying to kill." The word "kill" was everywhere—on the hoardings, in the evening air, on the tip of her thoughts.

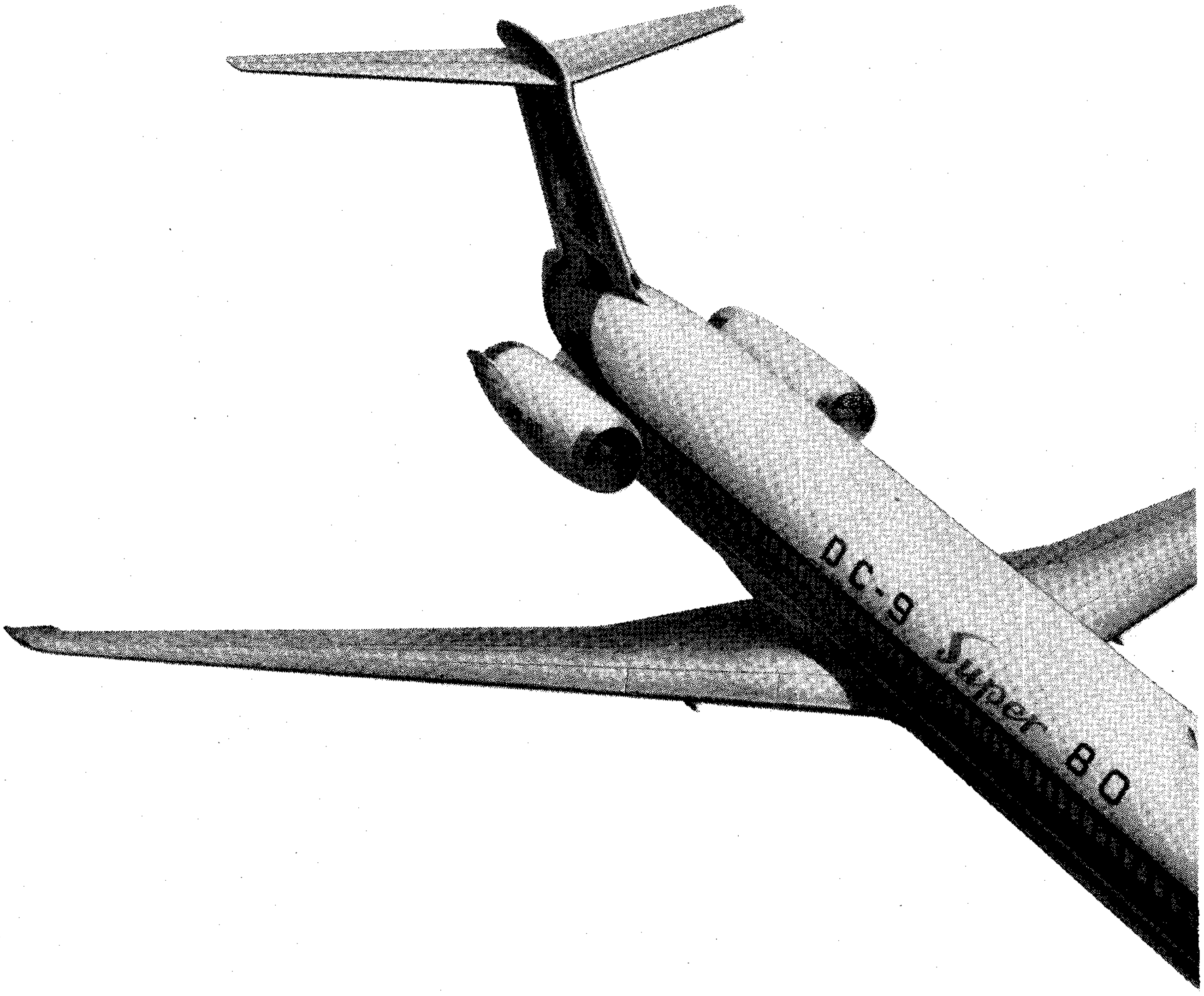
She thought of choking or drowning. Certainly the envisaged murder had to do with suffocation, and she foresaw herself holding big suffocating pillows or a bolster, in the secrecy of the Blue Room where it had all begun. Her mother turned into the bursting red pipes, into the brown dishcloths, into swamps of black-brown bloodied water. Her mother turned into a streetwalker, and paraded. Her mother was taking down her knickers in public, squatting to do awful things, left little piddles, small as puppies' piddles; her mother was drifting down a well in a big bucket, crying for help and no help was forthcoming.

But life goes on. She bought a yellow two-piece worsted, and wrote home and said, "I must be getting cheerful, I wear less black." Her mother wrote, "I have only one wish now and it is that we will be buried together." The more the girl tried to kill, the more potent the advances became. Her mother was taking out all the old souvenirs, the brown scapulars salvaged from the hurtful night in December, a mug with their similar initial on it, a tablecloth that the girl had sent from her first earnings when she qualified as a librarian. The mother's letters began to show signs of wander. They broke off in midsentence; one was written on blotting paper and almost indecipherable; they contained snatches of information such as "So-and-So died, there was a big turnout at the funeral," "I could do with a copper bracelet for rheumatism," "You know life gets lonelier."

SHE dreaded the summer holidays, but still she went. The geese and the gander would be trailing by the riverbank, the cows would gape at her as if an alien had entered their terrain. It was only the horses she avoided—always on the nervy side, as if ready to bolt. The fields themselves as beguiling as ever, fields full of herbage and meadowsweet, fields adorned with spangles of gold as the buttercups caught the shafts of intermittent sunshine. If only she could pick nature up and carry it away. They sat indoors. A dog had a deep cut in his paw and it was thought that a fox did it, that the dog and the fox had tussled one night. As a result of this, he was admitted to the house.

The mother and the dog spoke, although not a word passed between them. The father asked pointed questions, such as would it rain or was it teatime. They then discussed all the dogs that they had had. The mother especially remembered Monkey and said that he was a queer one, that he'd know what you were thinking of. The father and daughter remembered further back—to Shep, the big collie who guarded the child's pram and drove thoroughbred horses off the drive, causing risk to his own person. Then there were the several pairs of dogs all of whom sparred and quarrelled throughout their lives, yet all of whom died within a week of one another, the surviving dog dying of grief for his pal. No matter how they avoided it, death crept into the conversation. The mother said unconvincingly how lucky they were never to have been crippled, to have enjoyed good health and enough to eat. The curtains behind her chair were a warm red velveteen and gave a glow to her face. A glow that was reminiscent of her lost beauty.

SHE decided on a celebration. She owed it to her mother. They would meet somewhere else, away from that house, and its skeletons and its old cunning tug at the heartstrings. She planned it in advance, a holiday in a hotel set in beautiful woodland surroundings and on the verge of the Atlantic Ocean. Her own life was a fraction happier, as she had met a new man. Admittedly, a married man. Their first hours were giddily and joyfully passed as they looked at the rooms, the view, the various tapestries, found where things were located, looked at the game room and then at



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EQUAL OPPORTUNITY IN PROFESSIONAL CAREERS. SEND RESUME: BOX 14526, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63178 the display cabinets where there were cut glass and marble souvenirs on sale.

The mother said that everything was "poison dear." They took a walk by the seashore and remarked one to the other on the different stripes of color on the water, how definite they were, each color claiming its surface of sea, just like oats or grass or a plowed land. The brown plaits of seaweed slapped and slathered over rocks, long-legged birds let out their lonesome shrieks, and the mountains that loomed beyond seemed to hold the spectre of continents inside them, so vast were they, so old. They dined early. Afterward, there was a singsong for the guests and the mother whispered that money wasn't everything—to look at the hardboiled faces.

Something snapped inside the daughter and, forgetting that this was her errand of mercy, she thought instead how this mother had a whole series of grudges—bitter grudges concerning love, happiness, and her hard impecunious fate. The angora jumpers, the court shoes, the brown and the fawn garments, the milk complexion, the auburn tresses, the little breathlessnesses, the hands worn by toil, the sore feet—these were but the trimmings, and behind them lay the real person who demanded her pound of flesh from life.

They sat on a sofa. The mother sipped tea and she her whiskey. They said cheers. The girl tried to get the conversation back, to before she was born, or before other children were born, to the dances and the annual race day and the courtship that led to marriage. The mother refused to speak, balked, had no story to tell, said that even if she had a story she would not tell it. Said she hated raking up the past. The girl tweezed it out of her in scraps. The mother said yes, that as a young girl she was bold and obstinate and she did have fancy dreams but soon learned to toe the line. Then she burst out laughing and said she climbed up a ladder once into the chapel, and into the confessional so as to be the first person there to have her confession heard by the missioner. The missioner nearly lost his life because he didn't know how anyone could possibly have got in, since the door was bolted and he had simply come to sit in the confessional to compose himself, when there she was spouting sins. What sins?

The mother said, "Oh, I forget, love. I forget everything now."

The girl said, "No, you don't."

They said night-night and arranged to meet in the dining room the following morning.

THE mother didn't sleep a wink, complained that her eyes and her nose were itchy, and she feared she was catching a cold. She drank tea noisily, slugged it down. They walked by the sea that was now the color of gunmetal, and the mountains were no longer so enticing. They visited a ruined monastery where the nettles, the sorrel, the clover, and the seedy dock grew high in a rectangle. Powder shed from walls that were built of solid stone. The mother said that probably it was a chapel or a chancery, a seat of sanctity down through the centuries, and she genuflected. To the girl it was just a ruin, unhallowed, full of weeds and buzzing with wasps and other insects. Outside there was a flock of noisy starlings. She could feel the trouble brewing. She said that there was a lovely smell, that it was most likely some wild herb, and she got down on her knees to locate it. Peering with eyes and fingers into the low grass, she came upon a nest of ants that were crawling over a tiny bit of ground with an amazing amount of energy and will. She felt barely in control.

"That's reality for you."

They trailed back in time for coffee. The mother said hotel life was demoralizing, as she bit into an iced biscuit. The porter fetched the paper. He asked if she was enjoying her stay and the mother said, "I quote the saying 'See Naples and die.' The same applies to this."

The daughter knew that the mother wanted to go home there and then, but they had booked for four days and it would be an admission of failure to cut it short. She asked the porter to arrange a boat trip to the island inhabited by seabirds, then a car drive to the Lakes of Killarney and another to see the home of the liberator, Daniel O'Connell, the man who had asked to have his dead heart sent to Rome, to the Holy See. The porter said certainly and made a great to-do about accepting the tip she gave him. It was he who told them where Daniel O'Connell's heart lay, and the mother said it was the most rending thing she had ever heard, and the most devout. Then she said yes, that a holiday was an uplift, but that it came too late, as she wasn't used to the spoiling.

The girl did not like that. To change the conversation, the girl produced a postcard that she used as a bookmark. It was a photograph of a gouged torso and she said blithely that that was how she felt, that that was the state of her mind. The mother said later that she didn't think the girl should have said such a thing and wasn't it a bit extreme. Then the mother wrote a six-page letter to her friend Molly, and the girl conspired to be the one to post it, so that she could read it and find some clue to the chasm

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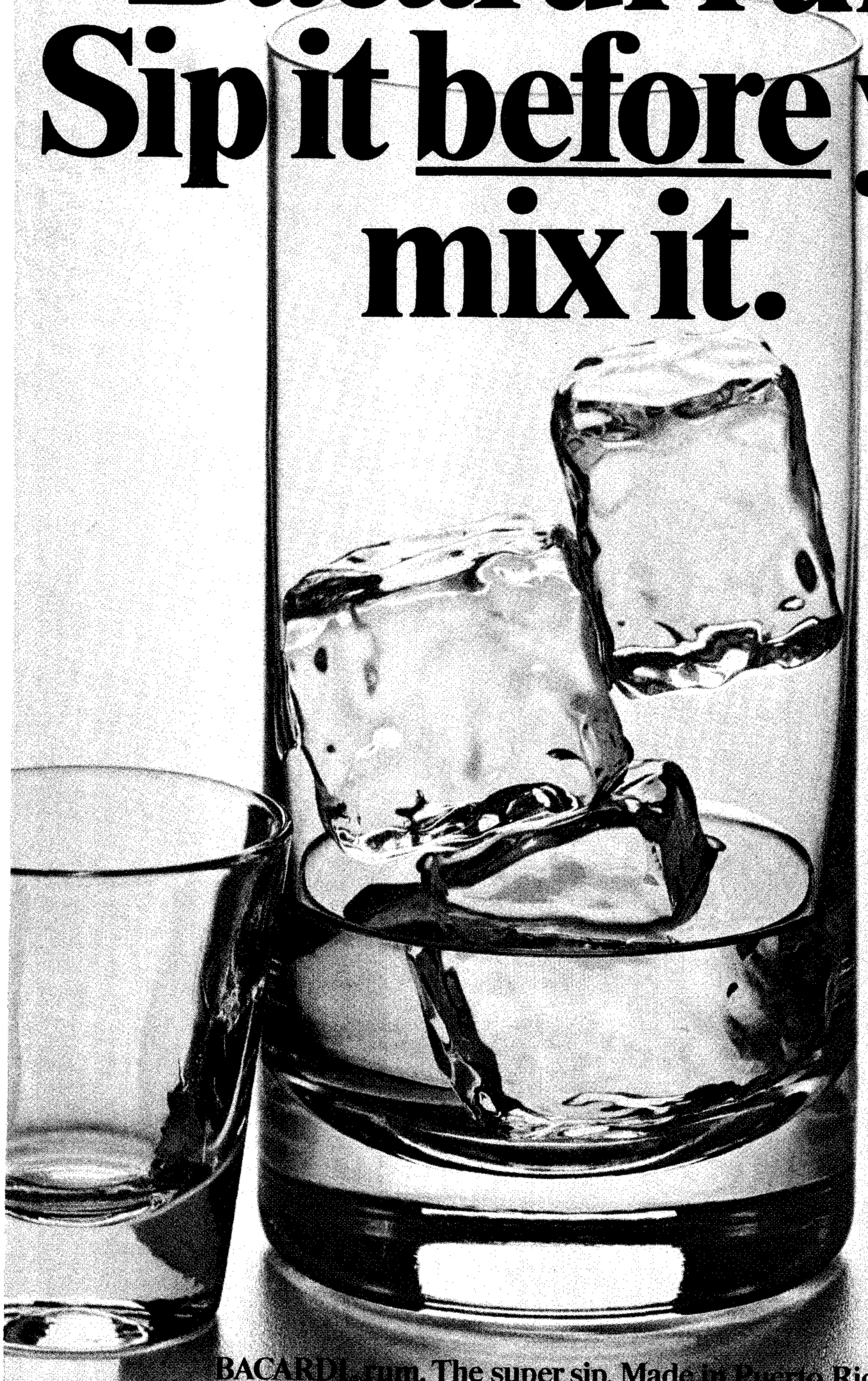

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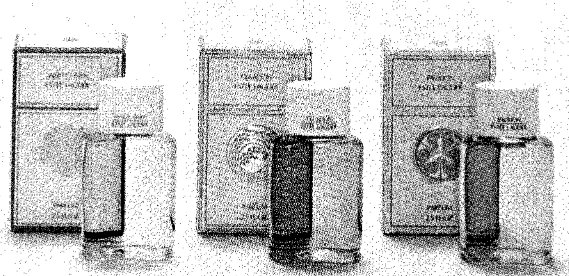

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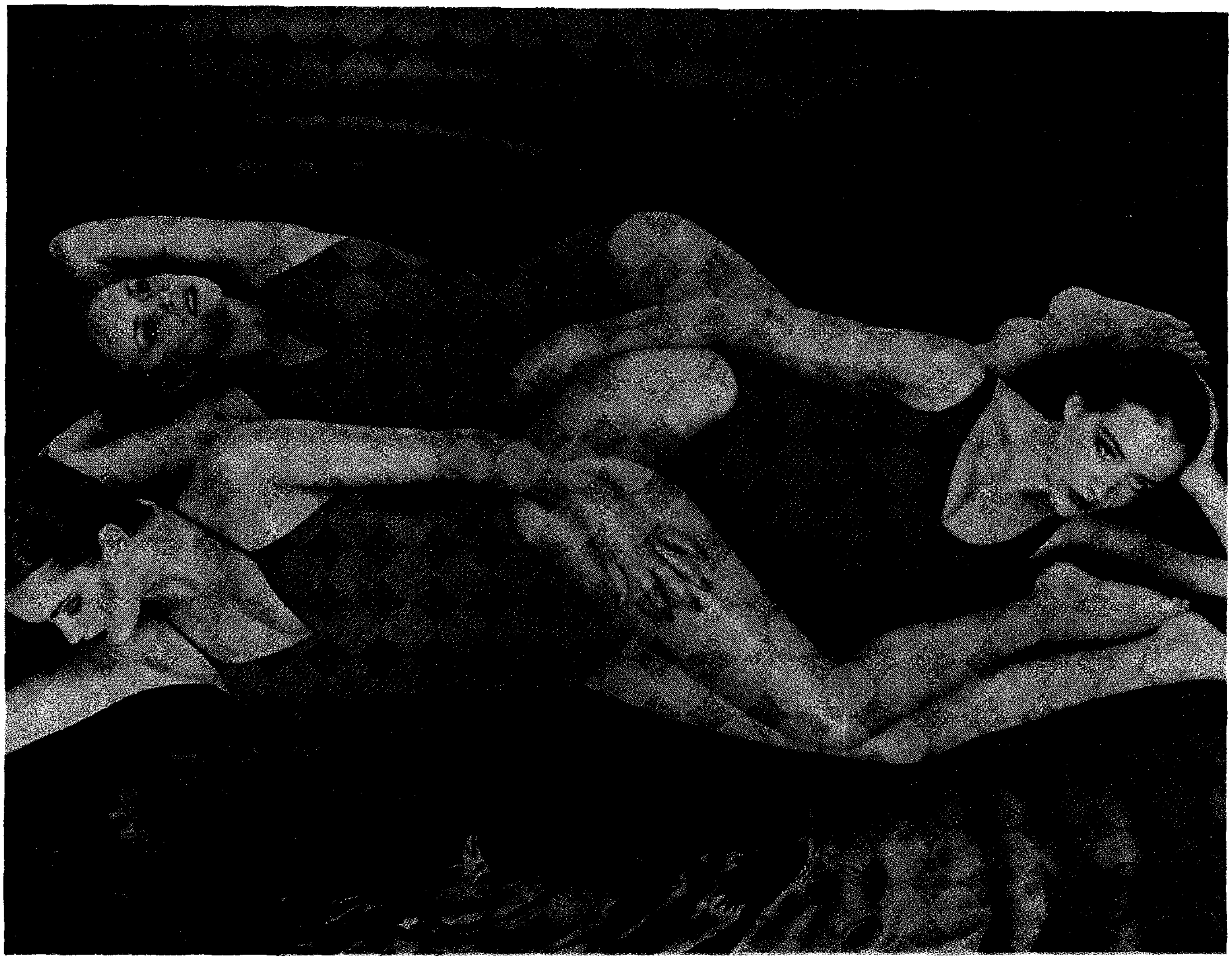

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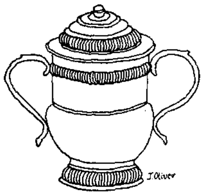
that stretched between them. As it happened, she could not bring herself to read it, because the mother gave it to her unsealed, as if she had guessed those thoughts, and the girl bit her lower lip and said, "How's Molly doing?"

The mother became very sentimental and said, "Poor creature, blind as a bat," but added that people were kind and when they saw her with the white cane they knew. The letter would be read to her by a daughter who was married and overweight and who suffered with her nerves. The girl recalled an autograph book, the mother's, with its confectionery-colored pages and its doting rhymes and ditties. The mother recalled ice creams that she had eaten in Brooklyn long before. The mother remembered the embroidery she had done, making the statement in stitches that there was a rose in the heart of New York. The girl said stitches played such an important role in life and said, "A stitch in time saves nine." They tittered. They were getting nearer.

The girl delicately inquired into the name and occupation of the mother's previous lover—in short, the father's rival. The mother would not divulge, except to say that he loved his mother, loved his sister, was most thoughtful, and that was that. Another long silence. Then the mother stirred in her chair, coughed, confided, said that in fact she and this thoughtful man, fearing, somehow sensing, that they would not be man and wife, had made each other a solemn pact one Sunday afternoon in Coney Island over an ice. They swore that they would get in touch with each other toward the end of their days. Lo and behold, after fifty-five years the mother wrote that letter!



The girl's heart quickened, and her blood danced to the news of this tryst, this long-sustained clandestine passion. She felt that something momentous was about to get uttered. They could be true at last; they need not hide from one another's gaze. Her mother would own up. She thought of the married man who was waiting for her in London, the one who took her for delicious weekends, and she shivered with anticipation. The mother said that her letter had been returned and that probably his sister had refused it, always being jealous. The girl begged to know the contents of the letter. The mother said it was harmless. The girl said go on. She tried to revive the spark, but the mother's mind was made up.

The mother said that there was no such thing as love between the sexes and that it was all bull. She reaffirmed that there was only one kind of love and that was a mother's love for her child. There passed between them then such a moment: not a moment of sweetness, not a moment of reaffirmation but a moment dense with hate—one hating and the other receiving it like rays—and then it was glossed over by the mother's remark about the grandeur of the ceiling. The girl gritted her teeth and resolved that they would not be buried in the same grave, and vehemently lit a cigarette, although they had hardly tasted the first course.

"I think you're very unsettled," the mother said.

"I didn't get that from the ground," the daughter said.

The mother bridled, stood up to leave, but was impeded by a waiter who was carrying a big chafing dish, over which a bright blue flame riotously spread. She sat down as if pushed down and said that that remark was the essence of cruelty. The girl said sorry. The mother said she had done all she could—and that without maid or car or checkbook or any of life's luxuries. Life's dainties had not dropped on her path; she had had to knit her own sweaters, cut and sew her own skirts, be her own hairdresser. The girl said for God's sake to let them enjoy it. The mother said that at seventy-eight one had time to think.

"And at thirty-eight," the girl said. She wished then that her mother's life had been happier, and had not exacted so much from her in recompense. With all her heart she pitied this woman, pitied her for having her dreams pulped and for betrothing herself to a life of suffering. But also she blamed her. They were both wild with emotion. They were speaking out of turn and eating carelessly; the very food seemed to taunt them. The mother wished that one of those white-coated waiters would tactfully take her plate of dinner away and replace it with a nice warm pot of tea, or, better still, that she could be home in her own house by her own fireside, and furthermore she wished that her daughter had never grown into the cruel, feelingless hussy that she was.

"What else could I have done?" the mother said.

"A lot," the girl said, and gulped at once.

The mother excused herself. "When I pass on, I won't be sorry," she said. Up in the room, she locked and bolted

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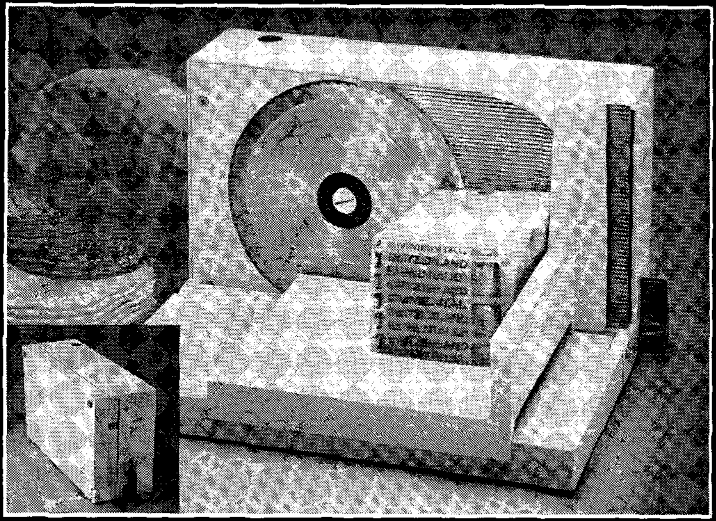

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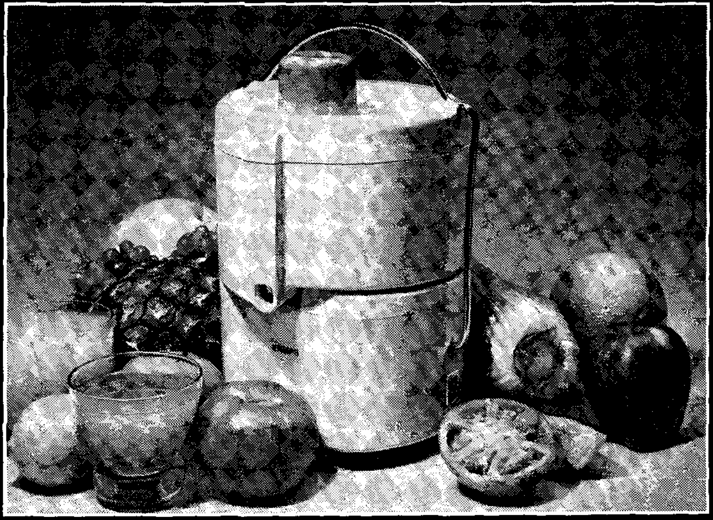

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the door, and lay curled up on the bed, knotted as a fetus, with a clump of paper tissues in front of her mouth. Downstairs she left behind her a grown girl, remembering a woman she most bottomlessly loved, then unloved, and cut off from herself in the middle of a large dining room while confronting a plate of undercooked lamb strewn with mint.

DEATH in its way comes as just as much of a surprise as birth. We know we will die, just as the mother knows that she is primed to deliver at such-and-such a time, yet there is a fierce inner exclamation from her at the first onset of labor and when the water breaks she is already a shocked woman. So it was. The reconciliation that the girl had hoped for, and indeed intended to instigate, never came. She was abroad at a conference when her mother died and when she arrived through her own front door the phone was ringing with the news of her mother's death. The message, though clear to her ears, was incredible to herself. How had her mother died and why? In a hospital in Dublin, as a result of a heart attack. Her mother had gone there to do shopping and was taken ill in the street. How desperate that must have been. Straightaway, the girl set out for the airport, hoping to get a seat on a late night flight.

The last plane had gone, but she decided to sit in the airport until dawn and thought to herself that she might be sitting up at her mother's wake. The tube lighting drained the color from all the other waiting faces, and though she could not cry she longed to tell someone that something incalculable had happened to her. They seemed as tired and as inert as she did. Coffee, bread, whiskey all tasted the same—tasted of nothing, or at best of blotting paper. There was no man in her life at the moment, no one to ring up and tell the news to. Even if there were, she thought, lovers never know the full story of one another, only know the bit they meet, never know the icebergs of hurt that have gone before, and therefore are always strangers, or semi-strangers, even in the folds of love. She could not cry. She asked herself if perhaps her heart had turned to lead. Yet she dreaded that on impulse she might break down, and that an attendant might have to lead her away.

WHEN she arrived at the hospital next day, the remains had been removed, and the hearse was now on its way through the center of Ireland—through the great low plains that were open to the elements, plains where the sheep roamed and the calves got croup in the wintertime, plains without shelter.

She passed the big towns and the lesser towns, uttered snatches of recitation that she remembered, and hoped that no one would consider her disrespectful because the hired car was a bright ketchup red. When she got to her own part of the world, the sight of the mountains moved her as it had always done—solemn, beautiful, unchanging except for different streaks of color. Solid and timeless. She tried to speak to her mother but found the words artificial. She had bought a sandwich at the airport and now removed the waxed paper with her teeth and bit into it. The two days ahead would be awful. There would be her father's wild grief, there would be her aunt's grief, there would be cousins and her mother's old friends, as well as strays and workmen. There would be a grave wide open, and as they walked to it they would walk over other graves, under hawthorn, stamping the nettles as they went. She knew the graveyard very well, since childhood. She knew the tombs, the headstones, and the hidden vaults. She used to play there alone and both challenge and cower from ghosts. The inside of the grave was always a rich, broody brown and the gravedigger would probably lace it with a trellis of ivy or convolvulus leaf.

Near Killaloe, she found that she had just caught up with the funeral cortege, but she could hardly believe that it would be her mother's. The light was fading, the bushes were like blurs, the air bat black, and the mountains dark bulks. If the file of cars took a right from the main road toward the lake town, then it must certainly be her mother's. It did. The thought of catching up with it was what made her cry. She cried with such a delight, cried like a child who has done something good and is being praised for it and yet cannot bear the weight of emotion. She cried the whole way through the lakeside town and sobbed as they crossed the old bridge toward the lovely dark, leafy country road that led toward home. She cried like a homing bird. She was therefore seen as a daughter deeply distressed when she walked past the file of mourners outside the chapel gate, and when she shook the hand or touched the sleeve of those who had come forward to meet her. She thought, They think it is grief, but it is not the grief they think it is. It is emptiness

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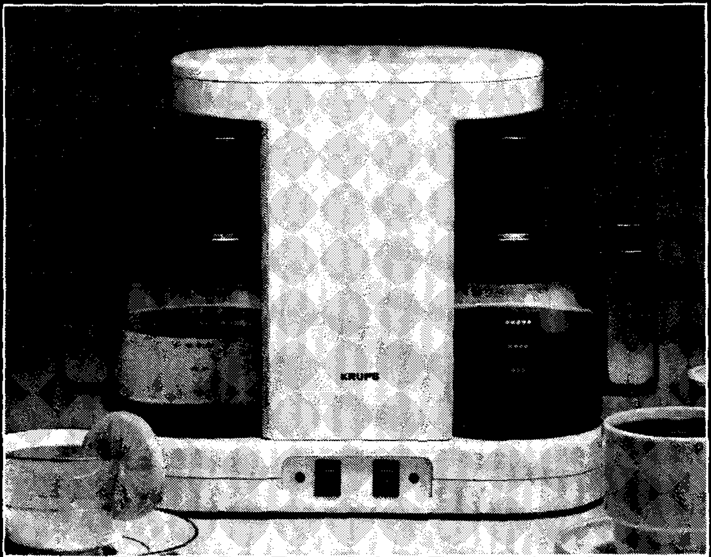

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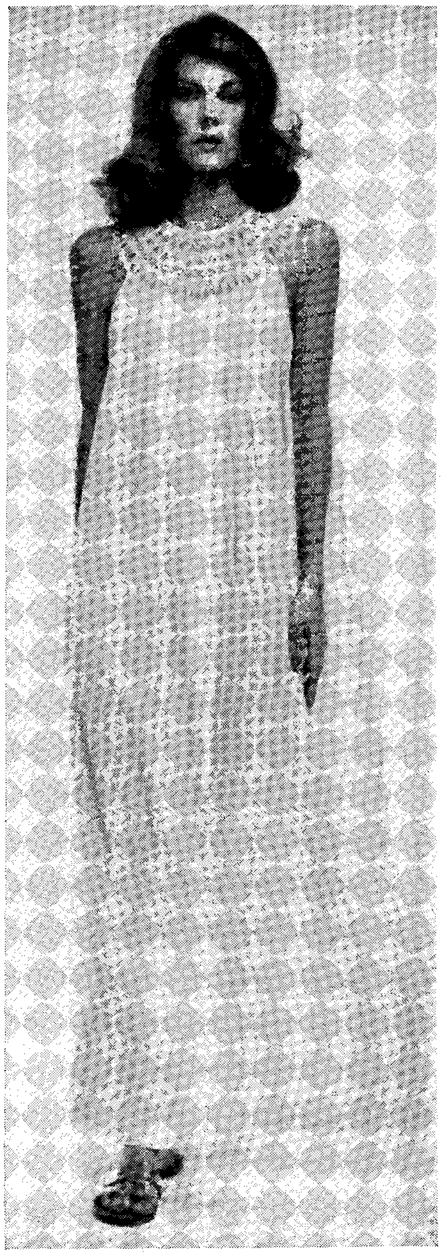

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more than grief. It is a grief at not being able to be wholehearted again. It is not a false grief, but it is unyielding, it is blood from a stone.

Inside the chapel, she found her father howling, and in the first rows closest to the altar and to the coffin the chief mourners, both men and women, were sobbing or, having just sobbed, were drying their eyes.

THAT night in her father's house, people supped and ate and reminisced. As if in mourning, a huge bough of a nearby tree had fallen down. Its roots were like a hand stuck up in the air. The house already reeked of neglect. She kept seeing her mother's figure coming through the door with a large tray, laden down with dainties. The undertaker called her out. He said since she had not seen the remains he would bring her to the chapel and unscrew the lid. She shrank from it, but she went, because to say no would have wrought her disgrace. The chapel was cold, the wood creaked, and even the flowers at night seemed to have departed from themselves, like ghost flowers. Just as he lifted the lid, he asked her to please step away, and suddenly she was afraid for her mother's fate and afraid for the fact that one day she herself would die. She longed to hold the face and utter consolations to it, but she was unable. She thought of the holiday that had been such a fiasco and the love that she had first so cravenly and so rampantly given and the love that she had so callously and so ruthlessly taken back. She thought, Why did she have to withdraw, why do people have to withdraw, why?

AFTER the funeral she went around the house tidying and searching—as if for some secret. In the Blue Room, damp had seeped through the walls, and there were little burrs of fungus that clung, like bobbins on a hat veiling. In the drawers she found bits of her mother's life. Wishes. Dreams contained in such things as a gauze rose of the darkest, drenchingest red. Perfume bottles, dance shoes, boxes of handkerchiefs, and the returned letter.

It was the letter to the man called Vincent, the man her mother had intended to marry but whom she had forsaken when she left New York and came back to Ireland, back to her destiny. For the most part, it was a practical letter, outlining the size of her farm, their crops, their cattle, asking about mutual friends, his circumstances, and so forth. It seemed he worked in a meat factory. There was only one little leak—"I think of you, you would not believe how often." On the outside, the envelope was marked "Return to Sender." The words seemed brazen—as if he himself had written them, or dictated them.

In an instinctive gesture, she crumpled the letter up as if it had been her own. She should not have read it. Those drawers and the letter were like nests into which secrets were invisibly stitched. So many hats, with flowers and veiling, all of light color—hats for summer outings, for rainless climes. Ah the garden parties she must have conceived. Never having had the money for real style, her mother had invested in imitation things—an imitation crocodile handbag, imitation fur bolero. It felt light, as if made of hair. There were, too, pink embroidered corsets, long bloomers, and three unworn cardigans.

For some reason, she put her hand above the mantelpiece to the place where they hid money when she was young. There, wrapped in cobweb, was an envelope addressed to her in her mother's handwriting. It sent shivers through her and she prayed that it did not bristle with accusations. Inside there were some trinkets, a gold sovereign, and some money. The notes were dirty, crumpled and folded many times. How long had the envelope lain there? How had her mother managed to save? There was no letter, yet in her mind she concocted little tendernesses that her mother might have written—words such as "Buy yourself a jacket," or "Have a night out," or "Don't spend this on Masses." But there was no such thing.

A new wall had arisen, stronger and sturdier than before. Their life together and all those exchanges were like so many spilled feelings, and she looked to see some sign, or hear some murmur. Instead, a silence filled the room, and there was a vaster silence beyond, as if the house itself had died or had been carefully put down to sleep.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

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MOST DRAMATIC ENTRANCE OF THE WEEK

[*Photo caption in the Framingham (Mass.) South Middlesex News*]

EASTWOOD AT BAT—Clint Eastwood, who plays all those super macho roles on film, proved that he is pretty brave in person, too. At a dinner party at the home of Mrs. Clarissa Dyer in Pebble Beach, Calif., he went after a bat that flew into the dining tent brandishing a broom.

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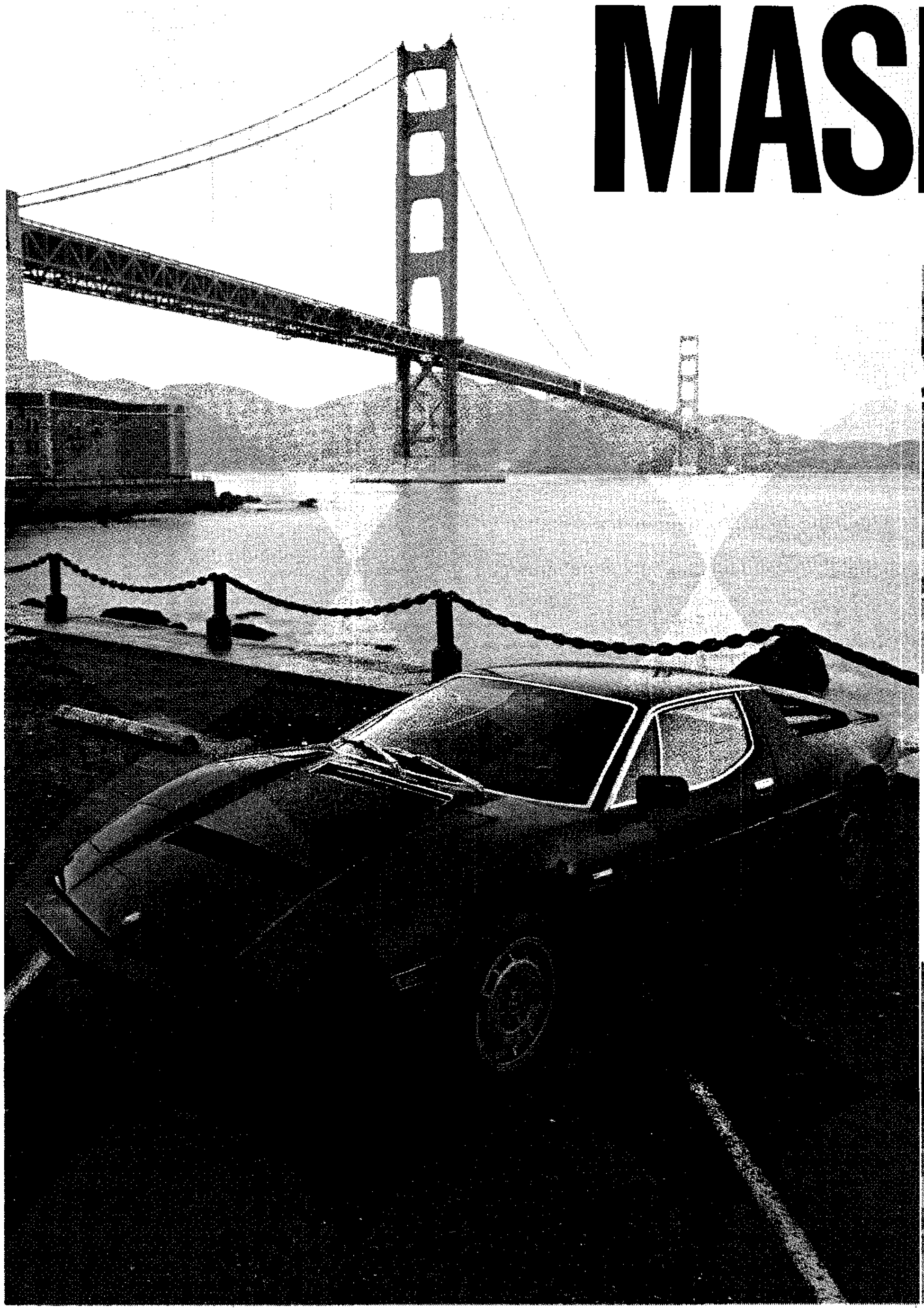

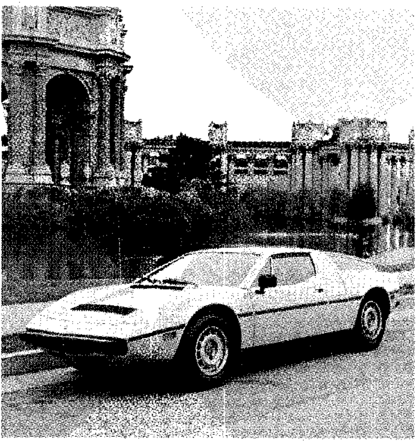

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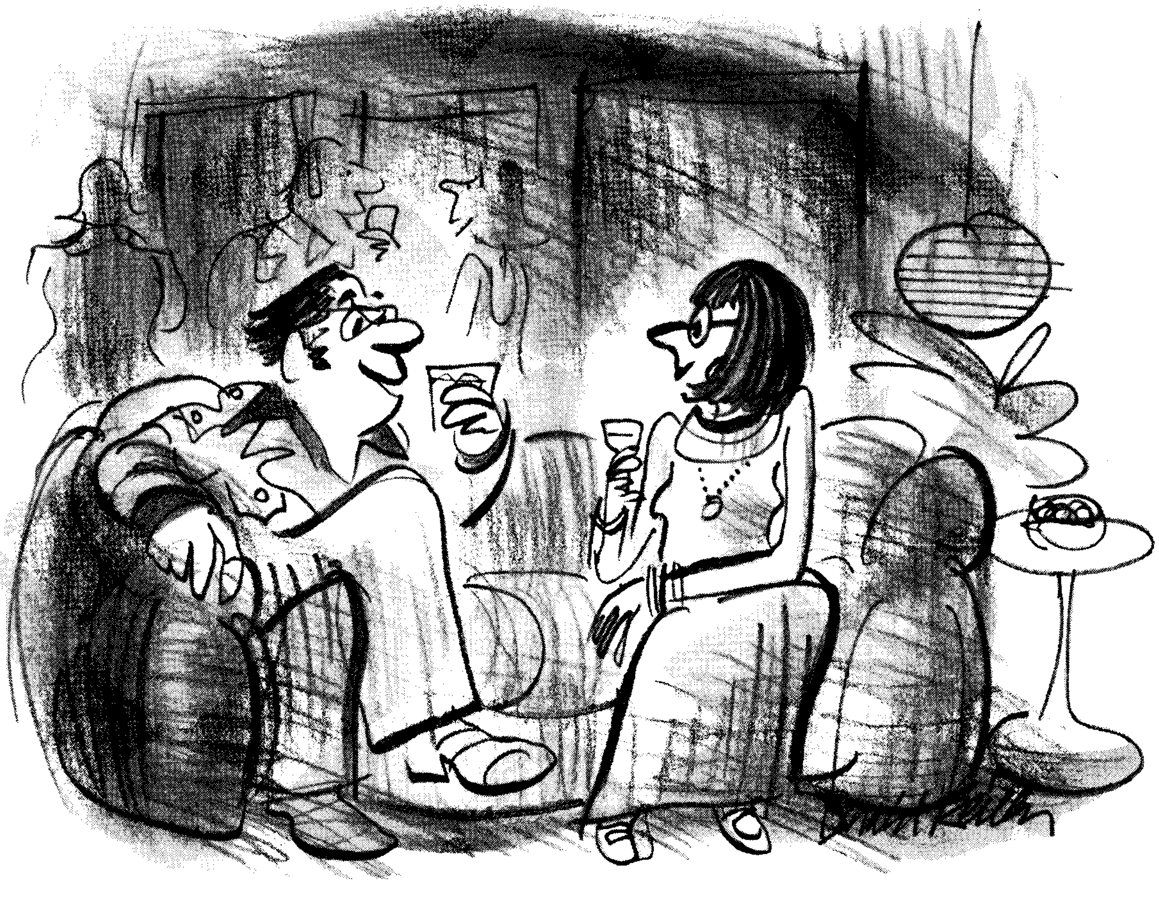
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

“The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas” is the Chicken Ranch, which has been in business since the eighteen-forties and is at present—or until a snoopy vigilante group called the Watch Dogs raids it—as seemly and as decorous as a finishing school. (“No kissing on the mouth; this isn’t the Junior Prom.”) The show of the same name—a musical at the Entermedia, which has been in the works for two years at the Actors Studio—is a foolish, engaging romp about Texas politics and Texas mores: a kind of tongue-barely-in-cheek updating of “Oklahoma!,” full of clever, tuneful songs in many varieties (by Carol Hall, who is not Richard Rodgers but certainly seems to be in the right profession); bright, entertaining dances by the inventive Tommy Tune; and general high spirits. The lines (libretto by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson) are good and almost always funny when they are meant to be (although the cussing gets quite vivid), the singing is of good quality, and so is the acting, when called for, most notably in the person of Henderson Forsythe, as a sheriff (and the source of much of the aforementioned profanity) whose attachment to the glamorous madam of the Chicken Ranch (Carlin Glynn) is a romantic strain in the on-and-off plot—a romance that regrettably comes to nothing. I wish that everybody would stop being so mature and give this jolly show a happy ending, though I suppose that the closing down of a brothel is what many people would think of as a happy ending. The high point of the evening—the comic high point, at any rate—is a press conference held by the governor of the state, portrayed by the buoyant, funny Jay Garner (who also has several other roles): each time he is queried by some nosy reporter about the Chicken Ranch, he breaks into a little dance, aptly named the Sidestep, and finally treats us to some wonderful old-fashioned hoofing across the stage and down a runway to the back of the auditorium. The choreographic high point could be a dance of the young hookers, each of them holding a pair of life-size collapsible dolls, or it could be a triumphant dance (led by a spirited high-stepper, Tom Cashin) of a football team on its way to collect on a victory promise by a Texas senator—a night at the Ranch for every member of the team. Among the more memorable numbers are “Twenty-four Hours of Lovin’,” sung by Delores Hall, in glorious voice, who plays the madam’s black maid; “A Li’l Ole Bitty Pissant Country Place,” sung by Miss Glynn, describing her domain; “The Aggie Song,” for male chorus; “Texas Has a Whorehouse in It,” sung by Clint Allmon, leader of the Watch Dogs; and, best of all, a funny number, “Doatsey Mae,” sung by Susan Mansur as a wry, hard-bitten waitress.



“Hey, then we’re both products of the Great Depression!”

“The Best Little Whorehouse” has all the satiric bite of a playful puppy, and, like a playful puppy, it tends to climb uninvited into one’s lap; it is literally too ingratiating. Yet the relish as well as the proficiency of all concerned make the show appealing. Admirable, handsome costumes, sets, and lighting by Ann Roth, Marjorie Kellogg, and Dennis Parichy, respectively. Expert direction by Mr. Masterson and Mr. Tune.

The setting for Lennox Brown’s “The Twilight Dinner,” produced by the Negro Ensemble Company at the St. Marks, is the private dining room of a restaurant. While the house lights are still on, the recorded voice of Martin Luther King is heard in his “I have a dream” speech, and then the house lights dim and the stage lights go up, to the sound of choir music. A black man enters, smartly turned out and carrying a briefcase, and in a state of some agitation. He is followed by the white proprietress of the restaurant, a pretty, sympathetic young woman, who obviously knows him well. The man is Jimmy, and he is distressed because he has been trapped into mak-

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ing a dinner engagement with an old friend and would do anything to get out of it—"a racial thing," he explains. There is an offstage argument, and the friend enters. He is a West Indian named Ray, and he and Jimmy have not seen each other since both were undergraduates at Columbia, seventeen years ago, when they were black activists and ardent members of S.N.C.C. Since then, Jimmy has taken several degrees, has married and been divorced, and is now in a starchy government job. Ray returned to the Caribbean and went into politics as a fiery radical fighting for his oppressed people; before long, he was as corrupt as the politicians around him, and he has ended up in the white-tourist business. At first, the men's conversation is stiff and uncomfortable, but after a scratchy start they begin to reminisce; under prodding from volatile Ray, Jimmy slowly comes to life, and some sort of bond is reestablished between them. Before the evening is over, both are leafing through phone books. Jimmy calls his ex-wife, and is told not to call again; Ray is able to reach the mother of a girl he once loved and should have married, and is told that she committed suicide several years ago.

"The Twilight Dinner" is in general an elegy for the nineteen-sixties and in particular an elegy for these two self-betrayed men. It is an evocation of the risky, idealistic, rackety past and the sterile present—a sterility that seems to be embodied in the white proprietress of the restaurant ("You make a big production of old friendships," Ray tells her), who confesses, not very convincingly, that she drove her husband insane because of religion, and who herself, standing in a spotlight, has a sexual scene with a cross that she holds in her hand, the exact purpose of which eludes me. The performance, under the impeccable direction of Douglas Turner Ward, the artistic director and a co-founder of the N.E.C., goes very well. Reuben Green is Jimmy, Leon Morenzie is Ray, and Karen Bernhard is the proprietress. Set by Samuel Gonzalez and lights by James Fauvell. The play will run through May 14th.

—Edith Oliver

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> —*Oxnard (Calif.) Press-Courier.*

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AROUND CITY HALL

STOPPING THE CLOCK

"NEW YORK is very beautiful in the midst of all the grungy stuff," the film director Paul Mazursky told a reporter last month in explaining why he was spending more time in his apartment here than in his house in California. "Even the decay has its poignance. In some ways, New York affects me like Venice. It's in danger of dying, so there's something tender about it." Unfortunately, as the result of indignation over a number of recent developments here, particularly the cost of proposed settlements with the local municipal unions and where the money for them is coming from, the kind of sympathy that the imperilled city aroused in Mazursky is even less evident now than it was a few weeks ago among members of Congress from other parts of the country. It is with Congress, of course, that New York rests its hopes for federal loan guarantees or, at the very least, for a continuation of the present program of revolving federal loans. One or the other provision or a combination thereof must be in place by June 30th in order to save the city one more time from bankruptcy. Although New York, in its precarious state, may still recommend itself as a movie background—the silvery, half-empty Chrysler Building slowly sinking as the sun also sets on the grunge of the South Bronx—it can be wearing to live in a town that even its good friends think of as being on its way out. New Yorkers have got so used to having their home territory associated with disaster, present and future, that even when the morning headlines are benign nobody here acts too surprised if by late afternoon things are looking grim again.

At four-thirty on the morning of April 1st, when Mayor Edward Koch walked into the improvised pressroom at the New York Hilton Hotel, where last-minute contract negotiations were going on between the local Transport Workers Union and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, he looked tired but happy. Since the T.W.U. contract had run out at midnight, the clock had been symbolically stopped at that hour to see if an agreement could be reached which would avert a transit strike, for which the union members already had their "NO CONTRACT—NO WORK" picket signs at the ready. The Mayor announced that a "reasonable" settlement had been reached and that there would be no strike. Surely it was good news that the buses and subways on which New Yorkers rely to take them about their business to the tune of five and a half million rides each day would be operating as usual. The twelve-day transit strike that paralyzed New York in January, 1966, was said to have cost the city and its residents a billion dollars in lost income. The Mayor gave no immediate figures on the terms of the settlement, but negotiators rapidly spread the word that the bus and subway workers would receive a six-per-cent increase over the two years of the contract—with a few additional benefits thrown in. And surely six per cent over two years was reasonable, considering that last month the nation's coal miners had won a thirty-nine-per-cent increase over three years and that members of Congress, citing soaring expenses, last year were happy to accept nearly thirty per cent—from $44,600 to $57,500. Within a few hours, however, many observers, the Mayor among them, having estimated not only the total cost of the settlement but its implications for municipal-union contracts still under negotiation, were clearly having second thoughts. By the time the wrathful cries of protest began to come in from Washington, which, as the city's banker, has won the right to sound off on anything that New York proposes to do with its money, the reasonable settlement was being treated as one more local catastrophe.

The clock at the New York Hilton was not the only one of interest to the city which was symbolically stopped in order to avoid the implications of moving into April Fool's Day. On March 31st, which marked the end of the state's fiscal year, the Albany Legislature was scheduled to pass an eleven-billion-nine-hundred-million-dollar budget for 1978-79, a document that many of those in the Albany State House thought of as representing a considerable—even a glorious—victory. Its provisions included a seven-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar tax cut—a boon that was expected to have a salutary effect on the economic growth

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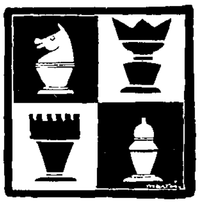
of the state, which in the last decade has lost nearly half a million manufacturing jobs, largely, the theory goes, because manufacturers understandably prefer to settle in states in which the combination of individual and corporate taxes is not close to the highest in the nation. It was also sure to redound to the credit of the state's Democratic governor, Hugh Carey, who, probably not by coincidence, will be a candidate for reëlection this year. The problem of Albany Republican leaders, including those who want to run against Carey, was that they could not possibly profit politically by taking a stand against the tax cut, which Carey had proposed in his January State of the State Message, or by appearing to be against more business in the state. The best they could do was to repeat over and over that it was a big satisfaction to have helped convert the spendthrift Governor to sound Republican principles. During the budget negotiations, various special concessions were made to accommodate Republican legislators' constituents, who tend to live in small upstate towns or in suburban areas, and in the end the budget was agreed to without resort to fisticuffs, challenges to duels, or the intervention of armed guards—all of which phenomena have occurred during previous Albany debates over crucial fiscal issues. There could be no celebration of this achievement, however, because the good news was overtaken by bad news: on April 1st, as the state moved into its new fiscal year, it had no complete operative budget.

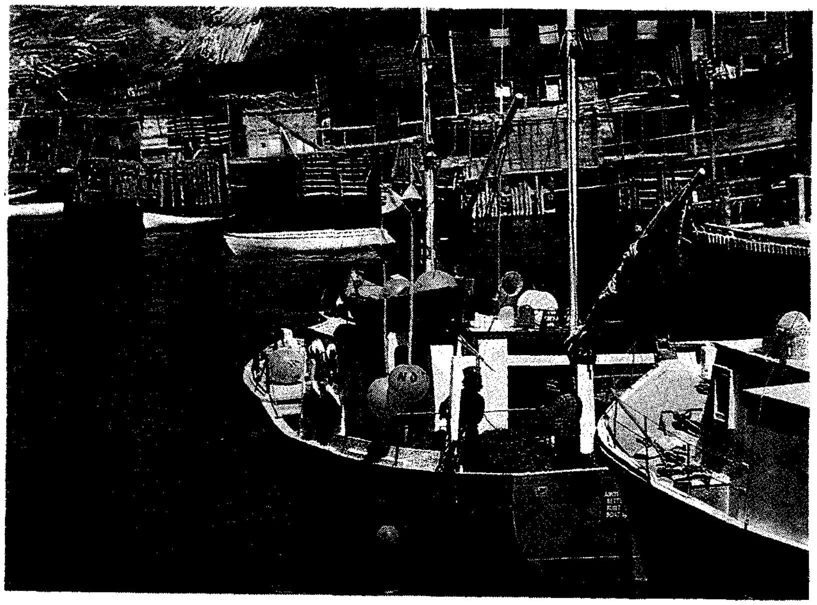


On the critical night before the old fiscal year ended, the Republican-controlled State Senate passed, by a vote of 32 to 23, a budget amendment proposed by Senator James Donovan, a Republican-Conservative from upstate Chadwicks, New York. It attached to the seven-billion-two-hundred-million-dollar section of the budget which provides state aid to localities such as cities, counties, and school districts a prohibition against the paying out of state funds to Medicaid for abortions for women who could not otherwise afford them. The single exception was an operation "to prevent the death of the mother." The amendment was thus much more limiting than that passed last December by Congress, which allows the use of Medicaid funds for abortions in cases of, for example, rape and incest (and even of the relatively permissive congressional law Midge Costanza, the sharp-tongued White House assistant, said recently, "You do have a right to an abortion, but you have to report the pregnancy within forty-eight hours, then be examined by two doctors, two senators, and the Speaker of the House"). There was some belief in Albany that Senator Donovan had already won himself a memorable enough place in the history of the 1978 legislative session by his letter to a church group during last month's debate on the death-penalty bill, in which he declared that without capital punishment there would have been no Christian religion, and asked, "Where would Christianity be if Jesus got eight to fifteen years with time off for good behavior?" The bill to restore capital punishment in the state for a long list of violent crimes passed both houses in March but fell short by one vote in the Senate and by six votes in the Assembly of the forty votes in the first chamber and the hundred votes in the second which would have made an override of the Governor's expected veto a foregone conclusion. Carey vetoed a somewhat different capital-punishment bill last year, and has said repeatedly that he does not believe that the death penalty is a deterrent or that the state should be "the killer of last resort." Despite the great political risk, he said last month, "when a voice has to be raised against killing, even if I'm the only voice, then I'll do it." The day before the Legislature found itself unable to pass the budget, the latest death-penalty bill was laid on the Governor's desk, giving him ten legislative days either to veto it or to allow it to become law.

In the maneuvering over Senator Donovan's most significant contribution to the 1978 legislative session, the Assembly, by a vote of 81 to 66, defeated the anti-abortion amendment and then passed the budget without it. The figurative clock-stopping followed, and the debate in the Senate continued into the early morning before that body voted to pass the amendment. The Legislature then adjourned, with the budget "held hostage" by the Senate anti-abortionists—or so members of the Assembly frequently put it during the next days. Within a few hours of adjournment, Democratic Assemblyman Arthur Kremer, who had good reason to paint the darkest possible picture of what might lie ahead in order to alarm the Senate into taking remedial action and also to try to make the other party look bad, was predicting that soon localities would be unable to send out welfare checks or meet their payrolls, and that there would be "panic" among citizens all around the state, for which, he suggested, they would have only the intransigent, largely Republican Senate to blame. On April 3rd, there being no state-aid budget, sixty-three million dollars could not be sent out from Albany to the localities as scheduled. The greatest danger, however, was that the impasse would last so long that it would block the state's sale of three billion eight hundred million dollars in the short-term notes that it puts on the market each spring so that it can advance money to the localities to tide them over until their own revenues come in, later in the fiscal year. The first big payments from what is known as Albany's "spring borrowing"—one billion two hundred million dollars, of which about a third would go to the city—were due on April 17th, and the failure of this money to arrive might indeed have set off some statewide panic. Moreover, the sale of the notes required considerable lead time to prepare a prospectus, line up investors, and get the all-important rating of the securities from Moody's Investor Service. Further delay and the continuing spectacle of the Legislature in disarray, unable even to pass a budget, could well force up the interest the state would have to pay on the spring issue—and each half-per-cent increase would cost the state twenty million dollars a year.

WHAT the Albany stalemate really had to do with, however, was not money but politics. Assembly Minority Leader Perry Duryea has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor, and his only likely rival is Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, who at the moment is usually described as the most powerful Republican in the state. At the beginning of the legislative session, both Anderson and Duryea declared that, despite the United States Supreme Court action giving the state the right to refuse to pay for abortions, they were satisfied with the present law, which allows such payments. Both have supported pro-abortion laws in the past. (In 1970, Duryea played a key role in getting through the Legislature the bill that permitted abortion in the state three years before the Supreme Court decision that permitted it nationally.) There were many in Albany who believed that Duryea supporters had encouraged anti-abortionists in the Senate to pursue their course as stubbornly as they did in order to show up

CANADA



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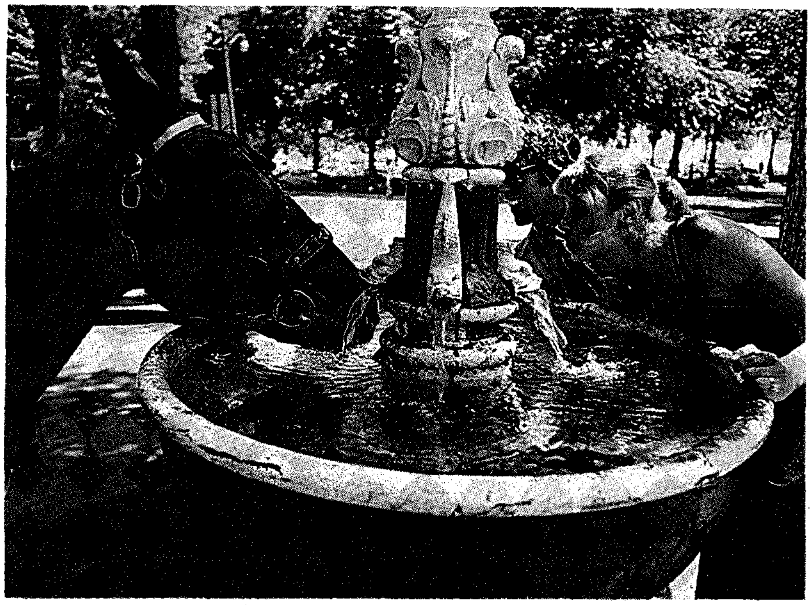

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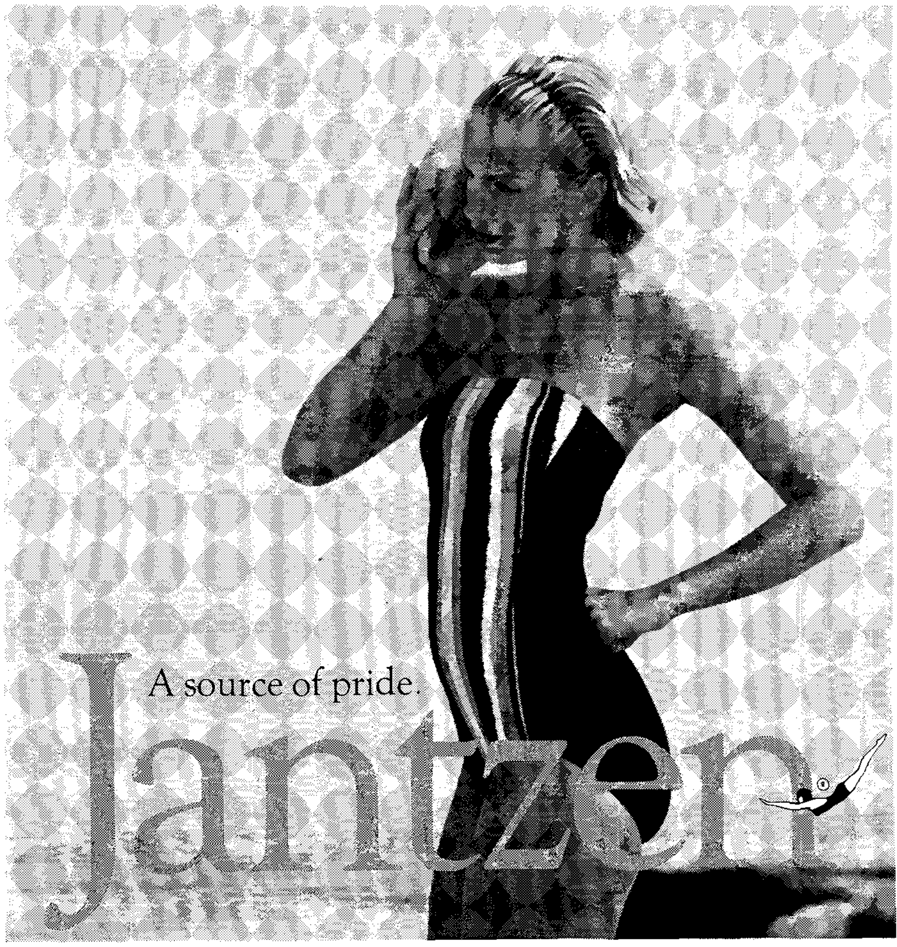

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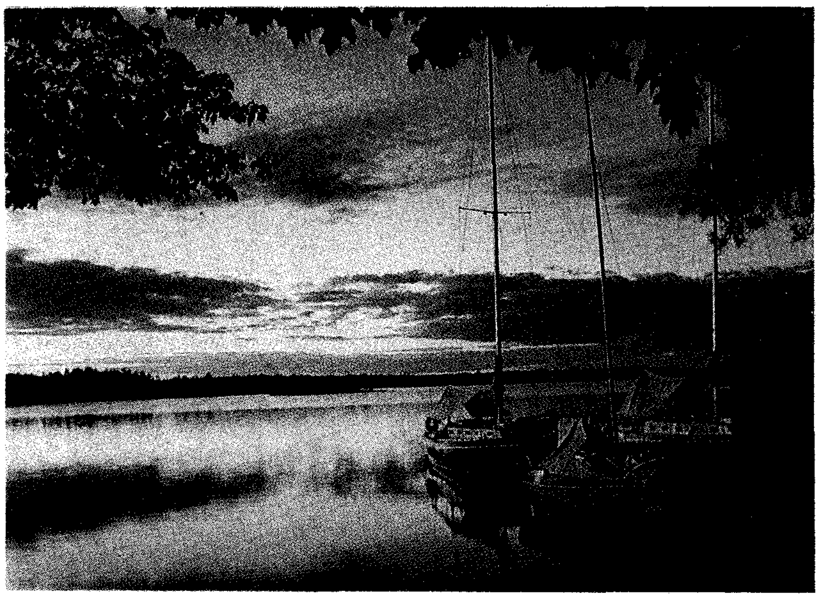
Anderson as helpless to control his troops. Over in the Assembly, a different game was going on. Speaker Stanley Steingut did not want to have the anti-abortion legislation voted on separately from the budget, because in order to defeat it he would have to get on record in favor of abortion too many nervous Democratic Assembly members from areas that might hold their stand against them in November—exactly the outcome the Republicans were hoping to arrange. But, above all, as Donovan charged on the Senate floor, Steingut was determined to protect Carey from having to veto anti-abortion legislation and thus make political enemies on still another intensely emotional issue in the same month that the Governor was expected to veto the death-penalty bill. Although Carey always prefaces any statement on abortion by saying that he is personally opposed to it—no great surprise in a Roman Catholic father of twelve—he has vetoed one previous law, passed by both legislative houses, that would have limited abortion. In evident disagreement with some other prominent political figures on what should be done about life's unfairness, he has said that as long as abortions are legal for women who can afford to pay for them, poor women should have the same privilege, and he stood ready to veto the anti-abortion legislation if, as some feared, enough Assembly members switched their votes to pass it in their house also, and it thus threatened to become state law.

It was five days before the Albany deadlock ended and the clock went off legislative time. On April 5th, Carey announced that the underwriters had set that day as the deadline for completing the spring borrowing without damage to the state's credit rating, and persuaded Assembly Speaker Steingut to call for a vote on a separate abortion bill, whatever the risks. During the debating, which again lasted until the early hours of the morning, the legislators going in and out of their chambers had to run the gantlet of pickets waving large photographs of aborted fetuses and signs that read "CAREY TO THE UNBORN: DROP DEAD." Nevertheless, Speaker Steingut had his troops in line, and the anti-abortion bill was defeated in the Assembly by about the same margin that the amendment had been the previous week. The favorable margin in the Senate was also approximately that of the week before. The Senate then passed the budget without the amendment, and the state was finally back in business. Later that day came the good news that Moody's had given the state notes its highest possible investment-grade rating, which meant that the spring borrowing would be at a bargain interest rate.

There had been a curious development, however, in the voting on the separate bill to forbid state funds to be used for almost all abortions. Several times in recent weeks, Carey had complained that Serphin Maltese, the executive director of the state Conservative Party, had been influencing state legislation by threatening to withhold Conservative endorsement from all legislators who supported abortion or opposed the death penalty. Although the Conservatives have only about a hundred and twenty thousand members in the state, they are generally well-heeled, resolute campaigners, and, in any case, the Republicans in this state, where there are a million more registered Democrats than registered Republicans, need all the help they can get. It is assumed that no Republican could win the governorship without Conservative support. Despite their history of backing abortion laws, and their votes just five days earlier against the anti-abortion amendment, in the final balloting on funds for abortion both Anderson and Duryea switched to the other side. Maltese let it be known that he was gratified by both developments. It may be that 1978 will be remembered in Albany as the year when abortion, surely a matter primarily of moral conviction, became, instead, something approaching a Republican vs. Democratic issue or, more precisely, a Republican-Conservative vs. Democratic-Liberal issue. (Even religion is not necessarily a test, Carey's position being opposed now by Anderson and Duryea, who are both Protestants.) To a degree, the same thing has happened in the case of the death penalty. On the vote in favor of capital punishment in the State Senate, only two of the thirty-five voting Republicans—Roy Goodman, of Manhattan, and John Marchi, of Staten Island—were in the negative. Duryea has said that he plans to make the death penalty "a big issue," along with the corollary, as he sees it, that the Governor is "soft on crime," in the coming campaign against Carey—assuming, of course, that he is the Republican candidate. Now that he is on record as being on the opposite side from the Governor on the abortion question, presumably that, too, will be a big debating point. For those who still believe that the two issues are matters of conscience rath-



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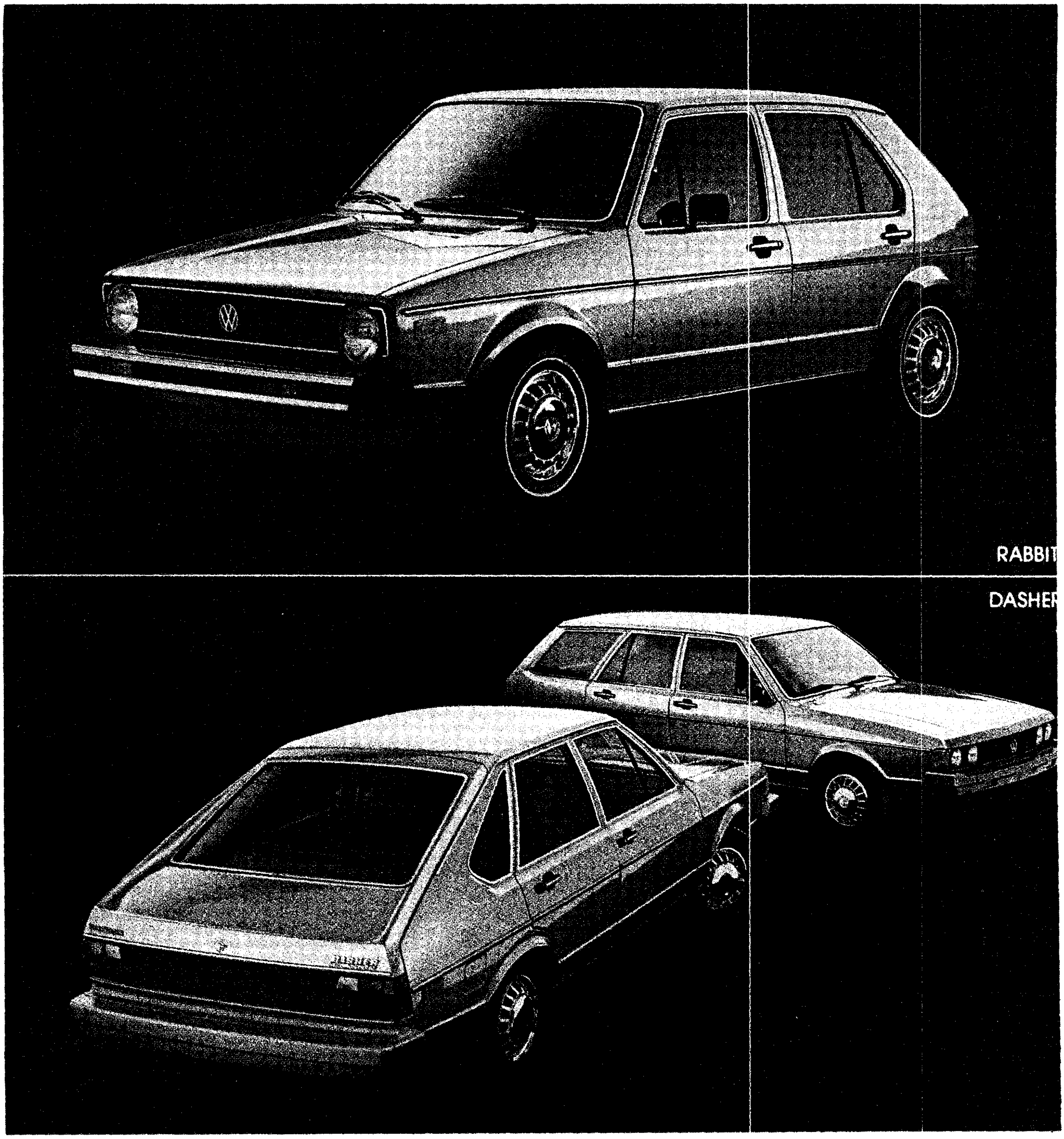

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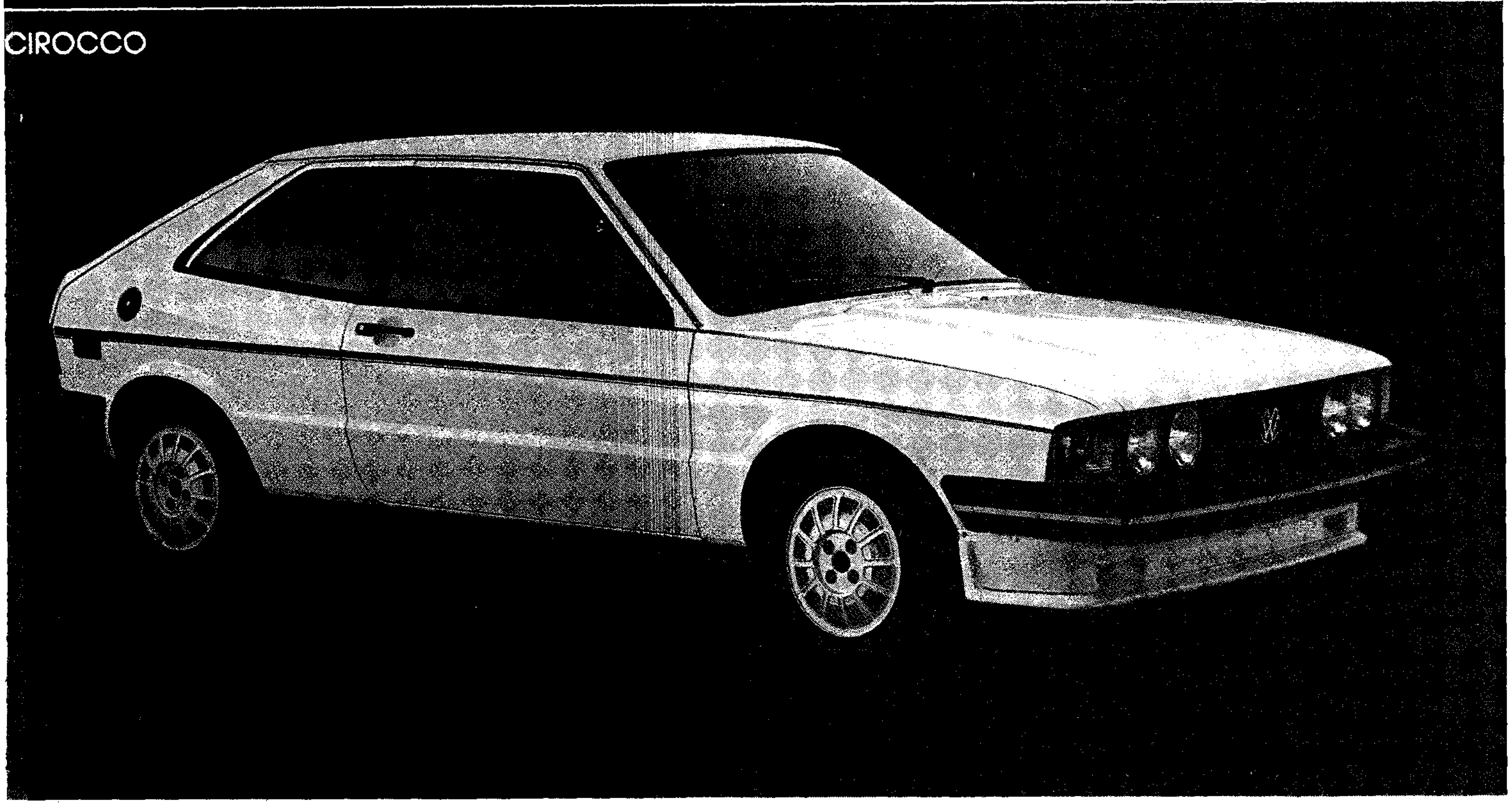

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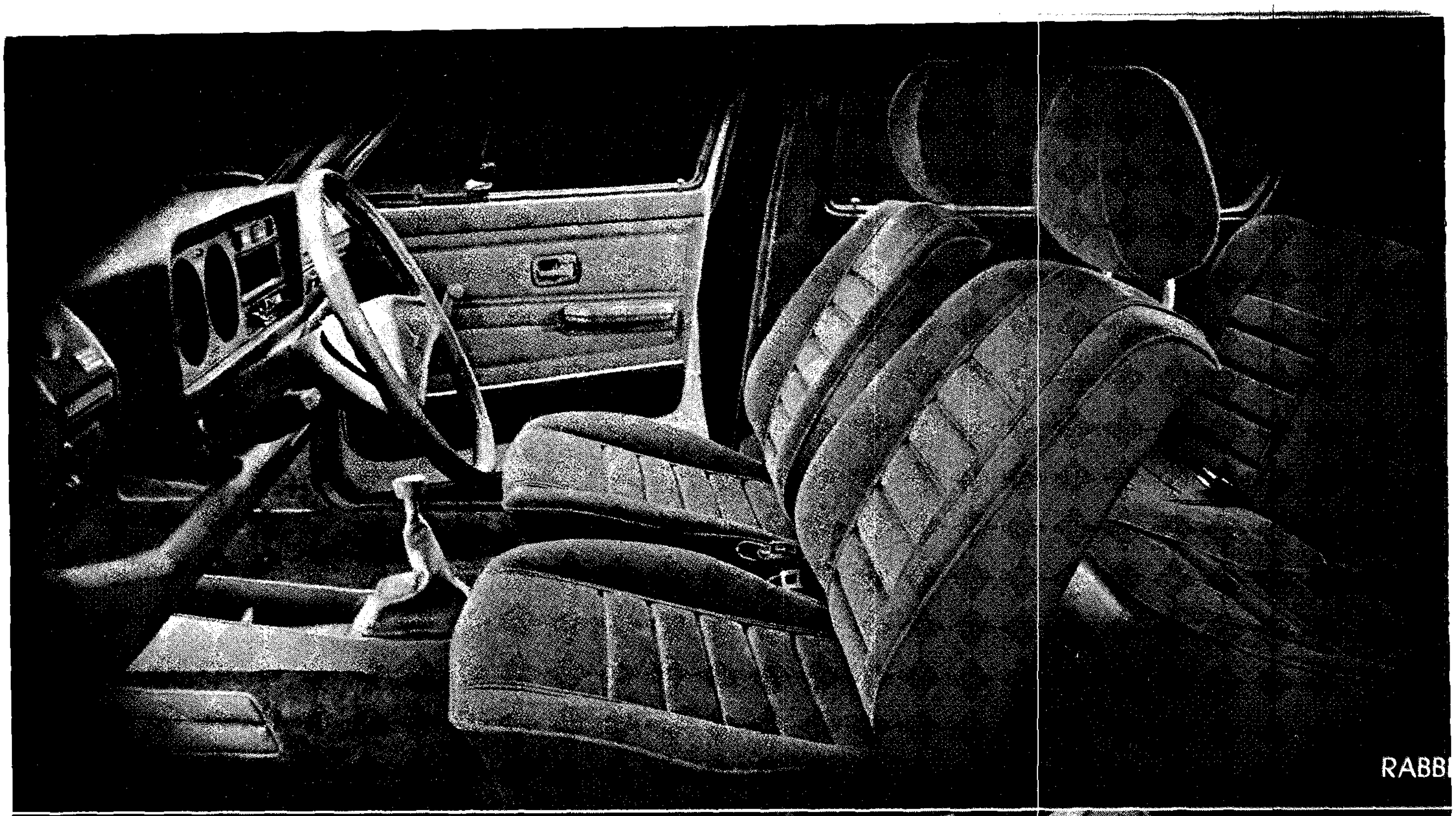

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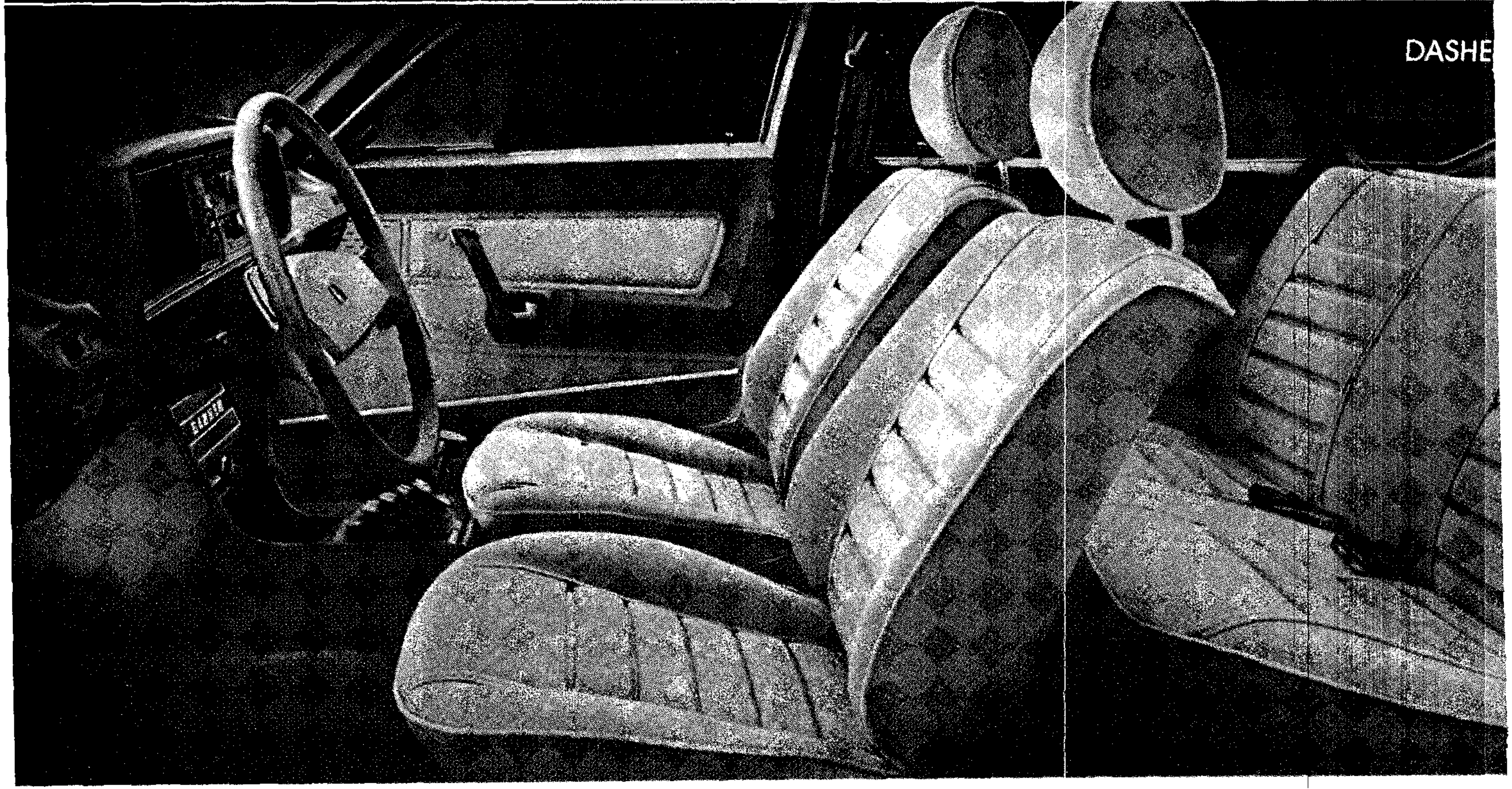

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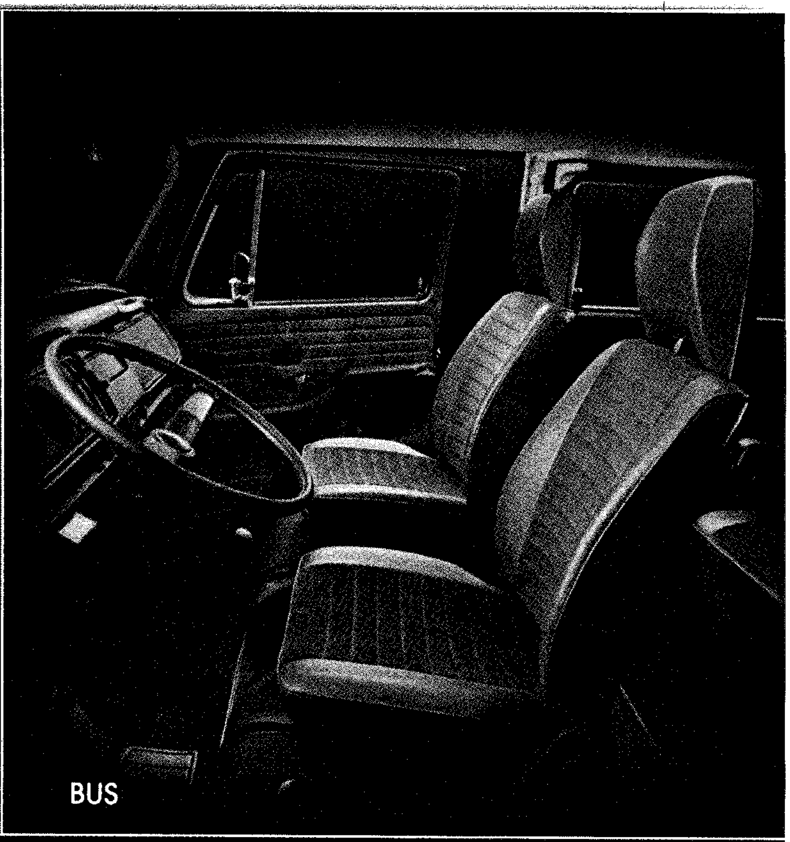

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A taste of Champagne may help you overcome your inhibitions.

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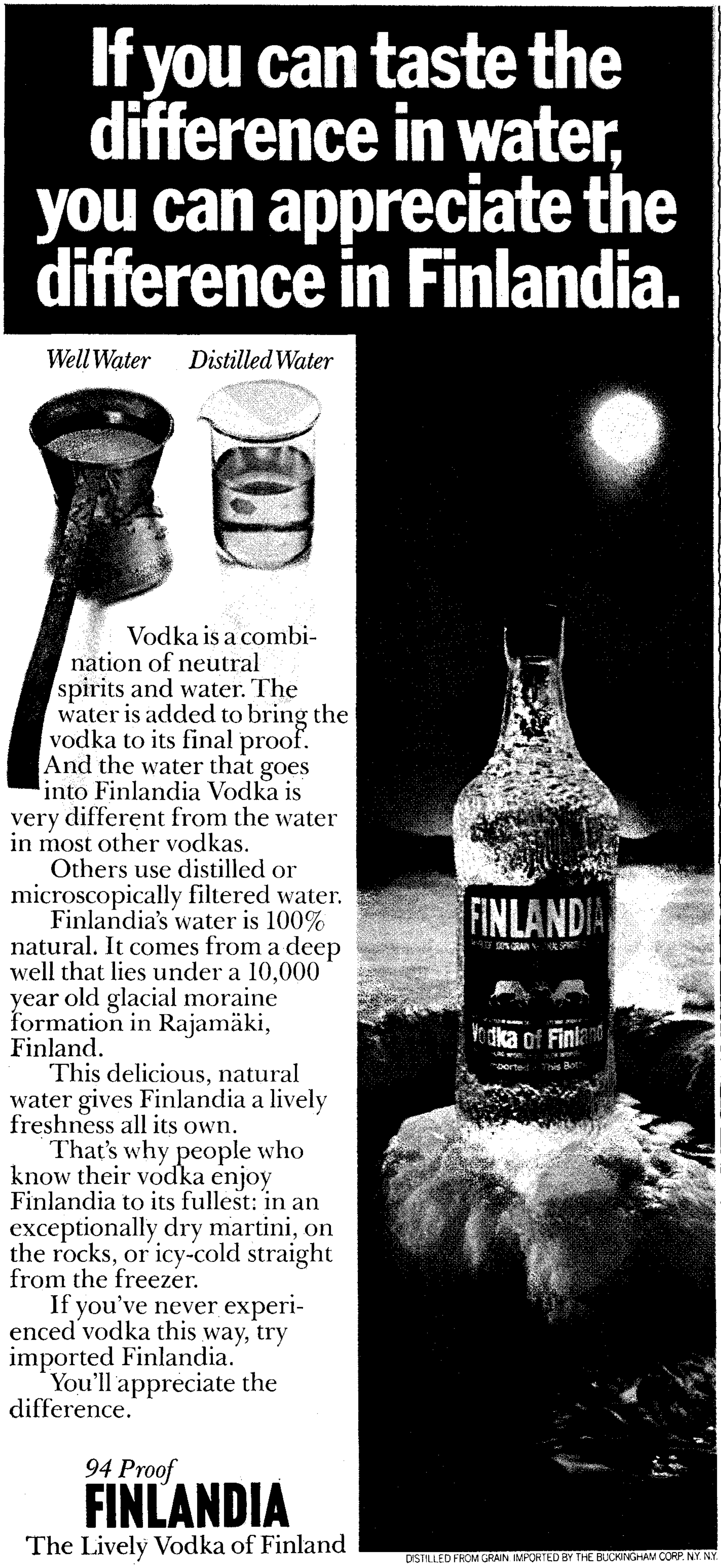
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er than of politics, there may be some bad months ahead. Duryea described his altered stand on abortion as representing only "a slight shift." Anderson insisted that his new position had something to do with parliamentary strategy. Awkwardly, in Duryea's case, only a few hours before he crossed over on the abortion issue his staff broke out a large store of new campaign buttons reading "TRUST DURYEA" to reinforce the point that the Minority Leader had been making in speeches around the state charging that Carey is an unreliable sort who is always changing his mind. Carey's public-relations adviser David Garth, who was the dominant figure in Carey's 1974 campaign, as he was in Koch's campaign for mayor last year, told reporters that the Carey forces were thinking of passing out "TRUST DURYEA" buttons themselves—adding, however, a question mark. Dick Zander, writing in *Newsday*, suggested that the only development that could deliver Duryea from a long, hot summer of cynical gibes about his politically convenient change of heart on abortion would be for Carey to announce that, after all, he had decided not to veto the bill restoring the death penalty.

AT 1:45 A.M. on April 2nd, three days after the capital-punishment bill reached the Governor's desk, there was a tragedy in central Brooklyn whose ramifications put intense pressure on Carey to do just that. On the evening of the same day, the Governor attended a party in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria to which the advertised presence of his friend Frank Sinatra had attracted about eight hundred guests, most of whom had paid a thousand dollars apiece for dinner and an hour of classic Sinatra ("All of Me," "My Way"), thus paying off the remaining debts from Carey's 1974 campaign and giving him a nice cushion for the big push ahead—for a politician, *very* good news. What had happened in Brooklyn was that two New York City policemen had died in a shootout with a black man, who was captured soon afterward. The day after the Sinatra party, it was discovered that the alleged murderer, whose name was Eric Thompson, had been an inmate of Attica prison, in upstate New York, and actively involved in the September, 1971, uprising in which forty-three guards and prisoners were killed. Thompson had been accused of murdering another inmate during the disturbance but had eventually been allowed to plead guilty to a lesser charge, had served time, and, in July, 1976, had been released on parole. In December, 1976, Carey had announced that as a result of an investigation of the Attica events by a special prosecutor—who had issued a report recommending against further legal pursuit of possible crimes committed during the uprising by either guards or inmates, because of the "flagrant deficiencies" of the state's earlier prosecutions and the disappearance of evidence in the years since—he was pardoning all those involved. His purpose, he said, was to "firmly and finally close the book" on Attica. Although Thompson had been out on parole since five months before the pardon and since twenty months before the recent killings, it was frequently implied during the days after the Brooklyn shootout that Carey was indirectly responsible for the death of the two policemen. Hit-and-run-style TV reporters were particularly fond of this elisionary version of the crime. Wives of policemen went on television to plead with the Governor to sign the death-penalty bill, apparently as a form of penance, and the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association delivered a similar message. Among the mourners at the funerals of the murdered policemen was Mayor Koch. Koch's ardent belief in the deterrent effect of the death penalty was a dark secret to most of his constituents during the years when he was running for election and reëlection to the House of Representatives in a generally liberal Manhattan district. Most of his neighbors learned about his strong convictions on this subject only last summer, when Koch was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor in a crowded field, and when the furor over the "Son of Sam" murders was at its height. Some think that Koch's vow to crack down on the municipal unions was his most effective issue, but many others believe that the single most important factor in his successful campaign was his stand on the death penalty. Certainly that is the view of his closest rival, Secretary of State Mario Cuomo, who opposes capital punishment, and who is convinced that had he gone the other way he would now be mayor. At the funeral of each of the two policemen, Koch, saying that those who kill should be paid back in kind, called on the Governor to sign the death-penalty bill, and expressed the hope that if Carey did veto it the Legislature would vote to override. He added, however, that he would not "condemn" the Governor for his stand, and said that he would not lobby for the death penalty in Albany—although in fact he had already done so, sending a statement a few weeks earlier to Republican Senator Dale Volker, the sponsor of the capital-punishment legislation, urging its passage and an override of the Governor's expected veto. Carey's response to Koch's remarks was that he would be ruled by his conscience, and on April 11th he vetoed the bill. In an accompanying statement, he declared that, while he understood and shared the fury aroused by the city's recent tragedy, "I do not believe in deceiving ourselves that the death penalty will solve the problem of violent crime. . . . Retribution is not the same as punishment, and official killing is not, in my judgment, a proper or legitimate exercise of a government."

THERE were times during these last weeks when it seemed that the city's new mayor might be more at ease at funerals than back at City Hall, coping with the dilemmas that faced him after the settlement with the Transport Workers Union. The bus and subway workers are employees of the state—the New York City Transit Authority being a subsidiary of a state agency, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. However, because the T.W.U. contracts run out on March 31st every second year and those of most municipal workers don't expire until June 30th, the transit settlement in recent times has set a general pattern for those that come later. The incoming Koch administration and the Mayor himself made a number of public references this spring to continuation of this tradition. By the afternoon of the transit settlement, various uncertified accountants were noting that the aggregate increase in pay for the transit workers would be not six per cent—a figure that Koch had insisted that it be limited to, no doubt because he thought it would play better in Washington—but between two and three points higher, not counting a cost-of-living increase that will be paid beginning July 1, 1979. The agreement specified that for this last raise there would be productivity trade-offs, but such arrangements often turn out to be largely illusory. The total cost would be close to a hundred million dollars, even without considering part of the estimated sixteen-million-dollar cost-of-living adjustment in 1979. If the same benefits were ex-

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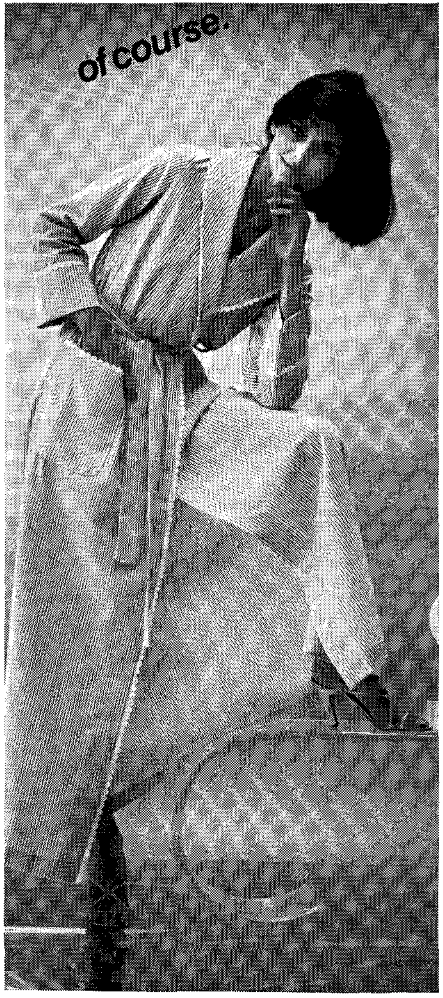

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tended to those workers represented by the coalition of municipal labor leaders who had already begun bargaining with the city administration for fifty unions and some two hundred thousand municipal workers and to the police and firemen, who are bargaining separately, the estimated cost would be somewhere between eight hundred and fifty million and a billion dollars, in a city that, according to a financial plan that Koch formally presented to the United States Treasury in January, had projected a four-hundred-and-fifty-seven-million-dollar deficit for the coming fiscal year and a deficit of seven hundred and four million for 1979-80.

Matters that have often been mentioned in these last weeks, of course, are Koch's campaign-time denunciation of his City Hall predecessors for knuckling under to labor and his promise that when he was mayor the unions would for the first time have a tough negotiator on the other side of the table. Even after Koch moved into City Hall, he continued to insist that municipal employees would get no pay raises this year. ("If there's nothing in the cupboard, you can't have a party.") The only increases that would be permitted, he declared at congressional hearings just last month, would be those that were balanced by additional productivity or by "givebacks"—the latter being laborese for the surrendering of fringe benefits and other advantages won in previous negotiations. In an exchange on March 7th with Florida Representative Richard Kelly, who had proposed that New York City workers should take a twenty-per-cent pay reduction, the Mayor said that through the givebacks he would insist upon they would, in effect, be taking a cut. The transit workers had indeed been presented with a long list of giveback demands, but none were involved in the settlement. The T.W.U. leaders simply said that they wouldn't stand for them. Two days before the transit agreement, Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, the chairman of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, publicly urged Koch to "stand tough" in the face of union demands even if it meant provoking a strike, although he added that a strike would, of course, be "tragic for New York." (The Wisconsin senator's attacks on the city have been so unrelenting in recent months that some consideration has been given here to seeing whether he could be subject to prosecution as a common scold, and an editorial in the *Post* a few weeks ago said, impolitely, that Proxmire "seems to have flipped his hair trans-

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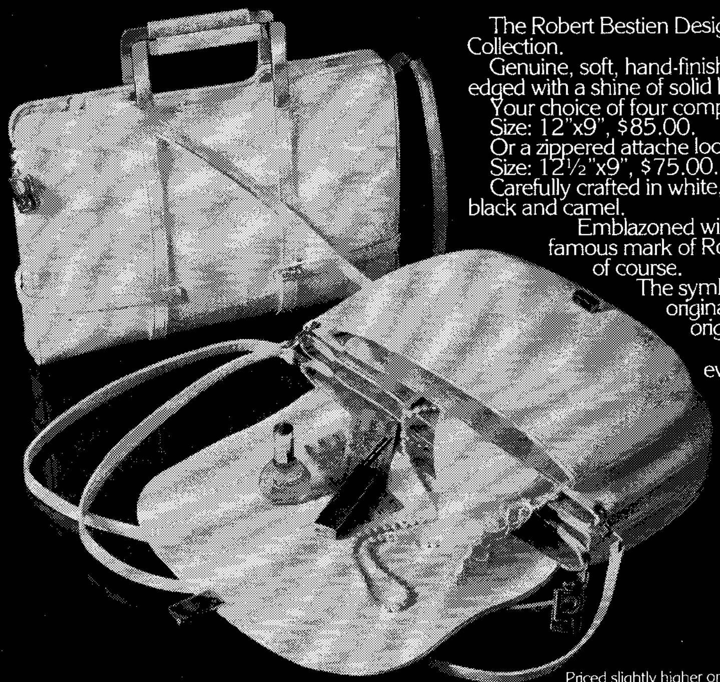

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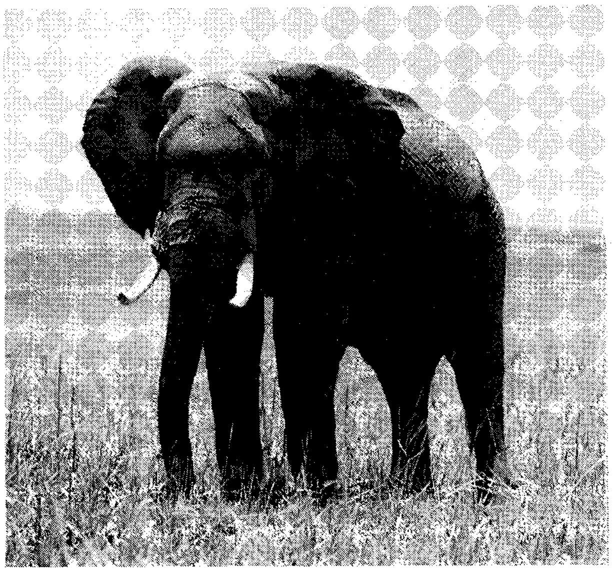

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plant.") When the Senator's office was informed of the financial implications of the transit settlement, a spokesman for the Senator said, "Wow! That's hanging tough?" The following day, Proxmire himself denounced the transit agreement as "outrageous" and said that it very probably meant that Congress would vote no help for the city this year. And, in the office of Wisconsin Representative Henry Reuss, the chairman of the House Banking, Finance, and Urban Affairs Committee, who has been more sympathetic toward the city's problems, and who has a more realistic view than the Senator (and perhaps the Mayor) of what even a tough negotiator can achieve at the collective-bargaining table, an aide said, "I don't know three people down here who expected the unions to settle for raises funded through productivity gains and givebacks, but a billion dollars is not exactly austerity, either."

Two days after the transit settlement, Mayor Koch held a press conference at which he announced that there was "no linkage" whatever between the transit settlement and settlements with the municipal unions, and that he had never suggested there was. He was immediately denounced as a "bald-faced—or bald-headed" liar by Victor Gotbaum, who is the executive director of District Council 37, the largest of the municipal unions, and is also one of the co-chairmen of the labor coalition negotiating for most of the city workers. At the same time, however, Koch had some good news: he had "identified" six hundred million dollars in the budget which he hadn't mentioned before but which was now available for a labor settlement. Unfortunately, the discovery brought only noisy complaints from Washington that, just like the previous mayors whom Koch, during his campaign, had accused of playing funny budget games, Koch was undermining the city's financial credibility. The unions were no more helpful. After the Koch administration offered them a six-hundred-and-ten-million-dollar wage package, they presented their own list of demands, which came to a billion four hundred thousand dollars. This number also did not play well in Washington. Although for the moment the unions were not threatening to strike, they were ready to use another weapon that would also be very damaging to the city's cause in Washington: delay. Both Proxmire and Pennsylvania Representative William Moorhead, the chairman of the House subcommittee that already has before it

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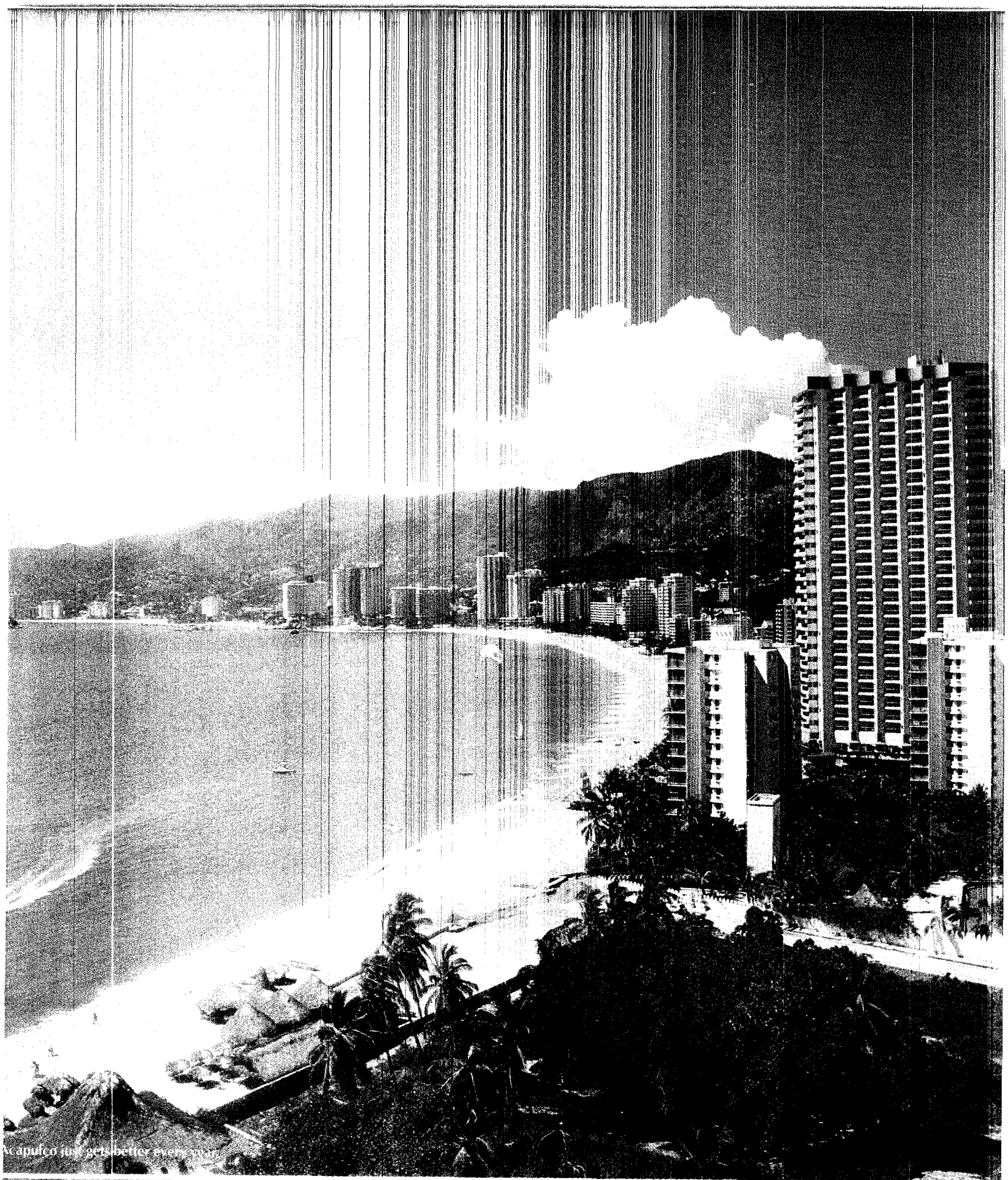

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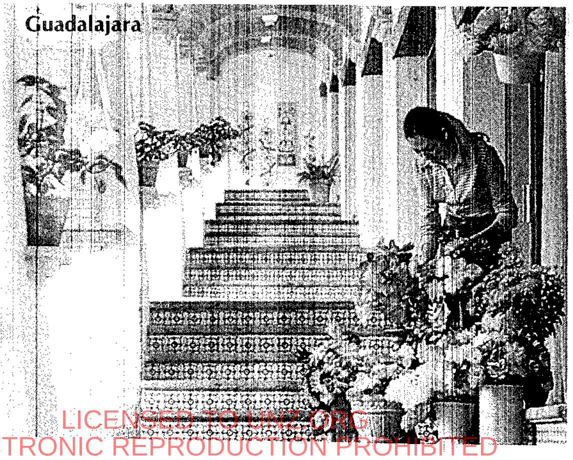

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Mercedes-Benz since 1936 has built and sold nearly two million Diesel cars. Cars that have proven themselves not just in labs and on test tracks but over billions of miles of everyday use in 103 countries.

And though some Diesel cars may be new to the roads of America, Mercedes-Benz Diesels are right at home; the first one was sold in this country 20 years ago. Before the first domestic Diesel passenger car was even introduced, no fewer than 130,000 Mercedes-Benz Diesel cars had been sold in the U.S.A.

It's a record to ponder if you are considering your first Diesel.

A Diesel, stem to stern

Mercedes-Benz views Diesel cars as something more than a sideline. And certain dividends result.

For instance, a Mercedes-Benz Diesel automobile is more than just a different breed of engine bolted into an existing conventional car.

It is *designed as a Diesel* stem to stern. From engine mounts to transmission, each component is carefully matched to the unique demands of Diesel operation.

And 42 years of constant grooming show. If you haven't driven a Diesel in recent years, today's Mercedes-Benz Diesel may be a revelation. What happened to that notorious "Diesel image"? Weren't Diesels supposed to be underpowered and rough? Progress has even eliminated that old Diesel start-up ritual of pulling out a knob; nowadays, you initiate the starting sequence by simply turning a key.

Somewhere along the model spectrum is likely to be the Mercedes-Benz Diesel suited to your needs.

The 300 CD coupe is the most *ambitious* Diesel-powered automobile yet produced. It aims to be judged, merit for merit, against the world's most exclusive two-door coupes.

You preside over the most powerful Diesel engine currently available in a Mercedes-Benz car – and the least orthodox: three liters in *five*-cylinder form. Cruising smoothness rivals gasoline engines, but three-liter gasoline engines are unlikely to rival its fuel mileage. EPA estimates show the 300 CD can deliver 28 mpg on the highway and 22 mpg in town. As you know, mileage will depend on how and where you drive and on the condition and equipment of your car.

Linked to this power plant is a *four-speed* automatic transmission designed to shift without interruption of the power flow. The 300 CD's 106.7-inch wheelbase and fully independent suspension lend it far more than a hint of sports car stability.

Inside, you are denied no reasonable comforts. Bi-level climate control, electric windows, AM/FM stereo radio, vacuum-powered central locking system, automatic cruise control, power steering and brakes – all are standard equipment.

The 300 D four-door sedan is another pioneering Mercedes-Benz Diesel idea – the first *performance* Diesel sedan, as desirable for its eager spirit as for its economy. EPA estimates: 28 mpg highway, 22 mpg city. Again, mileage will depend on how and where you drive and on the condition and equipment of your car.

Performance is achieved with that extraordinary team of a five-cylinder, three-liter engine and a versatile four-speed automatic transmission. Though not a "big" car by domestic standards, the 300 D does afford almost five feet of rear-seat hiproom and a 12.57-cubic-foot trunk.

And from bi-level climate control to electric windows, fittings duplicate those supplied in the 300 CD coupe.

True, the 300 D is a sedan – and a Diesel sedan at that. But a single sojourn down a winding mountain road should show you that it is also a *driver's* car in the classic Mercedes-Benz mold.

The 240 D four-door sedan offers the basic Diesel appeal of no-nonsense practicality in its most technically refined form to date.

The emphasis on economical running and upkeep is rigorous. With its smaller 2.4-liter four-cylinder engine, the 240 D's fuel appetite is meant to be even smaller. EPA estimates: 34 mpg highway, 26 mpg city. Here too, mileage will depend on how and where you drive and on the condition and equipment of your car.

The economy cause is advanced by a *manual* four-speed transmission as standard equipment. For the sake of those bent on maximum possible efficiency, air conditioning and automatic transmission are omitted from the list of standard equipment. These can be ordered as extra-cost options.

However your 240 D sedan is equipped, you retain those Diesel virtues: lower fuel costs, no conventional tune-ups, a worldwide legend of reliability.

A real choice

These different models and the equipment you can specify answer the modern demand for Diesels that meet a wide gamut of needs and tastes – from unabashed elegance to unadorned simplicity.

But in one important respect, Mercedes-Benz Diesels offer you no choice at all. That 42-year record of Diesel refinement is built into every one.

Light-alloy wheels shown on coupe available at added cost. ©1978 Mercedes-Benz

Foreground: 300 D, 3-liter, 5-cylinder sedan. Left: 240 D, 2.4-liter, 4-cylinder sedan. Rear: 300 CD, 3-liter, 5-cylinder coupe.

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a bill to provide the city with two billion dollars in federal loan guarantees and short-term loans, had declared that they would not resume hearings until the city reached a settlement with the unions and could provide Washington with a realistic city budget for the coming year. Koch's insistence that the municipal-union members be prepared to accept a much less generous settlement than that given the transit workers, and one that would include a long list of givebacks such as the transit workers had rejected, caused the union leaders to announce that they would not engage in any further talks with the city until they got a sensible offer. "I think I'll go visit my father-in-law in Florida," said Gotbaum, and he headed South for a few days. In an obvious move to strengthen the Mayor's hand, Secretary of the Treasury Blumenthal sent a letter declaring that, "without a speedy and responsible settlement between the city and its unions," a settlement "reflecting extreme restraint," the loan legislation would be "in real jeopardy." The response of Barry Feinstein, another of the co-chairmen of the bargaining coalition, was "Blumenthal doesn't vote on my contract, and since he doesn't pay dues in my union, he has no standing." Koch's Deputy Mayor for Finance, Philip Toia, said that the city was "being held hostage" by the municipal unions. Local morale was not improved by widespread speculation that the members of the Transport Workers Union, who had to ratify the contract settlement that various Washington officials had denounced as overgenerous, would vote to reject it as inadequate. Asked what would happen in that event, Mayor Koch, raising his expressive eyebrows, said, "It's very simple. There will be a transit strike. And then we'll all go down the tube together." At a meeting this month of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, the state agency that was set up to sell bonds for the city after it was cut off from the private credit market in March, 1975, MAC chairman Felix Rohatyn said in his now familiar melancholy tones, which seem to grow more *triste* by the week, that what seemed to be afflicting the city was "an incredibly dark, brooding instinct for self-destruction that will destroy everything we've done."

NOT all the news from the city is grim. Tourism is way up (on a recent weekend, the tourists included Amy Carter, who said she liked everything about New York, and Richard

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HONDURAS

Nixon, who spoke well of the Mets). Violent crime is down, as is the unemployment rate. New Yorkers were bound to take special satisfaction in this year's Academy Awards in view of the Oscars that went to "Annie Hall" and Woody Allen, both New York sorts all the way, and the best-actor award won by Richard Dreyfuss—like Allen (and, for that matter, Mazursky), a Brooklyn boy who later moved to Manhattan—for his performance in "The Goodbye Girl," another New York movie. Surely, the hopeful argument goes here, this kind of thing should help persuade the seventy million Americans who watched the Oscar show, as well as their representatives in Washington, that the city isn't an irrelevancy, best abandoned. As for the South Bronx, it was announced a couple of weeks ago that help in the form of some fifty-six million dollars will be arriving from Washington during the next few months, a first installment of the money that President Carter said would be forthcoming, after he visited some of that area's most dismal ruins last fall. The Chrysler Building, far from sinking, has a new owner, the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, which has announced that it will spend twenty-three million dollars polishing it up inside and out. It is believed to be the largest sum ever spent on the restoration of a single structure, but only fitting, in its owners' view, for the old Art Deco beauty. Pessimists, of course, may think of it, in its renewed splendor, as an even more spectacular centerpiece for some future disaster film about the fall of the city. On the other hand, although Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has deplored as "dangerous fantasy" the confidence, still persisting here, that in what he calls "surely the most critical time in the four centuries of New York City" everything will somehow turn out all right, it is true that last-minute rescues have become a local specialty, and that happy endings are said to be back in style.

—Andy Logan

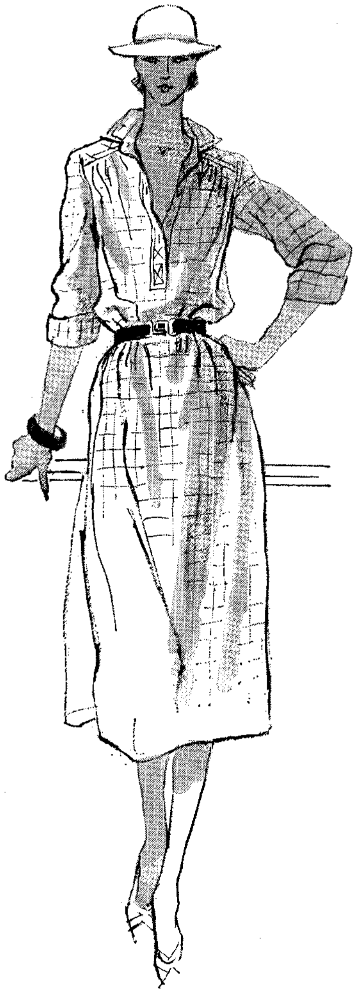
•

The Sierra Club will feature Barry Lopez, writer-photographer from Finn Rock, at its meeting at 7:30 P.M. Thursday in Harris Hall, 8th and Oak streets, Eugene. Lopez recently returned from Alaska where he did research for his third book, "The Book of the Wolf," which will be published next fall.

Also at the meeting will be Alberto Palaroni, a licensed bird rehabilitator.

—*Eugene* (*Ore.*) *Register-Guard.*

There are a lot of quacks around, and you have to watch it.



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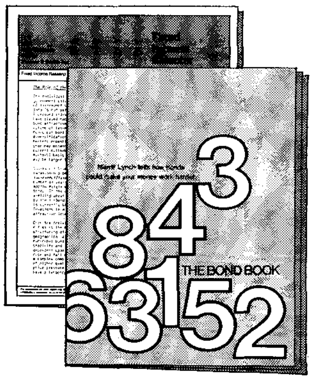

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

BRZEZINSKI

WHEN a President makes foreign policy, only a handful of people are directly involved: the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, and the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. Under Jimmy Carter, this group also includes the Vice-President, certain trusted domestic advisers, and, occasionally, another Cabinet officer, such as the Secretary of the Treasury. At the center of the system for making foreign and defense policy is the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Brzezinski is the person who spends the most time with the President on the broad range of questions this group must deal with, and is the one who most often presents the policy alternatives to the President and interprets the President's directives to the others.

The job of formulating foreign policy these days is complicated by the historical setting. The Vietnam war shattered old assumptions about American influence and power and the uses to which that power could be put, and left no generally accepted guide for our future behavior. Within our government, even among this small group of men, there are differences over what, exactly, the lessons of Vietnam are. At the same time, the issue of how to conduct our relations with the Soviet Union remains very much in question and under debate among these men. Also at the same time, there are other forces to contend with, in the form of new, assertive movements and nations, and of new kinds of world influence—in particular, the power of those who hold commodities that are in demand. The old "bipolar" struggle and the new "multipolar" world combine in complex and sometimes confounding ways. The people now struggling with these problems are dealing with a world that is no less dangerous and far more complicated than any that their predecessors had to deal with.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI's personality and style embrace a number of contradictions. He can be a man of charm, graciousness, cheerfulness, and vivacity, and he has a deep streak of fun in him. He has, for all his sophistication, a certain childlike quality that can be appealing. He can also be cold, arrogant, insensitive, peremptory with others; he has a combative nature, and, according to the testimony of a number of people who have observed him, he is often inclined toward debate rather than discussion, and enjoys putting people down and making jokes—sometimes unkind ones—at others' expense. People have observed him to be patient, controlled, and decent, and also impatient, mercurial, and a bit mean. He is described as a person who can show equanimity and can be temperamental, as one who can be both stubborn and flexible. His taut, compact body and angular features give him a look of energy and alertness. Brzezinski has high cheekbones, a sharp nose, narrow blue eyes, arched eyebrows, and sandy hair that sweeps in a large wave in front and is short on the sides, and shoots straight up in back, making it reminiscent of the fifties. He was born in Poland of an aristocratic family, and in 1938, when he was ten, they moved to Canada, to which his father was posted as a diplomat. They stayed in Canada after Poland was taken over by the Communists at the end of the Second World War. His wife, Emilie, or Muška, is a grandniece of Eduard Beneš, who was the President of the last free government of Czechoslovakia. Muška Brzezinski is an attractive woman and, like her husband, a strong and spirited personality. The Brzezinskis are practicing Catholics, and have three children. Though Brzezinski is protective and private about his family life, and despite all

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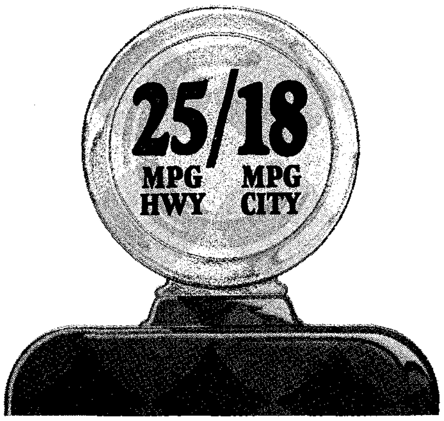

It's got a small car's mileage.

So right off, we made sure Aspen got good mileage ratings. The EPA estimates for the new Aspen wagon (equipped with a 225 one-barrel six-cylinder engine and manual transmission) are 25 MPG highway and 18 MPG city. For the new Aspen sedan, with the same power plant and transmission as the wagon, they're even better: 28 MPG highway and 20 MPG city. These are estimates. Your mileage may vary according to your driving habits, the condition of your car, and its equipment. In California, mileage is lower and automatic transmission is required.

In any case, Aspen qualifies as a legitimate high-mileage car.

It's got a small car's price.

It's also pretty reasonably priced. When you dress your Aspen up a bit, like the Aspen wagon below, you come out looking pretty good in the pr department. Just $4548 as yc see it. Aspen wagon prices s at just $4207. Both are sticke prices and exclude taxes anc destination charges.

The point is, the new Dodge Aspen is first and foremost one of today's smar smaller cars. Reasonably pric With good mileage ratings. And the kind of exterior dimensions that make it easy maneuver and park.

The philosophy, however, i "Think Big."

But it's not Aspen's sma car virtues that make it specia Rather, it's all the things we d to Aspen to make it act and feel like a big car.

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invention called "isolated
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the time being, let's forget
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with the fact that Aspen
es like a much bigger car.

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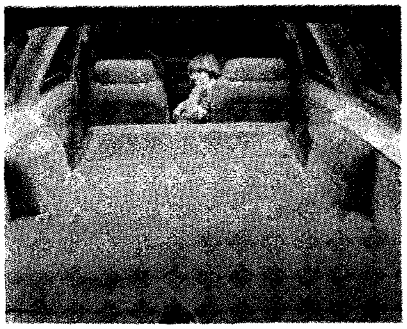

onal SE Interior Package

Then there's the matter of
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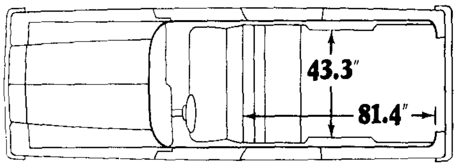

or Buick Skylark. Toss in Chevy Malibu for good measure, and you end up with a pretty good picture of where Aspen sits in the small-car scheme of things.

Important words about resale value.

All these good things have obviously made their mark on Aspen's value. Because a 1977 Aspen wagon currently retains a greater percent of its original sticker price, model for model, than any other 1977 wagon built in America. That's straight from the March 15, 1978, issue of the authoritative *Automotive Market Report.*

All of which makes Aspen a very enticing proposition whether you plan to buy or lease your next new car. Surely enticing enough for you to come into your Dodge Dealer's and find out the secret of making a small car behave like a big car.

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the pressures of his job, he manages to be present at parties of the powerful in Washington.

Brzezinski is often described by his associates as an "aristocrat," by which they mean not just his breeding but his manner in dealing with his colleagues. At the office, one of his associates said to me recently, he is "the *fonctionnaire*," the official; he doesn't form deep relationships through his work. It seems that, in fact, he has always been a bit on his own: he went from McGill University, in Canada, to Harvard, where he did graduate work and taught for a while; when he did not receive tenure, he went on to Columbia, where he set up his own institute, the Research Institute on Communist Affairs. He operated within the academic community but always as a sort of separate state, maintaining contacts with people who could help his career along. Similarly, according to several of his associates and many people throughout the government, he is essentially a loner in this Administration. He is described as without allies in the bureaucracy and also as without much sense of how to develop allies. Even those who defend him say that he simply isn't very good at dealing with people. They say that he often gives offense without realizing it; that, for all his emphasis on "collegiality"—a word he often uses to refer to his relations with his staff and with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown—he demonstrates little sense of the need to cultivate relationships that would help him in his present job. Collegiality, of course, is, as some people from the academic world point out, a fiction: the pretense of camaraderie among highly rivalrous people. One of Brzezinski's friends has suggested to me that his childlikeness has its charm but is a questionable quality for the job he is in. He said that Brzezinski has a freshness—in the good sense—about him and a taste for simple things, such as taking a walk; that he likes fresh ideas; that he is a person of enthusiasms. It is the enthusiasms that can cause difficulty. This person went on to say, explaining why Brzezinski is not very popular in this Administration, "Zbig rubs people wrong because he's a smart-assed intellectual. So are others around this town, but he's more so." To many, he seems to have the cocksureness of someone who was always the brightest kid in the class. (Interestingly, the characteristic of having been the brightest kid in the class is one that the President shares.) He is generally described as bright and quick, but by several as a bit too bright, too quick. Of the many people I have discussed the subject of Brzezinski with, hardly any have used the word "thoughtful."

Brzezinski's childlike quality, his friend said, produces an awkwardness in his dealings with people. I pointed out that Brzezinski often seemed to try hard at friendliness, and this person laughed and said yes, but that was the problem—he seemed so often to be making an effort. Brzezinski retains an accent, which gives a certain staccato quality to his speech. When one enters his office, he will say, "Hi! How's life?" or even, "Howdy!" He doesn't just take pains to point out how collegial things are with Vance and Brown; he talks of his relationships with—landing on the words like a cymbal clash—"*Cy!*" and "*Harold!*" Once when I was interviewing him—shortly after I had seen a brief display of his temper—he paced about the office playfully tossing a pillow in the air. I had the impression that he was the sort of fellow who enjoyed tossing a pillow in the air and also that he wanted me to know that he was the sort of fellow who enjoyed tossing a pillow in the air. He gets a kick out of the machinery in his home and in his office which indicates how close he is to the most sensitive secrets, the most fateful decisions. Early one evening, I was talking with him as the President was arriving back in Washington from a brief vacation in Georgia. Brzezinski has in his office a machine, rather like a small television set, that tells him where the President is at any moment. When the President moves from one place to another, the machine lets out a small beep. As we talked, the beeps indicated that the President had landed at Andrews Air Force Base, the President had boarded his helicopter, and so on, until the President's helicopter landed on the White House lawn. Each time the machine beeped, even though it was fairly clear what the beeps indicated, Brzezinski raced over to see what the machine was saying. Perhaps this was because Brzezinski was rather keyed up: as soon as the President landed, there was to be a meeting of Carter, Brown, Vance, Brzezinski,

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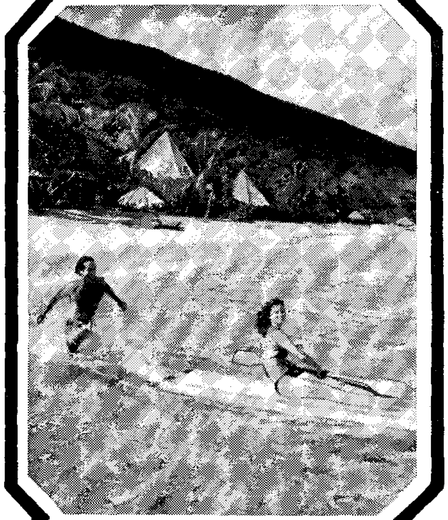

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and Vice-President Walter Mondale on, I later learned, the neutron weapon.

No one questions that Brzezinski has a talent as a synthesizer or that he is creative. Brzezinski is a conceptualizer, who has made his way by means of the use of words. His career has been marked by an outpouring of books, articles, columns. He is a skilled entrepreneur of ideas, and, as one of his former colleagues at Columbia says, "sometimes it comes off and sometimes it doesn't." He is often described as articulate, and he can sound brilliant, dazzling. It is sometimes not clear to people afterward how much he has actually said. Articulateness takes various forms. Some people are articulate in that they can express a thought clearly and succinctly. Brzezinski tends to be wordy. Moreover, many see his style as one that employs inflated words and thus inflates the thought. He likes big words, and he likes to coin new terms and striking phrases. One of his books is titled "Between Two Ages: America's Role in the Technetronic Era." A "technetronic society," according to Brzezinski, is "a society that is shaped culturally, psychologically, socially and economically by the impact of technology and electronics." In a speech in 1977 before the Trilateral Commission, of which he was director before he joined the government, he said:

> In some regards, the crisis of the spirit in recent years has been specifically American; in a larger sense, it has been part of the broader malaise of the West; in some respects, it is related to the political awakening of mankind, which has had the effect of transforming heretofore seemingly universal Western values into an apparently parochial perspective. As a crisis of historical confidence, and of international relevance to a world that seemingly rejects Western values, its essence has been well expressed by Hermann Hesse writing in "Steppenwolf". . .

One of his aides says that Brzezinski's mind is so quick that it sometimes gets out ahead of him. Sometimes the words do, too. During an appearance on "Face the Nation" early this year, Brzezinski suggested that the border clash between Vietnam and Cambodia was the first case of a "proxy war" between China and the Soviet Union. Asked if there were any intelligence reports that Chinese or Soviet advisers were involved, he replied that there were not. In fact, the intelligence reports indicated that China, being weaker than the Soviet Union and allied with the weaker of the two warring nations (Cambodia), did not want a war between those nations to take place. When I asked him recently about the statement, he offered this explanation: "I probably should not have used the word 'war.' I should have said 'proxy conflict.' The war between the two countries has deep-seated historical roots. But the conflict between the two major countries is a proxy conflict." I asked him if he thought that the two major countries were promoting the war, and he replied, "The two major countries are not necessarily promoting it, but both are interested in the outcome, because it can determine how Indo-China is organized. If Hanoi emerges, that enhances the Soviet role."

Brzezinski was one of the first of the contenders for a foreign-policy position in a Democratic Administration who paid attention to Carter. They met through the Trilateral Commission, an organization started by David Rockefeller in 1973. The idea behind the commission, which was developed when John Connally, then Secretary of the Treasury, was applying economic shock treatment to our allies, was that economic and foreign policy should be made in coöperation with our European and Japanese allies. A number of lawyers, businessmen, academics, and others who move in and out of the foreign-policy field were invited to become members. Several politicians were also invited to join, and the story goes that those forming the commission thought it should include a Southern governor, and that the choice came down to Carter, then governor of Georgia, or Reubin Askew, governor of Florida. Brzezinski was one of those who were instrumental in selecting Carter for the commission (an idea that has several claimants). Through the commission, Carter got exposure to foreign-policy questions, and came to know Brzezinski. They spent a good bit of time together at a meeting that the commission held in Japan in May of 1975, where Carter made a foreign-policy speech of which he was said to be quite proud. Brzezinski reviewed and discussed the speech with him before it was given, and following the speech Brzezinski praised Carter from the rostrum as a candidate who was not afraid to speak out on the issues. Brzezinski, not unlike other ambitious people in the foreign-policy field—or, for that matter, the domestic field—was known to be on the lookout for a Presidential candidate whose success could bring him a high government position. The main difference between Brzezinski and most of the

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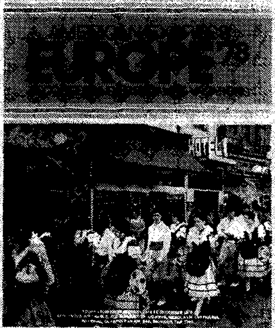

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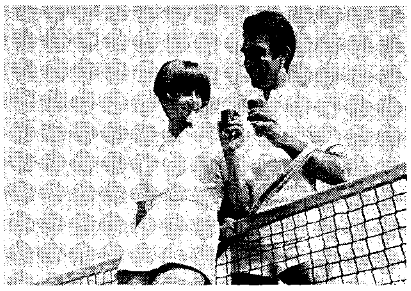

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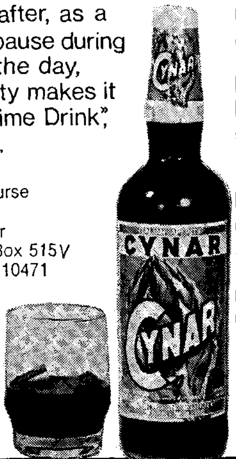

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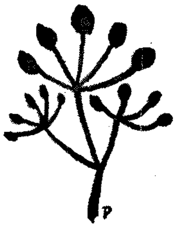


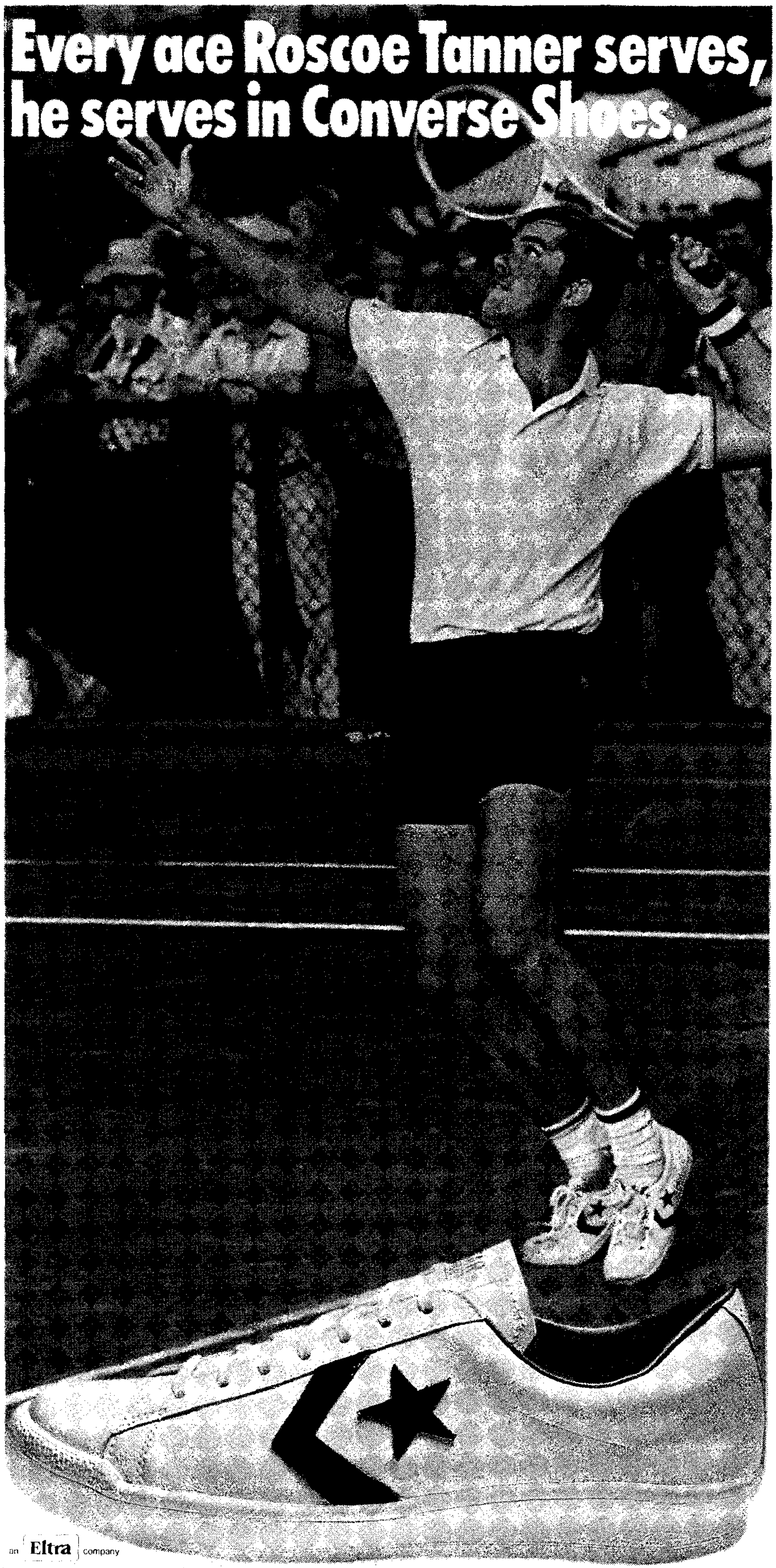
others was in the degree of effort he put into the enterprise; he had gained something of a reputation for sending his writings around, with notes attached, and making himself available to various potential candidates. He had served from 1966 to 1968 on the policy-planning staff of the State Department and had been one of the most public of the defenders of the Vietnam war, participating—using his debating skills—in the "teach-ins" that took place during those years. Gradually, he modified his views. (On a "Face the Nation" appearance late last year, he described the Vietnam war this way: "What started off as an act of counterintervention against a foreign intervention became a national-liberation struggle, and we got bogged down in it.") He directed Hubert Humphrey's foreign-policy task forces during Humphrey's 1968 Presidential campaign, and in subsequent years made himself available to Humphrey, Henry Jackson, Walter Mondale, Edward Kennedy, and Birch Bayh. Politicians, busy people, are attracted to the good briefing officer—the person who can sum up a problem in a way that seems intelligent, clear, and useful. People who are hesitant, who suggest too many dilemmas and shadings, do not do so well. Brzezinski often impresses people as a good briefing officer. To Carter, as other Carter aides see it, Brzezinski came on as a man with a world view, a global thinker. Kissinger and Brzezinski are said to have been rivals for years—during a luncheon at the State Department for outside academics and others in 1973, at the time Kissinger was national-security adviser and Secretary of State, Kissinger turned to Brzezinski and said, "Zbig, you want this job"—and the irony is that Kissinger, for all the unpopularity of his policies, helped pave the way for Brzezinski. Some think even the accent was a factor.

One word that is frequently used in descriptions of Brzezinski by people in the government is "impulsive." Members of his own staff say that they have learned not to act at once on some of his instructions but to wait awhile and then try to get him to change his mind. He is an activist, and he works for an activist President, whom he briefs at the beginning of each day. Some staff members say that Brzezinski, who tends to combativeness in any event, often seems particularly feisty after these morning meetings, and comes back with ideas or instructions that are best allowed to cool. An official of the State Department who is in a position to know about these things says that the Department also feels it necessary to deflect some ideas that come from the President by way of Brzezinski. "It's part of Brzezinski's makeup to react quickly," says one official. Brzezinski is often described as a less settled personality, as a person with less ballast, than his principal counterparts, Brown and Vance, as more eager to assert himself and demonstrate his—and this country's—"toughness." For all the rhetoric in Carter's speeches, and Brzezinski's own writing and speeches, about there now being a new kind of world, Brzezinski's essential reaction to events, according to many witnesses, is to see them in terms of the rivalry of the Soviet Union and the United States. They add that Brzezinski, for his part, is frequently eager to take actions that challenge—test—the Soviet Union. One official has told me, "His first, flash-point reaction usually has an anti-Soviet tone, but after discussion, when there is time to get other opinions, it turns out that that may be his first reaction but not necessarily his final reaction. That's a good quality. But it puts a high premium on there being time for subsequent reactions." When I asked the official what context this comes up in, he replied, "It would be too much to say it comes up everyplace—but only a little."

Staff members say that Brzezinski is not inflexible, and tell of times when they were able to persuade him to change his mind. "His mind can be changed when you can pin him down," one aide says. They say that he invites discussion and disagreement, does not mind dissent from his opinions, and is also willing to turn around and go in and try to change the President's mind—and has succeeded in doing so. "Of all of the people in this Administration," says one foreign-policy official, "Zbig is the one most able to do something strikingly good and the most likely to do something strikingly bad." He explains that Brzezinski is capable of an original insight, of making a connection between things that no one else could see, and that he is also capable of the greatest mistake in judgment. A number of people stress the point that, in addition to the numerous times Brzezinski, Vance, and Brown meet, they spend a great deal of time on the phone with each other. Also, Brown and Vance do have their own access to the President. But they must decide how often they want to use it. Moreover, Vance spends a great deal of time out of the country. There is no question that, of them all, Brzezinski spends by far the most time with the President. George Ball once said, "Nothing propinques like propinquity." It is Brzezinski's role to present the views of the others to the President, but he and his associates make it clear that he does not hesitate to press his own views as well. This gets to the question of how the national-security system is supposed to and does work.

THE way the national-security system of any Administration works is inevitably a reflection of the President as well as of the major officials involved. Every President has to have some kind of apparatus for coördinating the making of foreign policy, because so many parts of the government have a claim on that policy. The State and Defense Departments are the most obvious ones, but other departments, even the Agriculture Department, take actions that affect our relations with other nations. The State Department and the Defense Department are bound to view several important questions from different perspectives, and over the years there have been towering arguments between them. Someone has to help the President sort all this out, and has to coördinate the execution of his policy decisions. That was the original idea of having a National Security Council. The whole thing gets a bit more complicated when, as has happened in recent years, the N.S.C. weighs in with a voice of its own. When people speak of the National Security Council and of the N.S.C., they are actually talking about two somewhat different things: the formal group of top-level officials which helps the President make and carry out foreign and military policy, and the substantial staff that works under the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. Increasingly, the term "N.S.C." is applied to the latter.

The National Security Council was created in 1947 as a reform of the way national-security policy was made, and it was charged by statute with advising the President "with respect to the integration of domestic, foreign, and military policies relating to the national security." The statutory members of the National Security Council are the President, the Vice-President, and the Secretaries of State and Defense. Listed as official advisers are the director of the C.I.A. and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Oth-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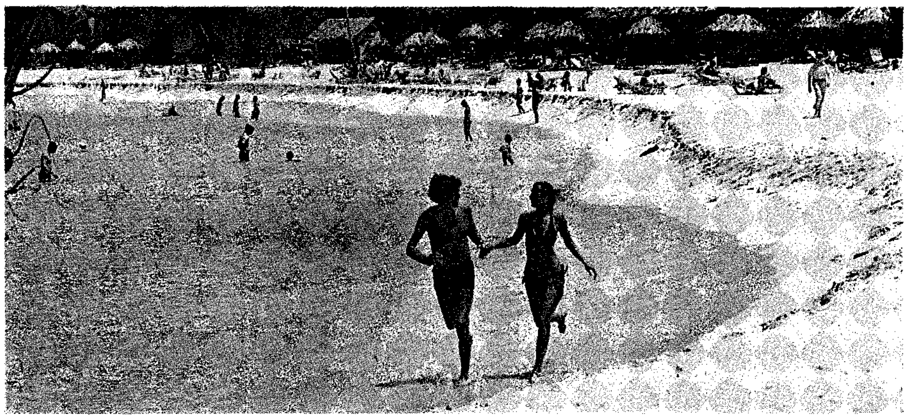

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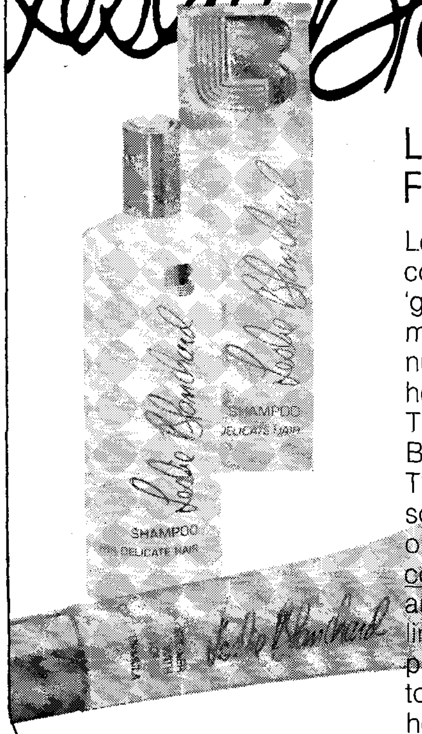

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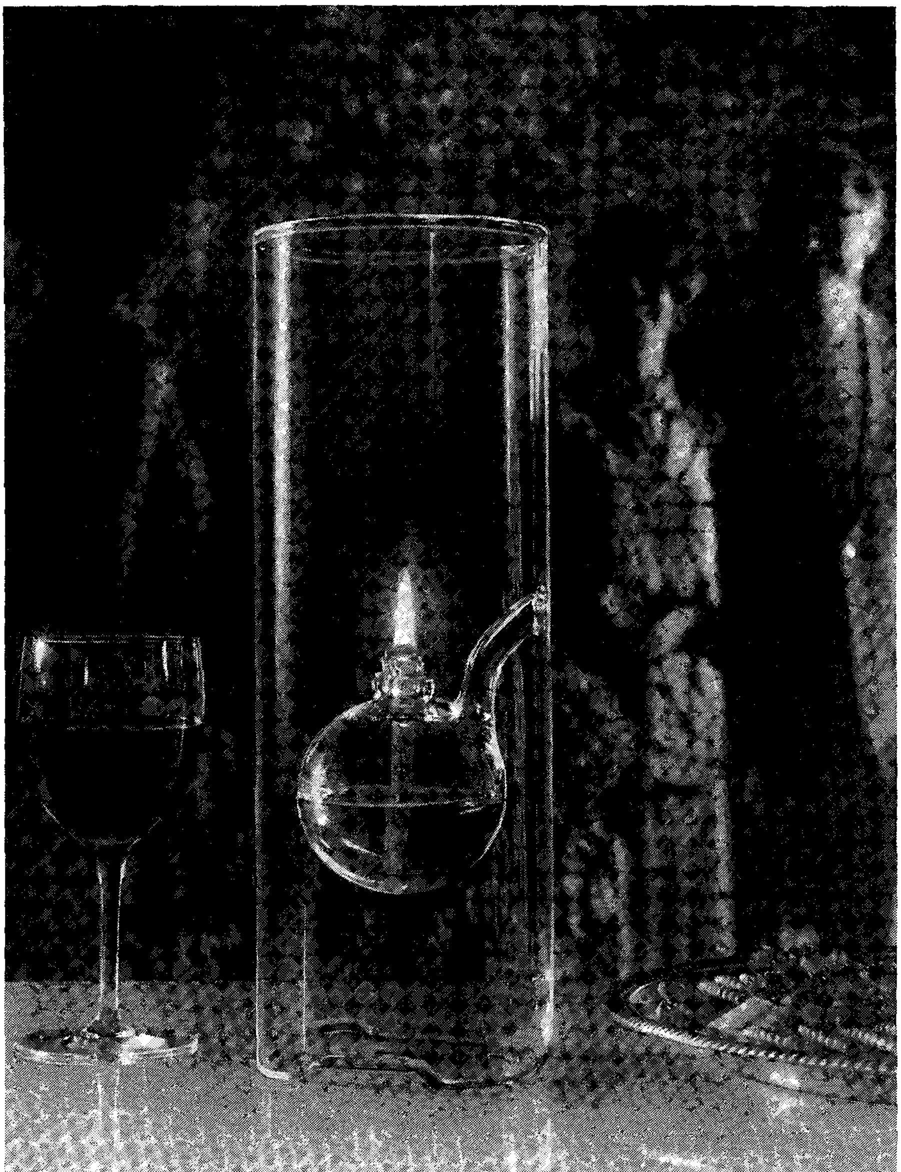
ers who might be called in are the Secretary of the Treasury, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, the Attorney General, and the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. President Eisenhower, who believed in tidy organization, relied heavily on the National Security Council, but the dominant foreign-policy figure of his Administration was Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. During the Nixon Administration, by contrast, Henry Kissinger dominated foreign policy while he was serving as national-security adviser (in 1973, he became both Secretary of State and national-security adviser, and then, in 1975, just Secretary of State, with his former deputy in the national-security job). The National Security Council structure began to reach its modern form under John F. Kennedy, who ordered a revision after the Bay of Pigs.

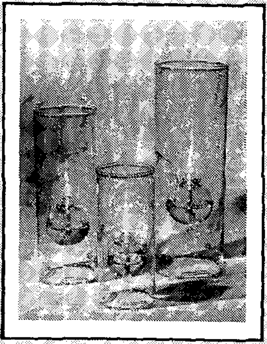
The national-security adviser can play a number of roles: the presenter to the President of the options developed in consultations with the relevant agencies; personal adviser to the President; coördinator of the management of foreign and military policy. Some men who have held the job have seen it more in terms of presenting the options, some more in terms of presenting their own advice. Brzezinski represents himself as doing both, and this dual capacity causes some mistrust and some confusion elsewhere in the government. It is also said by a number of people that Brzezinski lacks understanding of the coördinating function, of how to make the machinery of government work. The national-security adviser and his staff may also have to spur action, head off action, guide diplomatic negotiations. "I'm a synthesizer, analyzer, coördinator," Brzezinski said to me recently. "I might also be alerter, energizer, implementer, mediator, even lightning rod. All of these roles I play at different times, depending on the issues."

Just as President Carter has preferred not to have a chief of staff on domestic affairs, he has preferred to have no dominant figure on questions of foreign policy. And just as he would be criticized for having one person through whom everything concerning domestic policy had to be filtered, he would be criticized for having such an arrangement for foreign policy. But it is one thing, especially when it comes to foreign policy, to have a number of ideas flowing in to a President and another to have a cacophony of voices flowing out, speaking to the world about what our policy is.

Vance, Mondale, and Brzezinski—along with, in recent months, Hamilton Jordan, the President's chief domestic adviser—meet with the President for breakfast each Friday morning; and Brown, Vance, and Brzezinski meet for lunch almost every week. "The National Security Council is a handful of people whom the President gathers when he chooses," says one foreign-policy official. The official National Security Council itself is divided into two committees: the Policy Review Committee, to deal with special issues, in which one department has the principal role, such as arms for the Middle East (which Brown chaired), Southern Africa, or the Far East (which Vance chaired); and the Special Coördination Committee, which deals with questions, such as the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) or the Horn of Africa, that cut across agency jurisdictions and which Brzezinski always chairs. Officials these days make much of the fact that the chairing of some of these meetings is shared, in contrast to Kissinger's time, when he chaired almost all committee meetings. Since so many people made a point of telling me recently that the chairing of the committees was shared, I asked what difference it made. One of the more straightforward officials said that since the draft paper is drawn up by the agency whose representative chairs the meeting, that agency has some advantage. These things are taken very seriously. One member of the N.S.C. staff said to me recently that the questions usually asked by outsiders—"Who's ahead?" or "Who is more powerful?"—aren't the right questions. "The real question," he said, "is 'Who's got the running on this issue?' That's what we look at."

The N.S.C. staff is composed of thirty professionals, whose responsibilities are divided among the regions of the world—reflecting the regional divisions in the State Department—and among intelligence and defense matters. As a symbol of new emphases, Brzezinski also created staff positions to handle what have come to be called "North-South" questions—economic issues between the developing and the developed nations—and "global" issues, which include arms transfers, human rights, and nuclear proliferation. N.S.C. jobs are valued by people on the rise in the fields of foreign policy and national security, and the present staff members are, by and large, highly in-





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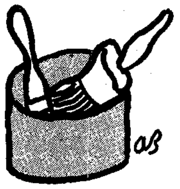
telligent and capable people. Relations between the members or the N.S.C. staff and their counterparts at the State Department vary. The people at the N.S.C. and the State Department who handle the Middle East, for example, are said to work together smoothly, whereas there has been considerable friction between the man who handles Latin America policy for the N.S.C. and the people at the State Department who deal with the region, the State Department's Latin America bureau being relatively traditional and resistant to change.

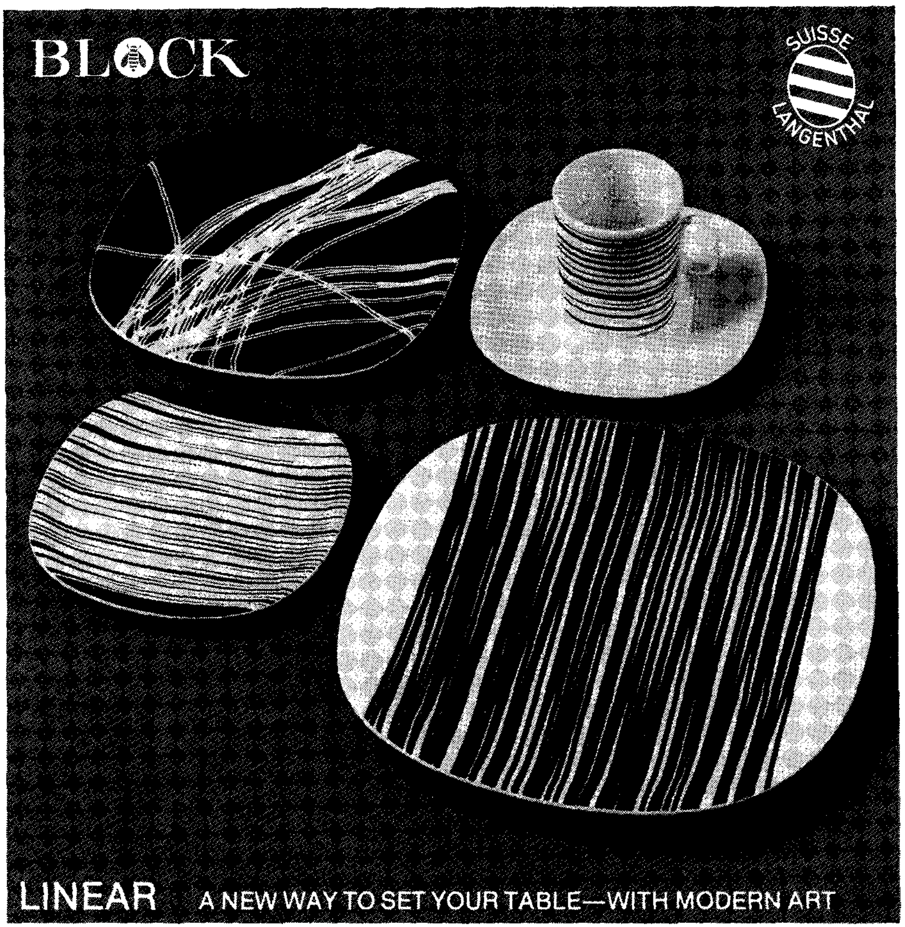
Great mounds of paper move from the agencies to the N.S.C. staff, which communicates by phone or memo, or at meetings, with counterparts throughout the government. A State Department official estimates that less than five per cent of the information that goes from the Department to the N.S.C. actually goes from Vance to Brzezinski. The N.S.C. staff sees the intelligence reports that are received by the State Department. Even the N.S.C. staff has difficulty keeping up. One staff member told me recently, "I spend all my time on one area, and I realize that I skim off only a tiny percentage of what I should know. There are at least two or three hundred items a day in my 'in' box. I have to sort out what it's essential for Zbig and the President to know. When I think of how hard it is for me to stay on top of things, I have to believe that it's impossible for the President, Vance, and Brzezinski." An aide to Brzezinski estimates that some three hundred and fifty pages reach Brzezinski's desk each day, and that about a fourth of what reaches Brzezinski will reach the President. Memos to the President from the agencies that are concerned with national-security affairs go through Brzezinski, who will put his own covering memo on them—which the other agencies do not see. This, too, is the kind of thing that is taken seriously in the government. One State Department official says, "As a practical matter, if I worked in the White House, I wouldn't want to have to clear that covering memo with the department. It would take too much time. But that memo is tremendous power, as is anything the N.S.C. staff wants to put on top of what comes from State and Defense." In addition, every evening Vance sends a report directly to the President which Brzezinski later sees. However, if it suggests any action, Brzezinski has a chance to comment on it before it reaches the President. And, in addition, staff members send Brzezinski nightly reports on what they did that day, intelligence matters they think he should be aware of, and even which journalists they spoke with and what sorts of questions the journalists were asking.



Brzezinski is said to be quick with paperwork, but some staff members say he is so quick that they sometimes wonder how much he has absorbed. Others complain that from time to time the paperwork can get quite backed up. But people who worked for Kissinger say that often they didn't know what happened to the papers they sent in. Kissinger was secretive with his staff; Brzezinski vowed to be open with his, and he has been fairly so. He has kept his promise to hold weekly staff meetings—some of which are routine, some of which are spirited debates about, say, what to do in the Horn of Africa, or about the dollar. He has tried to remain accessible to the staff, but, as the pressures and the papers mount up, this has become more difficult. And some issues, particularly the most sensitive ones, are closely held among the principal participants. An argument could be made that these are just the ones that should receive the most airing within the government, but the theory is that this runs the risk of disclosure. After some leaks last year, particularly on matters relating to SALT—leaks that might well have come from any number of places—the N.S.C. staff was questioned severely by its senior members, and its access to information about what was going on within the N.S.C. was cut down. Once a week, the staff members prepare reports on items that might be of interest to the President; Brzezinski selects from them, adds his own views, and sends a memo to the President. Within the White House, much is made of the fact that memorandums by the staff of Stuart Eizenstat, the President's Assistant for Domestic Affairs and Policy, go to the President, via Eizenstat, with their own signatures on them, while memorandums by Brzezinski's staff go in with Brzezinski's signature. It is also widely noted that Eizenstat's staff has more direct dealings with the President than Brzezinski's does. In places occupied by people of ambition, these things count for a lot.

What with all the paper flow and all the meetings, one wonders how these people get much time to think, and, according to their own testimony, they don't. One N.S.C. staff member says, "In these jobs, we work off of our intellectual capital. We don't have the time to think new thoughts." The pressures on Brzezinski are even greater. He has to be responsive to the President, to his own counterparts, to the press, to the public, and to a highly articulate staff. Each day begins early—sometimes at seven—with preparations for his morning briefing of the President. For that, he goes over the intelligence reports that have come in overnight and been forwarded to him by the people in the Situation Room, in the White House basement. He makes notes to himself on a small white pad, in small, neat handwriting, of points he wants to bring up with the President. Then, on any given day he may have to make decisions on a range of subjects which includes the Middle East, the neutron weapon, the Horn of Africa, Rhodesia, SALT, economic questions. He will deal with the press (he gives a fair number of interviews these days), with the President's domestic advisers. He may have to help with the preparations for a Presidential trip abroad, a Presidential speech, or the visit of a foreign leader. He may also deal with questions concerning our intelligence capabilities (a matter in which he has a great interest), with a dispute over the size of the Navy. Meanwhile, a State Department official in Mogadishu, Somalia, may be asking for reaction to discussions with Siad Barre, the leader of Somalia; our ambassador to Saudi Arabia or an ambassador from a foreign country may come in to see him. He sees the President, on the average, four times a day—and once, Brzezinski told me, as many as eleven. He lunches with journalists, with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin; he tries to keep up old contacts in the academic world. He also makes it clear that he spends a lot of time talking with Vance and Brown. One staff member says, "He moves so quickly he's damn hard to get to concentrate on issues sometimes. The point is, he's very, very quick, and all his life he's been quick. He thinks he knows the end of your sentence when he's heard the first three words. He does have a thing about having pretty much an open-door policy. That means that people are hanging around the door ready to dive-bomb him with a question, and usually they catch him on the way to something else. You have to recognize when you're not going to be able to get him to focus."

I asked Brzezinski once how he can handle all that he must do. "There is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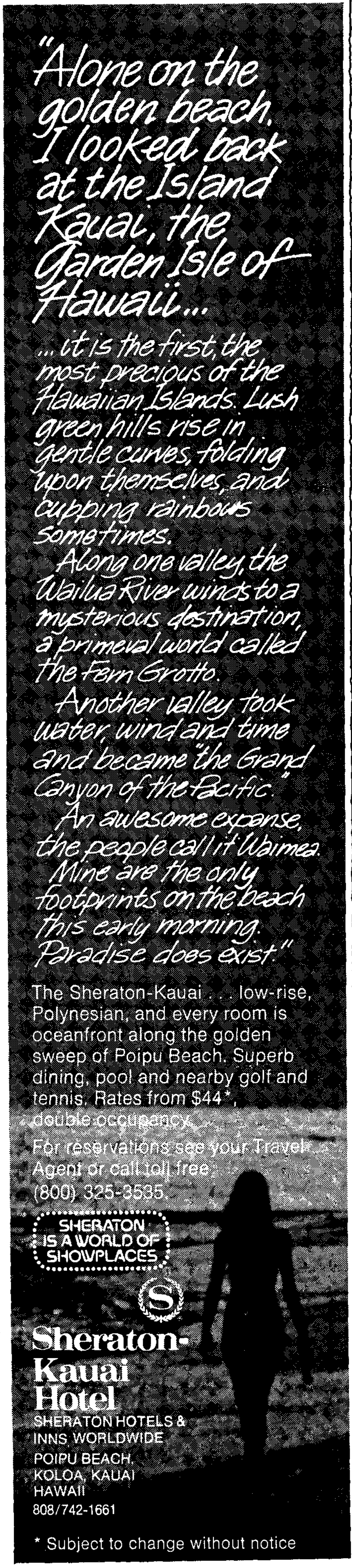
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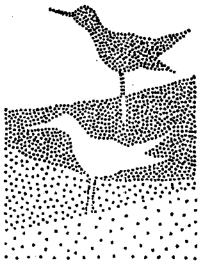
too much paperwork," he replied. "The President thinks so, too. It's terrible. It's a continuous rush against time. You have to make quick decisions. People want you on the phone all the time. It's a continuous race, really. You come in in the morning and until you leave it's go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go. It doesn't give you much time for reflection or banter or amusement—although I occasionally send memos to the President with jokes and get such memos from him. What you have to be able to do is concentrate on whatever comes up and also at times detach yourself and ask what else you should be doing. That's the most troubling part. I have to cope. Either I cope or it becomes a bottleneck in here or things get dumped on the President. You don't have enough time to reflect on long-term issues. You're continually responding to things that come to you. It's a continuous race. It really is. Just one endless race."



EVERY new Administration attempts to set itself apart from its predecessor in certain ways. When the Carter Administration began, great emphasis was placed on the President's intention that decision-making in the national-security area would be a "team effort." Not only was no one to be dominant—as Henry Kissinger had been during the preceding eight years of Republican Administrations—but everyone was to get along. But behind the façade of "collegiality" between Brzezinski and his counterparts in the departments, and despite initial efforts by Brzezinski, Brown, and Vance to keep strains to a minimum, serious strains did develop—based in part on personal styles, in part on policy—especially between the N.S.C. and the State Department. Moreover, the amount of infighting has been growing steadily. Vance is a far more strong-willed, determined man than his modest public self would make it appear, and people at the State Department insist that it is mainly Vance's enormous self-discipline, together with his determination to make the relationship with the N.S.C. work, which has kept that relationship from deteriorating further. The N.S.C. staff, for its part, has had some critical things to say about Vance—for instance, that he is too cautious. And, increasingly, news stories that have obviously emanated from the N.S.C. have suggested that the N.S.C. feels that Vance and some of his associates are not capable of dealing with the Soviets in a sufficiently firm manner. One difference in approach between Brzezinski and Vance, says a State Department man, is that "Brzezinski reacts 'Don't just sit there, do something,' while Vance reacts 'Don't just do something, sit there—until you understand the consequences of what you want to do.' " A White House aide who is close to the President says, "Vance is a tougher man than he seems to be. And he's less inclined to be concerned with day-to-day events than Zbig is." Vance is described by associates as feeling that an eye must be kept on Brzezinski, and as having had to check some of his moves—or try to. For example, Brzezinski has been wanting for some time to take a trip to China. (Kissinger made a famous trip to China in 1971.) Brzezinski is described as wishing to use relations with the People's Republic of China the way Kissinger did, as a means of tweaking the Soviet Union; that is, of wishing to do what policymakers call "playing the China card." The question of a trip arose out of a luncheon that Vice-President Mondale gave at the White House in November of 1977 for Huang Chen, the chief of Peking's liaison office in Washington, who was ending a four-year tour in the United States. At the luncheon, Huang told Brzezinski that he hoped he would visit China sometime, and Brzezinski smiled, pulled out his calendar, and asked when would be a good date. The Chinese representatives at the luncheon suggested sometime this spring. Later, Vance and others, including some at the White House, opposed the idea of the trip and worked to put it through the policy system, but Brzezinski did not give up. For another example, at the conclusion of the visit of Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin to Washington in March of this year, Vance went to the White House and persuaded the President—contrary to the advice of Brzezinski and other members of the President's staff—not to issue a statement outlining in tough terms the differences between Carter and Begin which emerged from their meetings. The view at the White House was that Begin should not be permitted to gloss over the differences; Vance's argument was that the differences should not be exacerbated, and that some Israelis had argued that such a statement would undercut those in Israel who wanted to take issue with Begin's bargaining position. In the end, Vance prevailed and no statement was issued (but, through briefings of members of Congress and the press, the President and his aides took pains to emphasize the depth of the differences). By March, during a bitter controversy over policy in the Horn of Africa, the sniping in the press at the State Department by members of the N.S.C. staff—indicating that the State Department wasn't being sufficiently "tough"—so exasperated Vance that he phoned Brzezinski and told him to tell his staff to cut it out. One N.S.C. staff member said to me during the debate over the Horn, "There is more realpolitik in our shop." But Brzezinski is regarded as far more sensitive than Vance to criticism that comes his way via the press.

As for Harold Brown, he is described as conducting himself within the National Security Council as a very self-assured man, convinced of his brilliance and unpersuaded of his need to convince others of it. It is said by those who have witnessed meetings of the principals that Brown is a very forceful presence—sometimes the most forceful. Brzezinski is described as the one most eager to say bright, clever things; Vance as fairly quiet, Buddha-like, stating his position directly and with little adornment; and Brown as a man who states his position and when he is disagreed with is inclined to reply sardonically—and to good effect—to the opponent's argument. There have been occasions when Brown, too, has checked an impulse of Brzezinski's—an example being the issue of the Horn of Africa. One man who is close to the President says that at these meetings the President's immersion in paperwork—about which, this man said, some of the criticism is valid—comes in handy. "When we have a meeting," this man told me, "Carter's ready. So the question becomes not who's toughest or cleverest but who's got the best argument."

One of Brzezinski's liabilities, according to a number of people, including some of his defenders, is a lack of political feel. One State Department official says, "People who sit in that job and don't have a sense of the political process are at a great disadvantage." One of Brzezinski's staff members says, "He's a political blank." As numerous people describe his lack of political sense, it involves dealing with people—his own staff, others in the White House, officials in other parts of the government, foreign diplomats, members of Congress—understanding how to get policy executed, and judging the implica-

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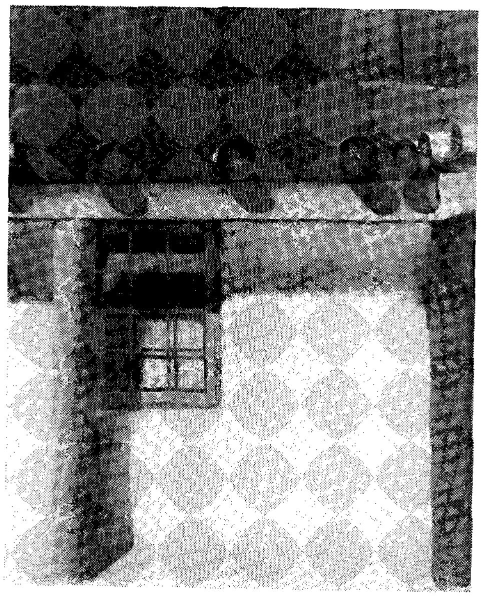
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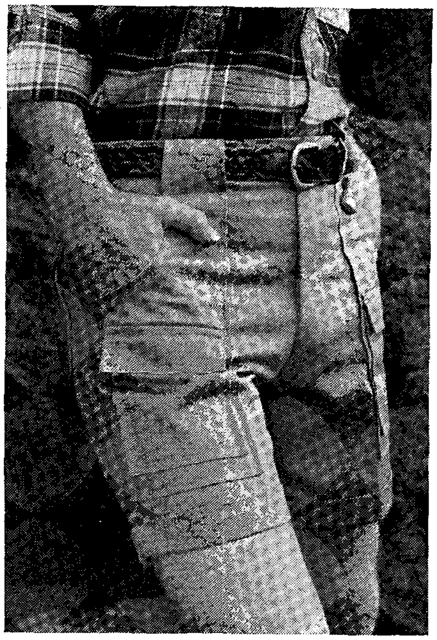

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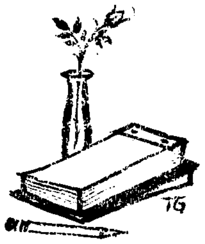
tions of policies. It was in an effort to insure more consideration of domestic political implications that Hamilton Jordan got into the process of decision-making on foreign policy—at first on an informal basis, then on a more systematic basis. So now he attends the Friday-morning breakfasts of Brzezinski, Vance, Mondale, and the President, and Brzezinski attends meetings of the White House senior staff, which are now held three times a week. However Brzezinski may have felt about Jordan's intrusion on his jurisdiction, he has, according to several people, made an effort (which would, of course, be the only wise thing to do) to behave at the breakfasts as one of the team. Still, there are tensions with the domestic staff. Some, again, are inevitable; the chemistry between the quick-talking, conceptualizing, sophisticated, aristocratic Brzezinski and the earthy Georgians around the President is not likely to be good. And on the domestic side of the White House, others besides the Georgians share something of the suspicion that many feel about those who dwell in the world of foreign policy—a suspicion that such people regard themselves as something apart, experts, people who deal in matters that others cannot possibly understand. Not only within the White House but in much of Washington, a good deal has been made of the fact that Hamilton Jordan is known to refer to Brzezinski—in a description apparently based on looks as well as style—as Woody Woodpecker. (Jordan enjoys making irreverent comments, but no other such appellation for a member of the Administration has come to light.) Some of those on the White House staff complain, as do some people at the State Department, that matters they thought were settled between them and Brzezinski have a way of resurfacing. Within the White House, this complaint has applied to such matters as the number of foreign visitors the President would receive this year—the domestic aides were trying to keep the number down—and the return of the Crown of St. Stephen to Hungary, which caused an uproar in the Hungarian-American community in this country, and which the domestic aides thought they had prevented. It was after the President, in March of 1977, in a town meeting in Clinton, Massachusetts, said that the Palestinians should have a "homeland" that some domestic aides thought they had better keep an eye on foreign policy. And it was after the release of the joint statement by the United States and the Soviet Union calling for a reconvening of the Geneva Peace Conference on the Middle East, and saying that one of the conference's purposes would be to insure "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people," that they decided to move in. The authorship of the joint statement, which caused an uproar in the Jewish community, has few claimants. The President's domestic political aides were quick to say that they had never seen it before it was issued. A couple of Brzezinski's aides told me that Brzezinski, who was in Europe just before it was issued, had not seen it. Brzezinski does say that he saw it, but points out that, while he supports it, Vance initiated it. Vance does not disclaim it. (Actually, the discussions of the joint statement were deliberately confined to a few people, for fear of leaks. It is not clear that the reaction would have been any milder if more outside people had been prepared for it.) The domestic aides held Brzezinski responsible for the original concept of the President's trip abroad last year—a trip that was to have covered eight nations in eleven days—and they say that Jordan and Powell did not learn of it until shortly before it was announced. One of the President's advisers said to me at that time, "There are only two people who think that trip is a good idea—Brzezinski and the President." After a while, the original trip was divided in two, but the first one was still almost beyond human endurance.



Despite the fact that among the principals most policy disagreements are openly and candidly discussed, the fact is that Brzezinski has not built a reservoir of trust or good will among members of the Administration. Perhaps it is inevitable that when the head of the N.S.C. is a strong personality with his own strong views, there will be suspicions about how accurately others' views are represented. One hears of instances in which Brzezinski is thought to have pressed his advantage of access. But since no one sees all the memorandums that Brzezinski sends to the President or is in on all their meetings, no one can know for sure. Brzezinski did not help himself in others' eyes when he began to cultivate increased press attention to his views. He indicated at the outset that he understood this danger. He had been a bit of a celebrity before he joined the Carter

Administration, but he was careful during the first few months not to appear to be seeking publicity. In October of 1977, Brzezinski said in an interview that appeared in the *National Journal*, "I was sensitive to the fact that if I started running around being the object of numerous interviews and television programs [the impression that he sought to undercut the Secretaries of State or Defense] would be abetted and people would simply thrive on it." He continued, "Moreover, I do think that [in avoiding this] I can be more effective in influencing what is of central importance, namely the direction of things." Then in the course of the next few months Brzezinski gave numerous interviews, and between October 30th and January 8th appeared on "Issues and Answers" once and "Face the Nation" twice. He is the first national-security adviser to have his own press assistant. In a recent talk with me, Brzezinski said, "The fact that there is genuine trust between the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, and this place is very important. This would be an easy place to intrigue from. But that trust is something I worked very hard at in the course of the last year." He added, smiling, "Occasionally at some cost to my ego." But whatever trust there was has been dissipating. Of late, Brzezinski has increasingly developed a public persona, set himself forward as a shaper of policy, publicly placed himself apart in his views from other policymakers. He has let himself go, acted more openly on his own deepest instincts—and, by his own testimony, had more fun. One symptom of mistrust is that the domestic aides sometimes take care, when the White House issues some official explanation of a foreign-policy matter, that Brzezinski's name gets attached to the explanation so he will be held responsible for it. Brzezinski is blamed for an inability to deal well with members of Congress which can in fairness also be attributed to several people at the White House, including the President, but still there appears to be something to the charge as it applies specifically to the national-security adviser. Here the contrast with Kissinger cannot be escaped. For better or worse, Kissinger had a talent for cultivating and charming members of Congress—even ingratiating himself at the height of the Vietnam war with some of those who opposed the war. Recently, I asked a senator who is very important to the Administration on foreign policy and is a sophisticated man what sorts of dealings he had had with

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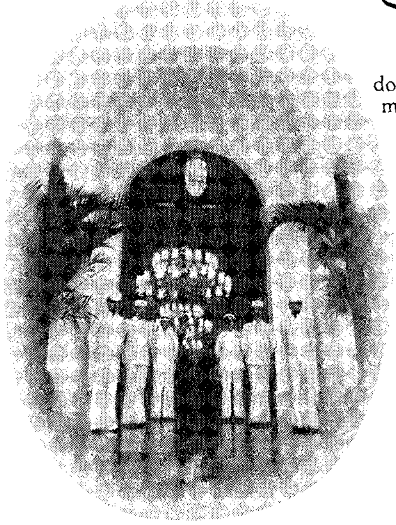

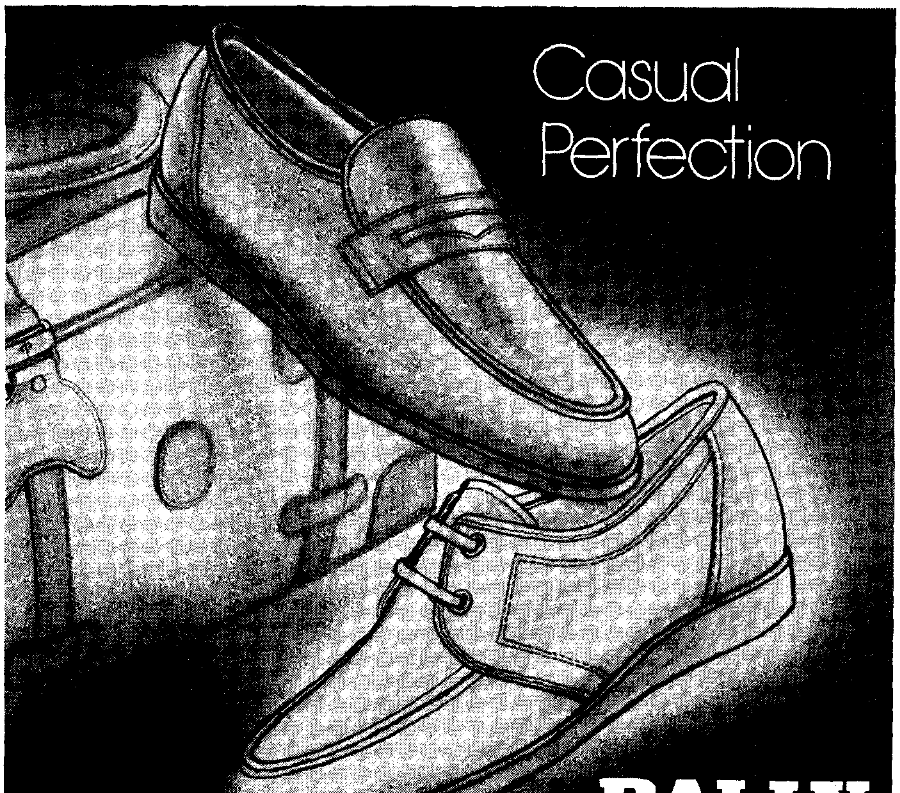

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Brzezinski. He replied, "Virtually none," adding, "He doesn't seem to know how to deal with senators."

Earlier this year, Brzezinski held two meetings on Middle East policy with people representing Jewish organizations. One, by all accounts, went smoothly enough; the other was marked by an eruption of temper on Brzezinski's part. At the second one, according to a couple of witnesses, Brzezinski, feeling provoked by some of the questions, let loose his scrappy side. The result, according to witnesses, was to fuel fears in the Jewish community, a process that was helped along by Brzezinski's evident satisfaction that the confrontation had taken place. He expressed this satisfaction to his staff, and also told a *Times* reporter that he almost welcomed the opportunity to respond on the record to the resentment and the charges that had been directed at him by some Jewish leaders. Though there is little disagreement between the State Department and Brzezinski over Middle East policy, Brzezinski is the target of more attacks—apparently because of the difference in style between him and Vance, because Brzezinski is seen as the initiator of policies that displease some Jewish leaders, and because they don't want to attack Carter directly, and consider Brzezinski the next best thing. Yet even people within the Administration who share the view that pressure had to be brought on Israel to change its policy felt that a confrontation such as took place at the second meeting was unnecessary. "When he gets angry questions, he feels justified in responding in angry tones," one says of Brzezinski. "It's a luxury to be able to lash back." Another says, "He simply doesn't understand how to massage people."

The members of Brzezinski's staff who say that he's flexible also say that views he developed in his academic career guide much of his current thinking and advice. Brzezinski himself has said, "On the whole, my views are strategically consistent, tactically very fluid." In an interview recently, I asked Brzezinski what his strategic views were. "The ones I've been outlining in my books since 1960," he replied. "I see the U.S.-Soviet competition as deep-seated. On the other hand, the world has entered a phase of political awakening and some disorder. So that the real danger is not Soviet domination but anarchy. The United States has to play an active world role, because if it doesn't, I think, there is a high danger the world will fragment in a way that is chaotic." Brzezinski is a collector and sprinkler of ideas, and sometimes

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they don't fit together. Someone who has worked with him says, "He doesn't think through issues he doesn't understand as well as he might. He reacts in areas he doesn't understand. Sometimes the reactions are good, sometimes they're not. It goes back to the academic environment, where people put a premium on coming up with sometimes controversial ideas and then seeing how others react and then formulating a theory. The trouble is, when you're sitting as the head of the N.S.C. staff and you offer an idea, people may think you've thought it through and they should act." The "trilateral" idea—the Trilateral Commission's idea that the United States should formulate policy in conjunction with our European allies and Japan—appears to have hit the floor soon after the Administration took office. Other Pacific nations—the Philippines, Australia, and so on—let it be known that Japan could not speak for them on international questions. As for Europe, relations with Germany gradually deteriorated, over a number of questions—including economic ones—to such a degree that some in the Administration believe they are at the lowest point in decades. "The trilateral idea is dead," says one foreign-policy official. "It was just rhetoric." (People within the Administration say that there is a lack of coördination between economic and foreign policy.) Some policy ideas—inevitably, perhaps—run into other policy ideas. The push for human rights has collided at times with the Administration's interest in maintaining or securing good relations with certain nations. So has the desire to stop the spread of nuclear power and the sale of conventional arms.

There is no question that Brzezinski has helped to steer our foreign policy in some new directions. He clearly feels that the United States must seek to ally itself with the nations that he refers to as "the new influentials." He outlined this approach in a talk to the White House senior staff and the Cabinet—with the President in attendance—in the early days of the Administration, and has pursued various policies, including the President's travels, to put it into effect. In the briefing, Brzezinski explained major shifts that have taken place in the world since the Second World War—in population, economic power, and technology. He said, picking up on a theme of the Carter Presidential campaign, that the United States had traditionally supported the status quo in nations undergoing social conflict, and that now we should make a greater effort to identify the

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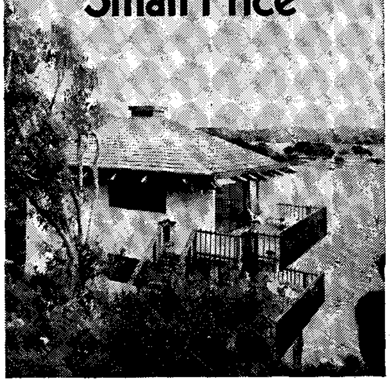

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social forces of the future and align ourselves with them. "The new influentials" include Saudi Arabia, Nigeria, Brazil, Venezuela, Iran, India, and Indonesia. Five of them (Saudi Arabia, Nigeria, Venezuela, Iran, and Indonesia) are major oil exporters, and three (India, Brazil, and Indonesia) are among the most populous nations in the world. All of them but Indonesia were visited by the President. (And the Vice-President is scheduled to go there.) The previous Administration was often criticized for paying some of these countries little attention (not including Iran and Saudi Arabia). Moreover, Brzezinski has shown a greater sensitivity than his predecessor did to North-South questions, though efforts to deal with some of those questions have been hampered by economic realities in the United States. Those who believe that we must address the concerns of the developing nations say that Brzezinski's instincts on these questions are enlightened and progressive. The strategies on cultivating "the new influentials" and aligning ourselves with the correct social forces posit, of course, that officials can predict with accuracy which will be the influential countries and the correct social forces. They also posit a high degree of activism on our part.

What has happened in our foreign policy is that this new, "multipolar" awareness has been combined with the old "bipolar" struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union. In fact, Brzezinski has believed for some time that this would happen, and that it would lead to a clash of the two superpowers. During one of my conversations with him, he urged me to read an article that he had written for *Encounter* in 1968. In the article, entitled "Peace and Power," he argued that the end of the Vietnam war and the recent rise in Soviet military capability would lead to a situation in which there would be "two overlapping global military powers pursuing conflicting global policies in a dynamic setting of Third World instability." This new, "overlapping fluid (or mobile) imperial power," as Brzezinski termed it, was bound to lead to a collision somewhere. "Indeed," he wrote, "apprehension over this possibility could increase the inclination of each of the major powers to move in first, in the hope that by 'staking out' a claim it will discourage the other from moving. But the implicit premium on preëmption would mean a spiral of intervention." He said that the likely prospect was for some anarchy and social fragmentation in the Third World, and added, "Sporadic violence, in the context of a premium on preëmption, may have a suction effect on U.S. and Soviet intervention forces, resulting by the '70's in some unprecedented confrontations." He referred to the "Fashoda" incident, in 1898, in which English and French colonial expeditionary forces contended over control of the Upper Nile region. The French got there first, but backed down, without a fight, under pressure from the British. Brzezinski wrote, "At the minimum, at least one 'Fashoda' is to be expected." He continued, "The question is, of course, whether in the context of the new nuclear equation an American-Soviet 'Fashoda' will work out as peacefully as the Anglo-French one did in the late 19th century."

In our conversation, Brzezinski said that his thesis that the two powers would come into conflict in a third place was being borne out. "This is going to put a premium on preëmption, because who gets there first has command of the situation," he said. (In the Fashoda incident it was the nation that got there first that backed down.) "This Fashoda business no one has picked up," he went on. "Fashoda is very germane to our current concerns."

I asked him if this meant that he contemplated situations in which we might have to get there first.

He replied, "Yes, if it's vital enough. Yes, we ought to contemplate getting there first—or we will have to get there second and become first." He smiled.

I asked if there was an intersection between the new, multipolar reality and the bipolar reality.

"Yes," Brzezinski replied. "There are many different axes of conflict in the world: the traditional conflict between Soviet and American powers; the new conflicts with emerging countries; racial conflicts; North-South conflicts. They intersect, and the more they intersect, the more dangerous they become. What makes the South African conflict so dangerous is that it is racial, North-South, nationalistic, and ideological—all four rolled into one."

I asked him what he believed the Soviets' ultimate goal to be.

He said, "I don't think they have sat down and made a blueprint, a master plan for world conquest. I don't think they even have a plan for world revolution. As in the case of a lot of human behavior, they are driven by psychology, bureaucratic impulse, history, ideology, and nationalism. But this does not mean they will not act to exploit revolutions. In the end, it gets down to a simple proposition: they would like to become number one, like we did. It's better to become number one from the number-two position than to be toppled from number one. That's why there is such a serious problem. It's much more destabilizing for our self-esteem, for our role in the world; there's no way of knowing where you will stop once you start going downhill. Besides, there is the moral, religious context. If the West stands for anything in terms of values, it's for spiritual values and the spiritual identity of the individual. It would be a pity if that became less central in human affairs."

Brzezinski's emphasis on the rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union sets him apart from many of the people he works with, both on his own staff and in other parts of the government. One who works in the national-security apparatus says, "Zbig has thought about the Soviets during much of his academic life. He thinks of them as more central and key than Vance does. Brzezinski's own instinct is to stand up, be tough, outproduce them economically and militarily. His view is that we are coming out of a bad time and they have to be shown some things. There is an almost systematic toughness in Zbig's writing and thinking. Vance believes that the Soviets are vital, but he is more likely to take other questions into consideration." A State Department official says that the difference in outlook between Brzezinski and State is one not so much over policy as over emphasis. Vance is described as not wanting to cause unnecessary abrasions in relations between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Officials offer a number of examples of Brzezinski's preoccupation. One is that he has brought up the idea from time to time that perhaps the United States should cause trouble for Agostinho Neto, the leader of Angola, who has Cuban backing—perhaps by giving some support to Jonas Savimbi, who had South African backing during the struggle over who would control Angola when it gained independence from Portugal. In 1975, Neto was backed by the Soviets and the Cubans, while the United States at first supported Holden Roberto and then, after he dropped out, joined South Africa in

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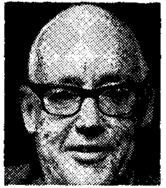

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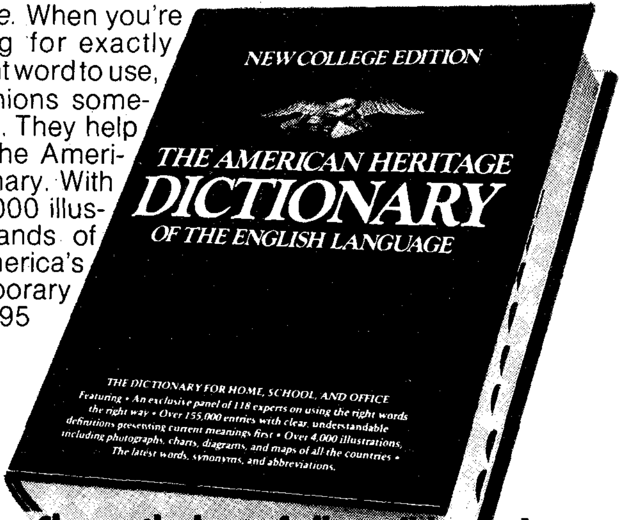
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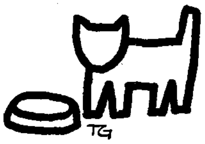
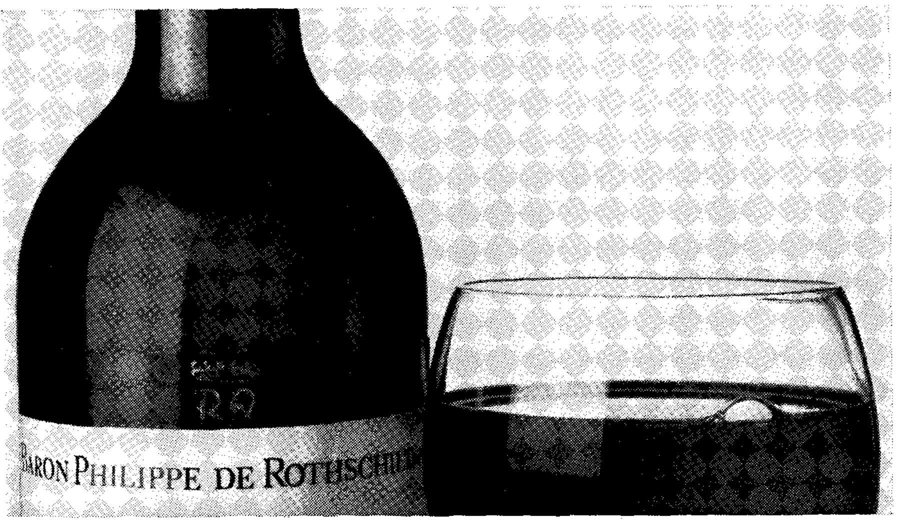
supporting Savimbi. At the end of 1975, the Ford Administration tried to increase our aid to Neto's opponents, which was mainly channelled through the C.I.A., and Congress not only balked but also tightened the restrictions on C.I.A. activity so that they would apply specifically to Angola. During the 1976 campaign, Jimmy Carter was critical of the Ford Administration's action. Also in 1976, Neto's forces prevailed. In recent months, Brzezinski has raised the question of whether the congressional restrictions are still applicable; the C.I.A. has told him that they are. I remarked to an Administration official who told me about this that I thought the matter of Angola had been settled before this Administration took office. He replied, "So did I. That's why I'm confused."



Brzezinski's concern about the Soviet Union came up in the context of the elections in France and Italy—what to do if the Communists gained power, what to do to prevent them from doing so. In the case of Italy, our ambassador was called back, and the State Department issued a statement toughening our earlier positions. The theory was that our statement of non-involvement but concern had been taken by some in Italy to mean that we were not concerned. Some Administration officials said privately that they did not want to be the ones to "lose" Italy. There are some within our government who feel not that it is unimportant who comes to power in these countries but that our issuing such statements does not affect the electorate at which they are aimed, except, perhaps, in precisely the opposite direction from what was intended.

Brzezinski's concern about the Soviet Union also comes up in the context of questions about our policies toward Eastern European nations—about how much emphasis should be given to encouraging some of those nations, such as Poland, Hungary, and Rumania, to distance themselves from the Soviet Union. Thus the President's visit to Poland, the first stop on his trip late last year. In Warsaw, at a press conference, he praised the "great religious freedom and otherwise" of the Polish people, and Brzezinski and Mrs. Carter made a publicized call on Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, the Primate of Poland's Roman Catholic Church. It comes up in the context of whether to play to China in order to twit the Soviet Union. It comes up in regard to questions of intelligence-gathering methods. Brzezinski has been pressing for a revision of our intelligence-gathering methods, to move them from dependence on technological "hardware"—a dependence that developed during the nineteen-fifties, when the Soviet Union and other parts of the world were more difficult to penetrate than now—and back to more traditional espionage methods. He has also expressed concern about the restrictions that have been placed on C.I.A. activities as a result of the disclosures and investigations of recent years. He is troubled by the number of reviews to which some activities have to be subjected before they can be undertaken. He apparently believes that the United States should be able to use a wide range of techniques to influence the course of events in other countries. The Senate and the House, in creating intelligence-oversight committees, and President Carter, in issuing an executive order in January, took the position that whatever actions are proposed should be worked through a system that includes informing appropriate members of Congress and also the acceptance of responsibility by the highest executive leaders. The executive order requires that the President must "sign off" on any activity of any importance. Brzezinski is known to believe that the President should have broad flexibility, including "deniability"—that is, that it should be possible to carry out operations in a way that would enable the President to deny he knew about them. The question of accountability for such operations was one of the basic issues raised in the recent examination of our intelligence activities. The argument for it was that since any major intelligence activity could cause us great damage, it ought to be decided upon by our highest officials, who ought to take responsibility for it.

THE differences over how we should conduct relations with the Soviet Union, over how we should conduct policy in the post-Vietnam era, came to a head on the issue of our policy concerning the Horn of Africa. The specific question was what was to be done about the presence of Cuban and Soviet advisers in Ethiopia, which was involved in a border war with Somalia. While no one liked the idea that those foreign troops were in the region, there was strong disagreement over what was to be or could be done about it. Some dramatic actions were considered, and some strong internal debates took place. In recent years, the relationships among the United States and the Soviet Union and Ethiopia and Somalia have begun to resemble a grand right and left in a square dance. The United States had been a strong backer of the Ethiopian regime headed by Haile Selassie, who was overthrown by the military in 1974, and even in the first years thereafter we tried, by selling the new government F-5 airplanes and other military equipment, to prevent it from turning to the Soviet Union for help. But then, as the Ethiopian regime became increasingly radical, we reduced our military assistance, and Ethiopia did turn to the Soviet Union for help—which in 1976 the Soviets agreed to give. Until then, the Soviets had been closely involved with Somalia, Ethiopia's historic enemy, and had built up its military capability. The United States, toward the end of the Ford Administration, decided to end military-grant aid to Ethiopia (though it would continue military sales), but did not announce this step. The Carter Administration did announce it, early in 1977, indicating that it was part of the new human-rights policy. By summer, relations between the United States and Ethiopia were very nearly broken off. Meanwhile, the Somalis, seeing that the Soviets were arming the Ethiopians, turned to the United States for help. Carter and Brzezinski were attracted to the idea of befriending the Somalis, as a way of countering the Soviets. In April of 1977, Carter allowed *Time*, which was reporting "With Jimmy from Dawn to Midnight," to hear him instruct Mondale to "tell Cy and Zbig that I want them to move in every possible way to get Somalia to be our friend." But the idea of arming the Somalis collided with the President's stated goal of reducing our role as an arms supplier and also with a policy enunciated in a speech by Vance in July. In that speech, Vance said that our policies in Africa "should not be reactive to what other powers do, nor to crises as they arise"—that "daily headlines should not set our agenda for progress." He went on, "A negative, reactive American policy that seeks only to oppose Soviet or Cuban involvement in Africa would be both dangerous and futile. Our best course is to help resolve the problems which create opportunities for external intervention." In the end, the government made an agreement in principle to provide "defensive" arms to the Somalis. As these deliberations were going on, however, Somalia was encouraging guerrilla activity in the Ogaden region of Ethiopia, which is inhabited by ethnic Somalis, and on



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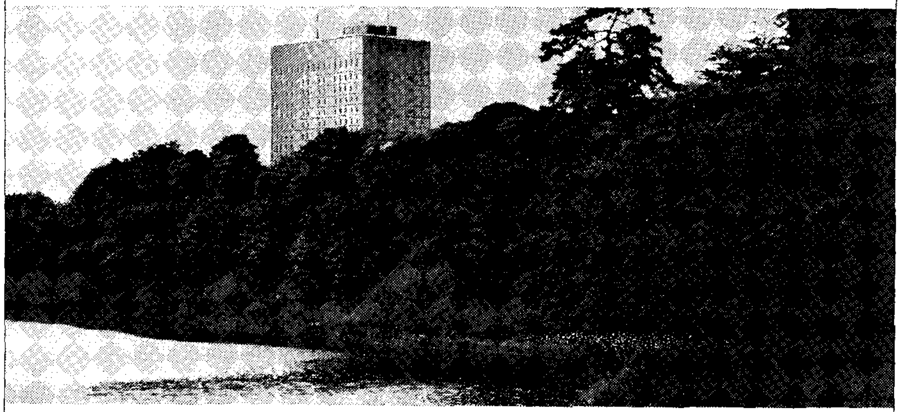

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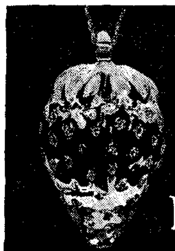

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July 23rd, eight days after the United States decided, and informed the Somalis, that it would discuss supplying them with weapons, Somalia attacked Ethiopia (and we held off providing arms). Now the issue was one of "territorial integrity"—a very sensitive one in Africa, where all sorts of boundaries were drawn in the colonial era in such a way as to divide tribes. The Ethiopians called for help. The Soviet Union agreed to supply weapons, and in November it began to airlift Cuban troops, provided them with large amounts of military supplies, and increased the number of its advisers in Ethiopia.

Brzezinski felt strongly that the United States should react. There were two issues: what could be done about the military situation, and how the Soviets and the Cubans could be got out of Ethiopia. Moreover, there was concern that the Cubans and their allies, once they reconquered the Ogaden, might move into Somalia. While much was made in the press of reasons that the Horn is strategically important—that it lies abreast the oil routes from the Persian Gulf, that it is close to the mouth of the Red Sea, that it is near the Middle East oil states—some officials say that in the course of the internal debate hardly anyone in the government, including Pentagon representatives, argued that the Horn was very important strategically. For Brzezinski, it was a matter of the Cuban and Soviet presence in the area. Also, the President is described by some within the government as being much more bothered by the Cubans than some of the other officials are; it's said that to him as well as to Brzezinski they seem to represent some sort of challenge that sets off a visceral reaction. And Brzezinski is described as reacting viscerally to various stimuli. Within the N.S.C., there was talk of how, after all, Ethiopia was where the Second World War began. There were expressions of concern that the establishment of a Soviet footing in the Horn could cause serious problems for President Carter in the 1980 election. N.S.C. staff people say that concern was also expressed because a number of countries in the Middle East—Iran, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and the Sudan—were said to be worried about whether we took with sufficient seriousness Soviet meddling in Africa. (We tried to get some African nations to object to the Soviet and Cuban presence, but since the intervention was in behalf of "territorial integrity," there was no response.) Brzezinski is described as having felt that we should make some gesture to show that we understood the Middle East nations' concerns. And one of Brzezinski's associates said to me as the debate over the Horn was proceeding that while no one believed in a domino theory for Africa it was a fact that if the Soviets settled down in Ethiopia, and Siad Barre, the leader of Somalia, turned around and made a deal with them, then Kenya (wealthy, pro-Western, and capitalist) bordering both Ethiopia and Somalia on the south, and Djibouti an enclave between Ethiopia and Somalia, would be in trouble. "It's just a fact," he said. The difficult question, he said, given the circumstance that the American people are by and large very uninterested in foreign policy, is how our government can deal vigorously enough with an incipient problem to prevent it from becoming a very big problem. He continued, "We're learning that the absence of involvement is dangerous and can lead you to more serious involvement. Nobody argues that we have to fight over every square inch in the world, but we're beginning to learn that there are clouds no larger than a man's hand which cannot be ignored."

Some people in the government, even within the N.S.C. staff, argued that to call attention to the Horn would be precisely the way to make it more of a domestic political issue. And they also asked what the point was in calling attention to it, since there was so little we could do about it. Moreover, some officials pointed out, Ethiopia had invited the Cubans and the Soviets in, and the Somalis were the aggressors. Nevertheless, it was Brzezinski's inclination to call attention to it—and to act. And although some in the government argued that in the long run the Soviet Union would be no more welcome in the area of the Horn than it had been in other countries outside its immediate sphere—for example, Egypt and the Sudan and even Somalia—people who make policy often find it difficult to think in terms of the long run. One foreign-policy official says, "My experience tells me that Communist countries, left to themselves, will mess things up in these ventures. It's easy for me to say that in ten years it's not going to matter, but ten years is not the life span of Presidencies." On February 24th of this year, when Brzezinski was giving a briefing on the President's forthcoming foreign rip, he took the opportunity to announce hat there were ten or eleven thousand ubans in Ethiopia, that substantial Soiet equipment was involved, and that Soviet general was directing some of thiopia's armed forces. On the same ay, State Department officials were iting lower figures, and they were urprised that the Soviet general was nentioned. (The previous November, map had appeared in the *Times* indiating the number of Cuban military ersonnel, advisers, technicians, and nilitary aides in various countries in frica. It had accompanied a story aying, "The Carter White House is eriously disturbed by the steadily exanding Cuban military presence in ngola, Ethiopia, and other African ountries." A packet of material on vhich the chart was based had been repared for the N.S.C., unbeknownst o State Department officials. Department officials believe that it was preared by the C.I.A.) The State Deartment was not pleased by the White louse pronouncements. Its policy had een to issue, in response to inquiries y the press, conservative estimates, artly for policy reasons—to avoid naking the situation into a great U.S.-oviet crisis, and in the hope of wining support of a settlement by the rganization of African Unity—and artly to protect intelligence sources. 'We're over here talking about the lorn in one way, and Zbig is over here giving his briefing," says a State Department official. "A lot of people vere trying to tell him that what we ould do about the Horn was very imited, and therefore if we made a big ommotion it would only make things vorse. It would also make it look like nore of a Russian success story. That vas the consensus here. But he went head and did it anyway."

Brzezinski was not convinced that vhat we could do was so limited. A umber of discussions of what we night do took place beginning in Feb-uary, when the Administration began o focus on the possibility that Ethiopia night cross the Somalia border. One of the ideas he backed was that the United States should send in a naval task force. On this Brzezinski was opoosed not only by Vance but also by Harold Brown. What, Brown asked, was the task force going to do after it got there? Brown's question was never successfully answered, and that idea was headed off. Brzezinski also suggested that if the Sudanese and the Egyptians, or, conceivably, the Saudis and the Iranians, were to send troops to Somalia, they might need equip-

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ment, and we should consider ways to help out. This suggestion ran into legal restrictions on the supplying of arms, and, in addition, it raised political questions about the effect of supplying, say, Egypt with infantry arms. He was also interested in giving assurances to the Somalis and others that if Somalia should be invaded by Ethiopia, and if in that case Arab countries should send in troops to help Somalia and the troops should be interfered with by the Cubans or the Soviets, we would somehow come to the aid of those troops by military means. Questions were raised about what, exactly, we would or could do to help, and the preponderance of opinion was against our getting militarily involved. Even the Pentagon, it is said, drawing on recent experience, was not disposed to see us get into a situation in which we would not be able to follow through. Earlier, the Administration had considered the possibility that American military supplies given or sold to other countries might be transferred by those countries to Somalia. There was a legal problem with this: the law says that we cannot permit the transfer of weapons that we would not be prepared to supply directly. During these deliberations, Brzezinski raised once again the possibility of "playing the China card."

A State Department official says, "I think Zbig feels there is an inexorable push that comes from the Soviets. Most of us agree. But he feels you have to take a strong position, so that you can dramatize your position and build strong support. Others will say, O.K., but what are you going to do about it? We haven't got the tools we used to have: the use of covert activity, or even military and economic assistance, is incredibly circumscribed by legislation now. Besides, large covert activities don't stay covert any longer. Other people are more sensitive to these things than he is." One high official who was in on these deliberations says, "Sometimes raising the question of whether we will be 'tough' or 'weak' is a reaction people have when they don't understand the complexity of an issue—it's an emotional response." Another official says of the deliberations, "To try to publicly assert national anger in the absence of a remedy may lead to precisely the opposite of what is intended—to an appearance of impotence. The more we escalated the issue of the Horn, the more the question was asked what we were going to do about it. Since there was no way of getting withdrawal of the Russian and Cuban troops, pressing the issue made that more obvious. Brown was very helpf here. He asked, How do you answ that problem? He's lived through period where we asserted our pow and didn't have an answer, and he sa what happened to our nation. He wan a strong nation and a strong defens but he understands what's a bluff ar what isn't."

As our own government's batt over the Horn was going on, Brzezi ski called attention to it around Wasl ington, telling people that it was tl first major foreign-policy battle with the Administration, and that he w winning. He saw it, he told people, an embodiment of a theory he had d veloped about how Vietnam had create generational differences over foreig policy: In one group there is a gener tion of people in their fifties and ear sixties who were influential ten yea ago and were involved in decisio about Vietnam (this would apply Vance and Brown) and are deeply a fected by that experience, and anoth generation of people in their thirti who were emotionally opposed to tl war at that time (this would apply some of the younger officials at tl State Department) and who remai marked by that experience. In the oth group, his theory goes, are those in the forties who are too young to have bee decision-makers about Vietnam, an those in their twenties who are to young to have had any involvement a all. Therefore, people in their thirtie and people in their fifties and sixtie are those most affected by Vietnam and others are less inclined to thin about it when considering, say, Ethio pia or Yugoslavia. (Brzezinski jus turned fifty.)

I asked him recently if he though that, in general, America was to strictly bound by post-Vietnam attitudes.

"Yes," he replied. "There is a tendency in America to be traumatize by international difficulties. The generation of the nineteen-forties was always thinking about the failure o

Judith Shahn

he League of Nations. I'm talking bout leadership groups now. The leadrship of the sixties was always thinkng about Munich. Now there is a eneration worried by Vietnam, with onsequences of self-imposed paralysis, vhich is likely to be costlier in the long un."

The other great issue that came up n the course of the Administration's nternal debate over the Horn—and it vill come up in other contexts—was vhat to do about "linkage." "Linkge," or making a connection between ne aspect of the United States-Soviet elationship and another aspect of it, vas selectively employed by Kissinger ver the years, depending on the circumstances and on whether it was seen o be in our interest. When the Carter dministration took over, it explicity rejected the concept of "linkage." ance said that negotiations with the oviet Union would not be linked to all oviet actions—that each issue "should e discussed on its own footing." The dministration position on the Horn ad been to say that the Soviet involvenent there could affect the political tmosphere in the United States. This vas, State Department officials conede, a statement of the obvious—that, specially given all the attention that vas being called to the situation, the ctivities of the Soviets in the Horn night make it more difficult to gather he necessary political support to win enate approval of a new SALT agreenent. Then, on March 1st, Brzeinski, speaking to a group of reporters, aid that events in the Horn could affect ot only the atmosphere in which a ALT treaty would be considered but lso the negotiation process itself. This vas seen as an implied threat that if he Soviets did not behave we might ot negotiate such an agreement. The tate Department was caught off guard, and the State Department press pokesman, Hodding Carter, at his egular noon briefing of the press, tried o pull the matter back within the oundaries of "atmosphere." Vance elt strongly that Brzezinski's language uggested that there was some definite inkage between the Horn and moving head on the SALT negotiations, a poition with which he vigorously disgreed. The next day, he used the oportunity of a congressional hearing to ay "There is no linkage between the SALT negotiations and the situation in Ethiopia." Finally, President Carter, t his press conference the same day, aid that the Soviets' action "would make it more difficult to ratify a SALT greement" and that "the two are

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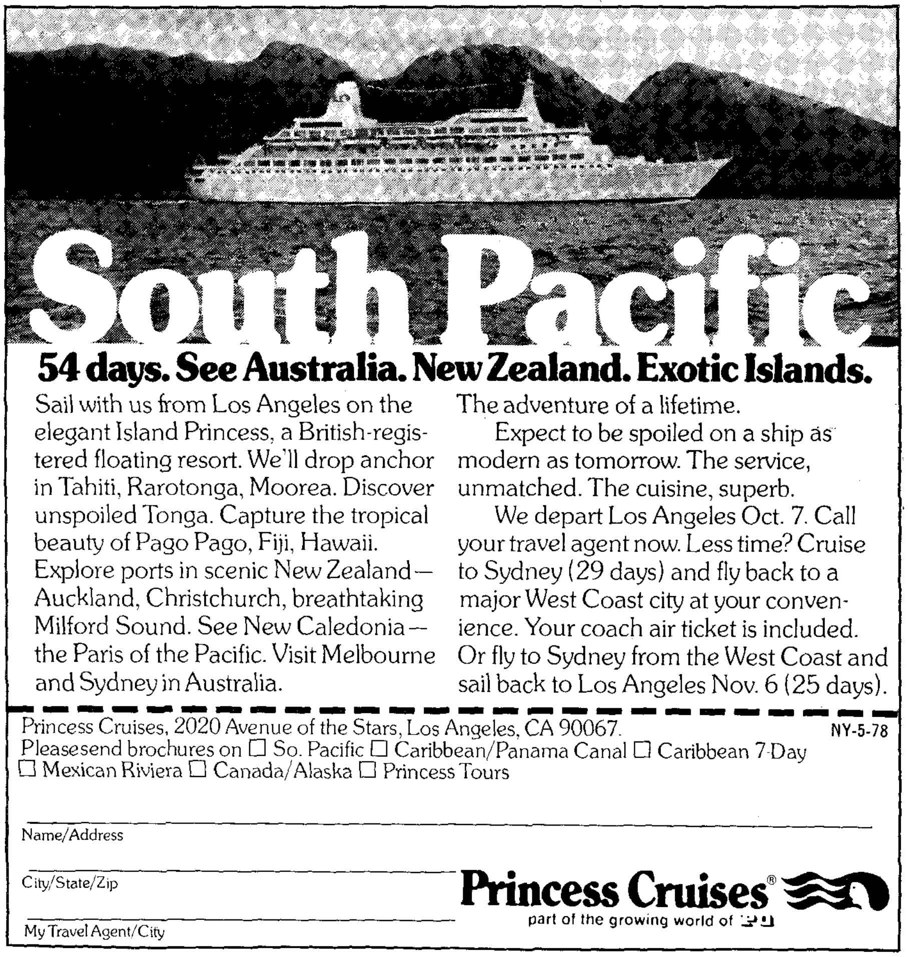

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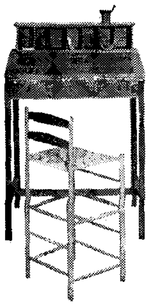

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linked because of actions by the Soviets. We don't initiate the linkage." These verbal acrobatics by no means settled the matter, for they were only a symptom of the deep differences that caused them in the first place.

Just after it all happened, I asked Brzezinski why the Horn was a major policy issue.

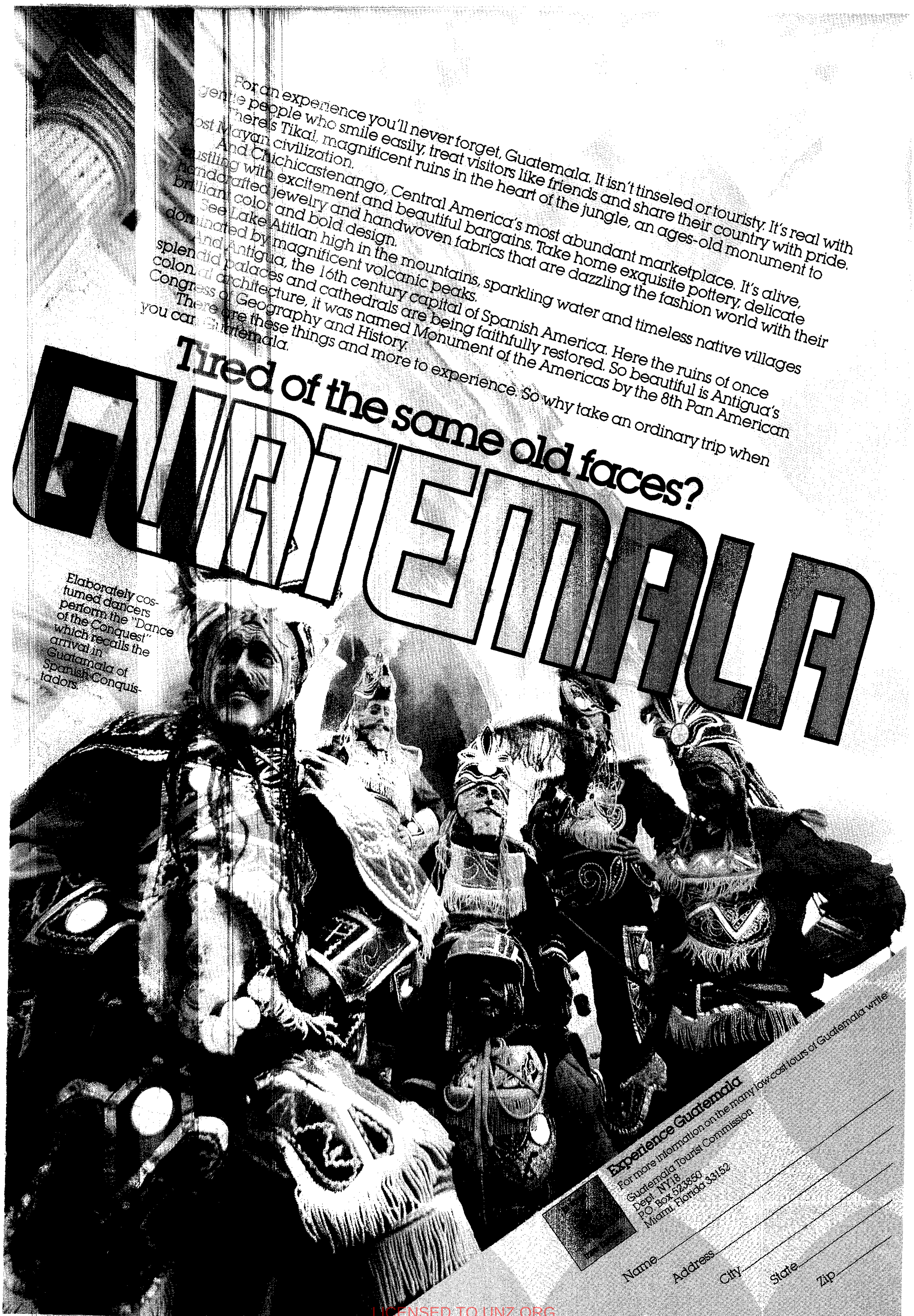
"The major point I would like to make at this stage is that the Horn is important because it gets to the heart of the question of what is the meaning of détente," he replied. "Behind the smoke of the Ogaden battle in the White House and State is the question of how do we structure the United States-Soviet situation so that it is less dangerous and doesn't present a threat to United States interests. In some ways, I suppose there are two different concepts of détente. There is the concept that the President has articulated, which is that détente ought to be comprehensive, reciprocal, and based on mutual restraint, and there is the concept that détente is a good thing and somehow leading to something more comprehensive; thus something to be nurtured in itself. I belong clearly to the first school. In the nuclear age, we can't have stability unless détente is general and reciprocal. What we have to establish is that the rules of the game have to be the same for both sides. I think that the Horn is a basic test of that. I think if we don't establish some reciprocity and some mutual restraint and don't make it binding, especially in its military flavor, then we're going to get a reaction against détente that is going to make some things that are desirable impossible to achieve—such as SALT. I think there is a real danger that if we pursue détente in a manner that gives the Soviets the impression that they can do what they're doing in Ethiopia, then it's destructive to the relationship. Ethiopia is an expansion of what they did in Angola, except that this time they are present themselves; in Angola they only used Cubans. Each time, it becomes more costly, more dangerous. That's why in my judgment we should respond forcefully, make clear their action is not cost-free."

He continued, "Others feel that if we respond too strongly we will not be effective anyway, and a lot of the good things going on would become unravelled. Connected with all this is a sort of mini-debate on SALT. The President says we're not creating linkage but the Soviets are imposing one. I say there is no linkage, because SALT is in our mutual interest, but that the negotiations and ratification can get complicated by what's happening. Cy says there is no linkage. We all agree on that starting point. The question is what existential judgment we make. We're not saying 'Get the hell out of Ethiopia or no SALT'—that's linkage. I'm not saying that. But there is some sort of connection, that's the point. So the debate about the Horn is really about the more fundamental question of what is the nature of détente. It's a much more sophisticated and much more complicated and much more muted debate. It's about one's view of the world: should there be rules, or is the relationship an end in itself?"

A few days later, I asked Vance about this debate.

"There are different views about the Soviet Union," he replied. "My view is that the relationship with the Soviet Union is of central importance in our foreign policy. It can't be so consuming that it results in our neglecting other critical matters that must be dealt with, yet at the same time it must be recognized as one of a handful of critical foreign-policy issues. It's my view that it is in our interest and in the interest of the Soviet Union to manage the relationship in a way that seeks to reduce tension and to find broader areas of common understanding. I recognize that the relationship is very complex, that there is a mixture of matters where we do have differing views—sometimes ideological, sometimes practical. Having said all that, we have to come back to what we are trying to do. My view is that we should try to increase the common ground or manage the differences in a way that doesn't lead to the danger of conflict. It all has to be put in the perspective of what is more important and what is less important. That's why I come to SALT as the most important item in our relationship. It's life or death, and it's very much in our interest to find agreement and put ourselves on the way to the next SALT agreement. And it's also my view that this sets the tone for the rest of the relationship."

Brown's view about linkage, as it is described by one of his associates, is that the first thing our policymakers should ask themselves is, Whom does it help or hurt more? Brown is said to believe that a general policy of linkage is meaningless, or even bad; that we should "link" where there is a high de-



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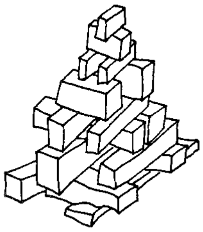
gree of relevance between what we object to and what it is being linked with; and that we should look for areas where linkage would hurt the Soviets more than it would hurt us, or where he impact would be at least equal. Given the importance to us of achievng a SALT treaty, therefore, Brown does not believe that linking the Horn nd SALT is the right thing to do.

One of the problems, it is widely agreed, is that Kissinger sold détente as more than it was. When the United States and the Soviet Union signed a oint statement of principles n 1972, the Soviet Union did not forswear competing with the United States or supporting governments and revolutionary movements. According to an argument that is made by some people in State, what the Soviets did in the Horn violated not détente but a view of détente that Kissinger sold. Brzezinski believes that in urgng a strong reaction to such Soviet ventures he is in fact acting to preserve détente. "We have moved into a phase where old systems are crumbling and there is a new turbulence, and that turbulence must not be exploited," he said to me recently. "If t is, it is bound to re-create the Cold War. We want respect for diversity in the world; we want respect for local forces—for the countries concerned about their place in the world. I argue with people that I am far more for détente by arguing this, that to acquiesce n this kind of interference is to set the stage for a public reaction in the United States and a reaction by the United States that will be strong and destabilizing. So in the long run the other course will be far more destabilizing. When I say that I argue that, it's not just with State, it's also the Hill and within my own staff."



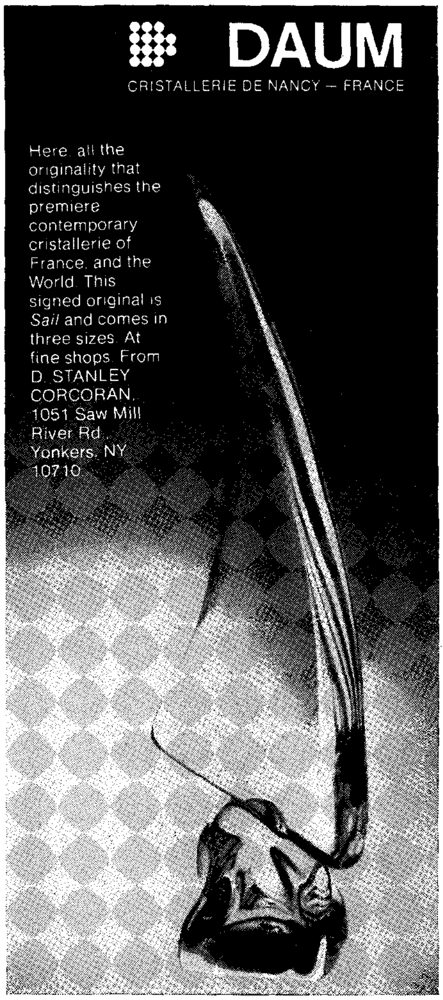
The "soft"-"tough" construction of the debate over how to deal with the Soviet Union has been a dominant force in our political life since the end of the Second World War. There are those who say that not only is it unfortunate—carrying implications of an unpleasant earlier era—but also it interferes with thought and, moreover, those who make it have it backward. One government man who has thought about these things for a long time says, "The maintenance of some sort of useful relationship with the Soviet Union is in the security interests of the United States. Therefore, it is not 'soft' but actually the hardheaded thing to do to work at ways to maintain that relationship. The alternative is to engage in useless conflict with them on unimportant issues. What you have to decide is where the Soviets are apt to impinge on your vital interests and not let them impinge on them, and not pick a quarrel when they're not impinging on your vital interests. To pick a quarrel with them every time you can is softheaded. Also, to do that gives them the wrong impression—because they're not going to know when you really mean it." It is argued that we should limit the number of times our prestige is put at risk, and the number of unnecessary gambles we take. This man went on, "A 'proxy war' is precisely what we ought to avoid. We shouldn't set everything up as an opportunity to wage a gladiatorial contest by proxy. Just because the Soviets get themselves involved with the Ethiopians, why should we have to find a government to act as our proxy—in an area of small importance?"

He continued, "What's wrong with looking at the world that way is that that's not the way the world is. What's happening now in Africa would be happening if there were no Soviet Union. As in Vietnam, where we intervened to bring 'stability' to that part of the world, we think of the continuing hostilities in Africa as a great-power struggle, which it need not be. The Soviets are mucking around in Africa because they want to have more influence. It's not that I think that Soviet influence is benign or their motivation is benevolent. But we shouldn't react in every instance, because not all of them make that much difference, and we could make a bad situation worse."

There is very little disagreement within the government that what the Soviets and the Cubans are doing in Africa is deplorable; the differences are over how deplorable, and what is to be done about it, and how it affects other policy questions concerning Africa. In the case of Rhodesia, the State Department and the White House agreed that the United States should try to find a negotiated political solution that would deny the Cubans and the Soviets another opportunity to exploit. And bit by bit the United States government has got itself into the position of assuming responsibility for this admittedly difficult achievement.

In one of our recent conversations, Brzezinski cited Rhodesia as an area of great danger.

"The risk is that the Soviets and the



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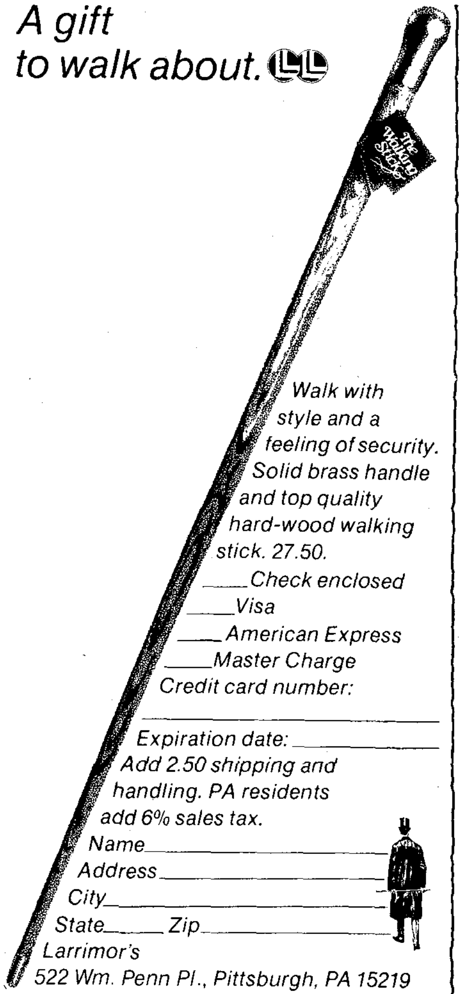

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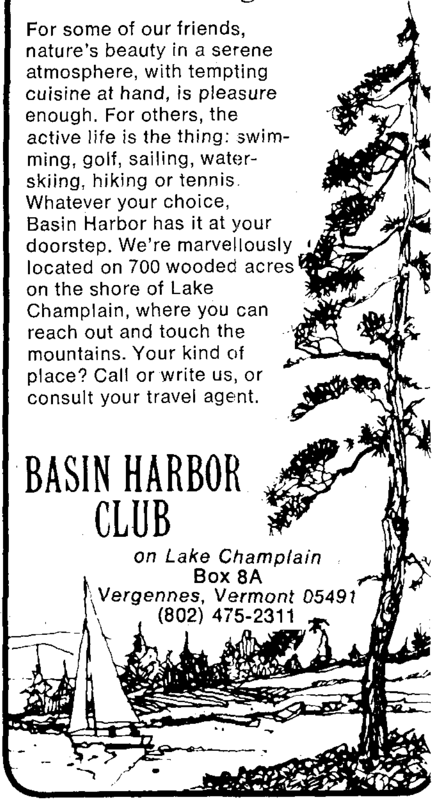
Cubans will try to put us in an even more awkward position than in Ethiopia," he said. "In Ethiopia, they were defending territorial integrity. In Rhodesia, they would be opposing white racism and apartheid. That gives added urgency to implementing the Anglo-American plan." That plan would supplant the "Salisbury agreement," reached by Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith and some Rhodesian black leaders, which provides for a transition period and for elections administered essentially by Smith and his security forces. The Anglo-American plan calls for Smith to relinquish power to a British administrator, and for elections supervised by the United Nations.

In the view of some in the government, there is a danger of producing a premature polarization of forces in Southern Africa. What Africans see as a liberation movement, this argument goes, we might view as an East-West struggle and thus help to make it one. There is also the danger that in our eagerness to ally ourselves with the "forces of change," and to keep the Soviets and the Cubans out, we can end up in an indiscriminate bidding contest for the favor of whoever seems to be on the march. And, as a matter of fact, the square dance over the Horn continues. The decision our government made was that we could be of no help to the Somalis while they were in the Ogaden, and that diplomatic representations should be made to the Soviet Union about the risks (whatever they were) if the Ethiopians crossed over into Somalia. On March 8th, the Somalis announced that they were withdrawing from the Ogaden, mainly because they were being badly beaten. Since then, officials have tried to keep a line open to the Ethiopians—have even told them we would permit the shipment of "non-lethal" military equipment that they had already purchased—in order to prevent them from allying themselves too closely with the Soviet Union, and at the same time have tried to work out arrangements with the Somalis whereby we would supply them with arms if they would forswear their irredentist policy (which as yet they have not agreed to do). One of the reasons for wanting to arm the Somalis is to keep *them* from turning to the Soviets once more. This leaves the questions of why a Soviet-Somali marriage would be any more successful than it was the first time; how the Soviets could sustain a relationship with both Ethiopia and Somalia; and what grounds we have for assuming that the Somalis, given more arms,



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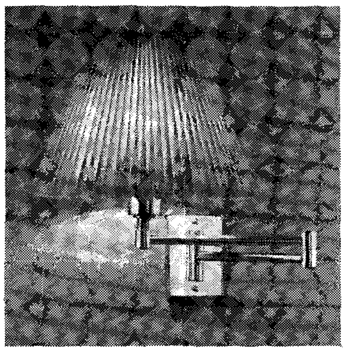

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ould behave, whatever they said. And hen the Kenyans are fearful of an inreasingly armed Somalia, because Somalia has historically claimed some Kenya territory, and the two countries re old enemies. And on it goes.

I talked with one of the President's omestic advisers as the first Horn crisis ttled down and the rearranging of ositions began. He said, "When the Russians start moving in there, the resident feels we cannot fail to let hem know that they can't do that without some risk to themselves. At the ame time, we're keeping in touch with he Ethiopian government and seeing ow they look at it. We can't be forced nto letting the Cubans and Russians ut us in a situation where we are acking people with untenable views. Then we can take a run at opposing utside interference from a higher round. With bumps and starts, that's where the thing is sort of headed. It's lso a damn good realpolitik way to ook at it."

I asked this man if the President elt we needed to face the Soviets down omewhere.

"He doesn't feel that that's a foreone conclusion," he replied. "He recgnizes it as a possibility, but he'll be amn sure that if we face someone own it will be on firmer ground than we were on in the Horn."

The strains within our government ver the specific instance of the Horn id not end with the Somali retreat. As the President flew from Brazil to Nigeria in late March, Brzezinski, board Air Force One, gave a backround briefing for the press—allowing imself to be identified only as "an Administration official"—in which he gave a new, highest-yet estimate of the number of Cuban troops in Ethiopia sixteen to seventeen thousand), and on the same day the State Department eleased a more conservative estimate at least fifteen thousand). And beore the President left on his trip, there was a terrific battle between the State Department and the N.S.C. staff over he tone of the speech that the President was to make in Lagos, Nigeria. The President was leaving on a Tuesday, and on the preceding Saturday drafts were going back and forth beween the two groups. Vance was tryng to moderate the President's remarks warning against outside interference in the affairs of the continent. He had some success. At one point, I'm told, the N.S.C. draft had the President sayng that we say to the "ideological scavengers" of the world, "Hands off Africa." The final draft of the speech

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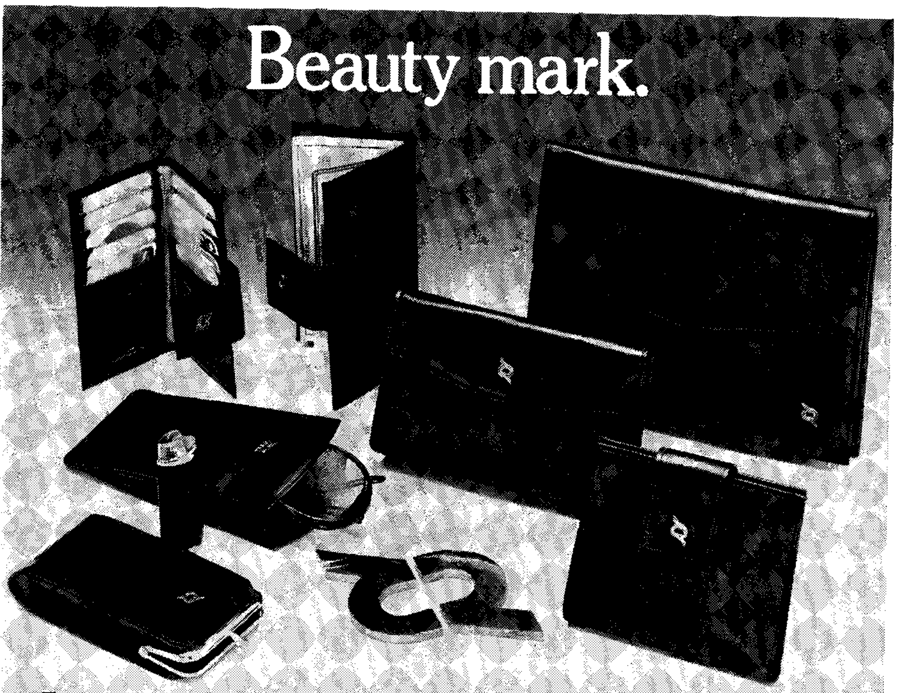

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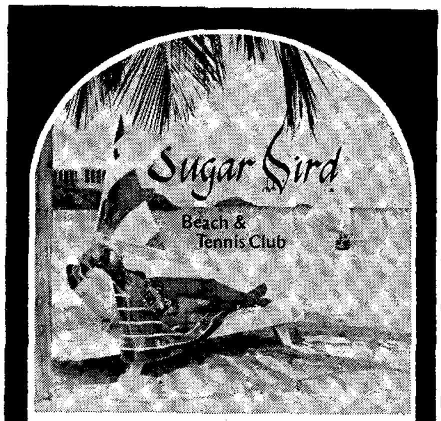

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was not agreed upon until the morning of the President's departure.

SINCE speeches are a device for establishing policy, the drafting of them frequently becomes the arena for struggles over a particular policy. It is a law of governing that he who makes the speech makes the policy; at least, he tries to. When the President makes a speech, policymakers compete to affect what he says. Inevitably, some maneuverings marked the preparation of the speech that the President gave on defense policy on March 17th at Wake Forest University. The speech was Brzezinski's idea, and it was drafted by an N.S.C. staff member. Brzezinski let it be known in the press that he was putting "bite" in it, that he had "toughened up" the speech, as part of his effort to, as he put it, "help stiffen the back of the Administration." The speech said, among other things, "Our strategic forces must be—and must be known to be—a match for the capabilities of the Soviets." It said, "We do not desire to intervene militarily in the internal domestic affairs of other countries, nor to aggravate regional conflicts. And we shall oppose intervention by others." It did talk about our desire for a mutual arms-limitation agreement, but it also said that "we must take other steps to protect the strategic balance." To many minds, including some within the government, it had the tone of early Kennedy ("We shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty"). Around the White House, some people later told me they realized that it was the sort of speech that might spur the military to seek increases in the defense budget. There was some worry within the Administration that the speech in fact provided arguments for the opponents of SALT. One of the President's associates said, "The Russians are building advanced missilery, building forces in Europe, playing games in Africa. Their efforts are not to be disregarded. They should not proceed on the theory that we won't respond. It was important to Presidential leadership for Americans to see that their President is aware of these things. But we have to be careful not to exaggerate it, and then have to live with the apprehensions that build up. That speech did not do so, I think, but some people might want to run with it for that purpose."

When I asked Brzezinski about the speech, he volunteered that it was reviewed twice, by both Vance and
Brown. Vance did see an early versio
of the speech and had a brief oppo
tunity to go over the final draft. (Tl
State Department did suggest a nun
ber of changes. It wanted the la
guage about Soviet intervention in loc
conflicts toned down, and it was, b
not to the degree that State sough
And Vance suggested that languag
about parity in weapons be changed
"essential equivalence." In the speec
this became "functional equivalence
Brzezinski says that "functional equi
alence" is a new phrase, and a ne
concept. He says, "I thought 'essenti
equivalence' didn't convey the poin
The term 'functional equivalenc
means that our weapons need not
identical or similar.") Brzezinski sa
he suggested early this year that tl
President give a defense speech, b
cause he had given speeches outlinin
his other foreign-policy views an
"what was missing was a speech abo
his role as Commander-in-Chief," ad
ing, "It wasn't so tied to our rece
problems with the Soviets, but in som
way the timing was felicitous."

Others explained to me that tl
speech was also designed to counter a
impression that might have been cause
by various actions the President ha
taken: the cancellation of the B-
bomber (there is some consternation i
the N.S.C. that people failed to notic
that at the same time he cancelled it h
approved the deployment of the Crui
missile); the postponement of develop
ment of a mobile missile (MX); th
pursuit of a strategic-arms-limitatio
agreement and also negotiations for
Comprehensive Test Ban and for th
demilitarization of the Indian Ocean
the discussions of anti-satellite arm
control. One N.S.C. person said t
me recently, "The people at the Arm
Control and Disarmament Agency un
derstood the number of initiatives t

nean that this would be the heyday of rms control. The speech was to corect that impression." Brzezinski aparently persuaded the President that ecause of the kinds of questions the resident had dealt with he was in anger of being seen at home and broad as too easygoing about questions f national security.

I asked Brzezinski not long ago how reat he felt the danger was that we ight appear to be weak.

He replied, "My own view is that ve probably do not appear weak to hose who have to think about it seriusly. But we might appear ambivalent. We haven't sent unambiguous signals hat we're weak, but we may have sent ignals that there is a disjunction beween our will and our power. Howver, if we were to continue to send Pollyanna-ish signals, then they might onclude that we're weak."

I asked him what he meant by "Pollyanna-ish signals."

"We've sent a number of signals—he B-1, negotiating on the Indian Ocean, not embarking on a defense uildup. If that continued, it could be nisunderstood. The speech helps."

In the spring of 1977, in fact, Hamlton Jordan identified a list of actions aken by the Administration, including ome of those mentioned by Brzezinski and also the negotiation of the Panama Canal treaties and the proposal to withdraw troops from Korea, that could make the President appear too "dovish" and cause him domestic political problems. The defense speech is said to have been well received by Jordan and some other domestic political advisers.

I asked Brzezinski about the statement "We shall oppose intervention by others" in the Wake Forest speech.

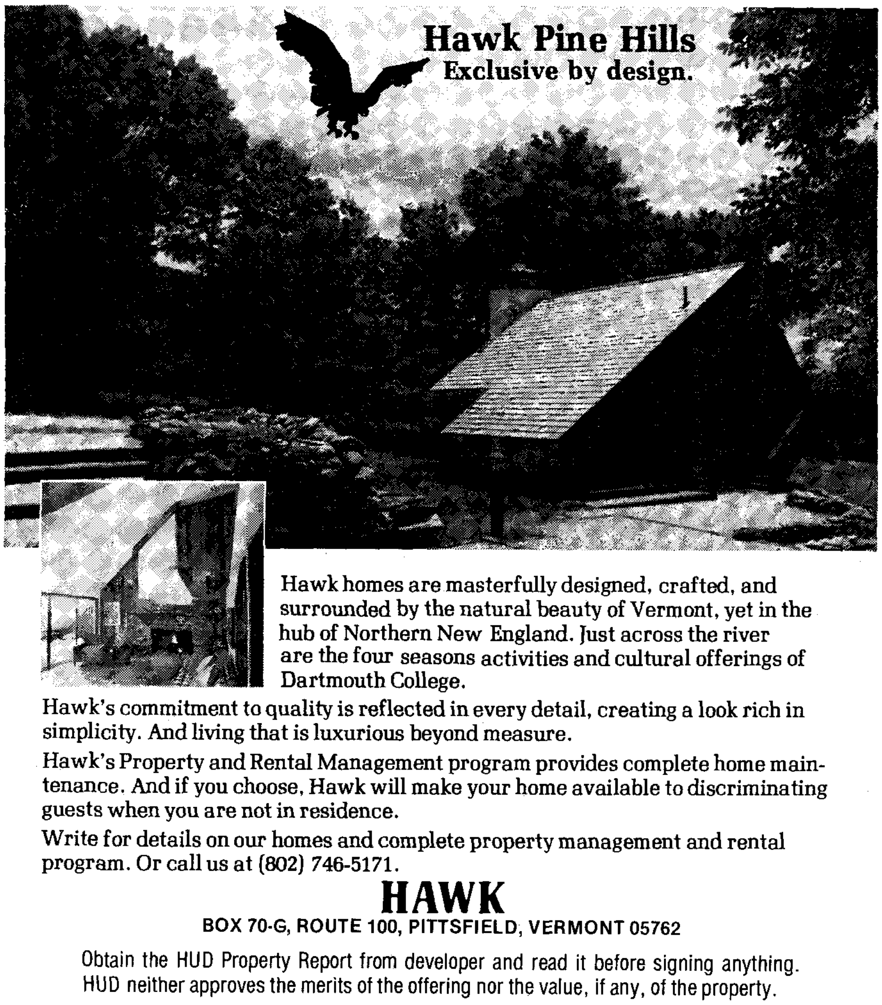
He replied, "That's a reaffirmation of something that has been taken for granted and perhaps has been assumed as no longer relevant."

"That at some point we may have to take strong action to oppose intervention?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "We could take strong action ourselves, including intervene, unless we can do it indirectly, by giving the countries concerned the means to deal with this intrusion."

I asked him about a statement in the speech that the United States was "improving and will maintain quickly deployable forces—air, land, and sea—to defend our interests throughout the world."

"That is a contribution we have made from here," Brzezinski replied. "More than a year ago, we were stressing the need for greater inde-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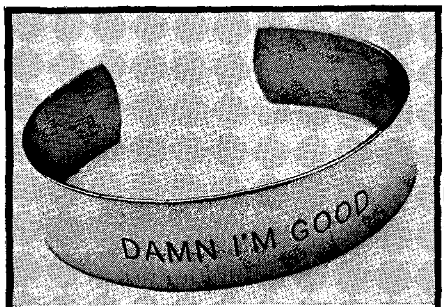

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by Dionne Cole

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pendence from the need for foreign bases, and the need for rapid deployment, so that we should not be dependent on a Maginot Line—the need to have forces that could be rapidly deployed to the Mideast, Africa, Asia. The President accepted this concept formally—that we should develop this capacity—and Harold Brown has been developing it for a year. The troops withdrawn from Korea will be restructured and retrained to be used with other divisions." In Brzezinski's mind, this is connected with his theory about overlapping imperial power and "Fashoda"s and his concern about our being preëmpted.

I asked Brzezinski then about something I'd read that he had said in an interview. He had said that the proposition that a nuclear war would mean the end of humanity was "baloney."

He replied, "It's inaccurate thinking to say that the use of nuclear weapons would be the end of the human race. That's an egocentric thought. Of course, it's horrendous to contemplate, but, in strictly statistical terms, if the United States used up all of its arsenal in the Soviet Union and the Soviet Union used all of its against the United States it would not be the end of humanity. That's egocentric. There are other people on the earth. I don't know if it's a good thing or a bad thing to say that this notion is wrong, but I know it is wrong factually."

A NUMBER of people within the Administration worry about the way foreign policy is made, and they are also concerned that an impression is being given to the nation and the world that the policy is not guided by steady hands. Some fluctuation is inevitable as policymakers respond to actions taken by other nations, but even within the Administration many people believe that the conduct of our foreign policy has been marked by a lack of equilibrium. Some of this is laid to early enthusiasms: plunging into policies that had not been thought through. Among the examples given of this are human rights, limitations on arms sales (of which it is now said that the early goals were "unrealistic"), and the first SALT proposals. In the case of SALT, the President, before his negotiators went to Moscow in March of 1977, announced at a press conference that we would offer a dramatic proposal for "substantial reductions" in the arsenals of both sides; he added that, as a "fallback," we would propose an agreement along the lines of that arrived at in Vladivostok in 1974, which set outer

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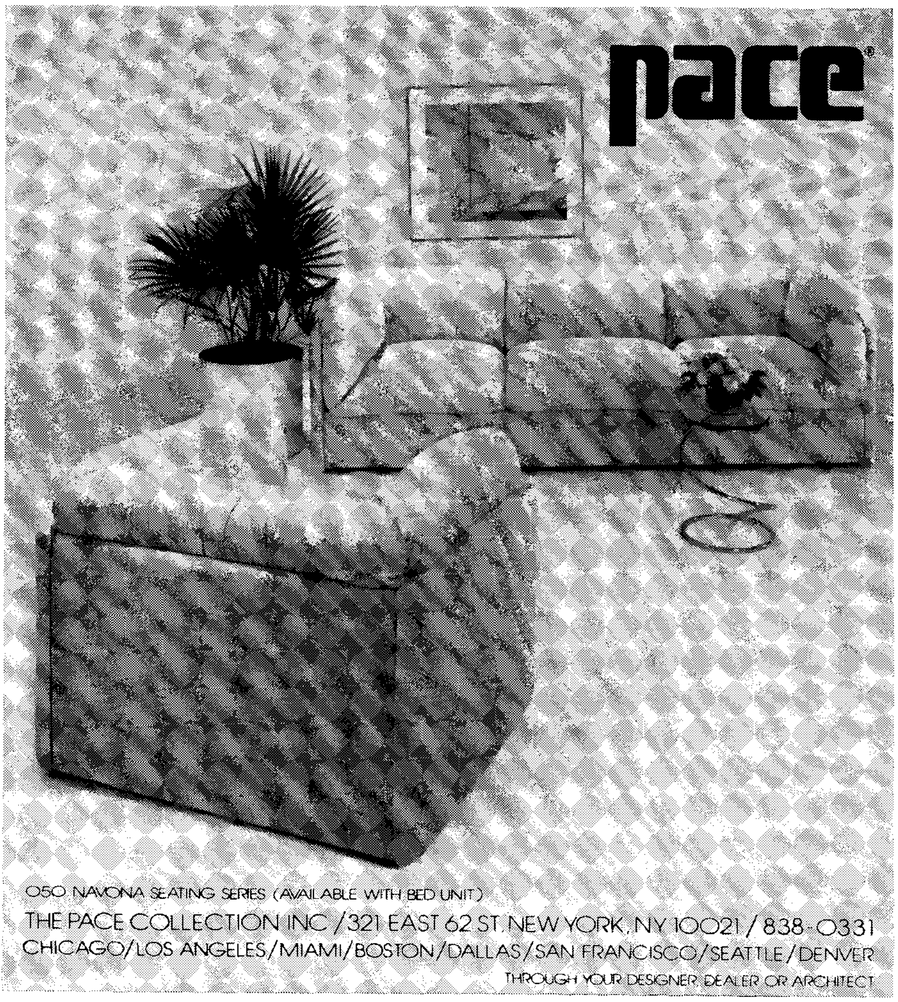
imits on both sides—limits that required neither side to make cuts. But the attention was on the more dramatic of the two proposals—the one for "substantial reductions"—which in fact, when it got to the details of which weapons were to be cut, asked that the Soviets make substantially more drastic cuts than the United States. Then, after holding fast to that proposal for a few weeks, the Administration changed course and went for something along the lines of the "fallback" position. Several people—inside the Administration and out—believe that the Administration set itself up for appearing to "back down" from a bold position, and that when it is time to seek Senate approval of a new SALT agreement the Administration is going to pay for having invested so much public capital and prestige in the proposal for substantial reductions. Carter believes in deep cuts in the weapons held by both sides; Brzezinski was apparently attracted by the political aspects of the proposal—both as a challenge to the Soviet Union and as a proposal that would win the approval of arms-control conservatives, which it did. The problem is that they did not think through the implications of announcing the proposal and then having it turned down and then retreating to the "fallback" position.

In the internal debating over both the nature and the timing of the SALT negotiations, Brzezinski was characterized by a number of people as being less inclined than Vance to try to reach an agreement by this spring or summer. The State Department view was that the negotiations should proceed to their conclusion, because of the precarious state of health of Leonid Brezhnev, the leader of the Soviet Union; because the Soviets were developing a new generation of weapons systems that a SALT agreement might keep them from deploying; and because there were any number of other reasons that postponement could result in the loss of an opportunity. Brzezinski was reported by several people to be unwilling to give the same emphasis to SALT, and Brown was said to be somewhere between Vance and Brzezinski. Brzezinski has been described by people who observed the process closely as seeing SALT not just as an end in itself but as a device for bringing pressure on the Soviets to do things we wanted them to. Brown's view was that if we could get a good SALT agreement it would be beneficial for us, because it could keep the arms race from proceeding and could free up funds that would otherwise have to be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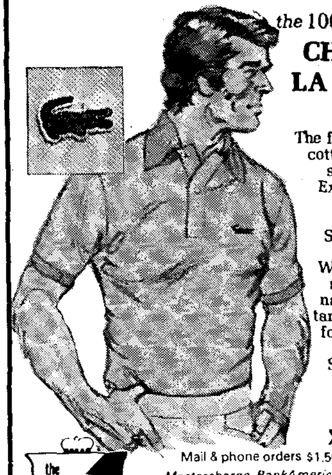

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spent on strategic weapons. One of the considerations of the White House, of course, was that, given the length of time it was taking to complete Senate action on the Panama Canal treaties, and given other constraints on the agenda of Congress this year, an election year, this was no year to ask the Senate to approve a SALT treaty. But at a White House meeting on March 2nd the President gave officials firm instructions to proceed to try to reach an agreement. (As it happens, Brzezinski made his "linkage" statement on the previous day.) The timing of the Senate debate on approval would be decided later, and Vance would go to Moscow to push the agreement toward conclusion. Then the internal argument became one over the instructions he would take with him. All this time, there was consternation within the government over the reluctance at the White House to come to grips with difficult decisions—decisions with both political and strategic implications—about our final positions. Shortly before Vance's trip to Moscow, the *Times* reported, "In recent days, some White House officials have been privately complaining to some journalists about the ability of Mr. Vance and some of his aides to deal with the Russians." The story went on to say that the "officials'" main concern is that Vance and his aides "are overly concerned about achieving a strategic-arms accord and are not prepared to press the Russians hard enough about their military involvement in the Horn of Africa and about other new Soviet moves."

Uncertainty seemed to guide the decision-making about whether to proceed with the production of the neutron warhead, and the President seemed to come out in the worst of all possible positions. This was his own doing. First, he agreed to go ahead with its production, and then, against the advice of the Defense and State Departments and the N.S.C., he decided this spring to halt its production, and then, when that decision came under attack within the Administration and in Congress and from some of our NATO allies (whose support for the warhead the Administration had been seeking), he announced that its production would be delayed and that the weapon would be a "bargaining chip" in the negotiations with the Soviet Union. Besides giving a public picture of uncertainty, the episode worked the President into a corner: if the Soviets chose not to trade, he would have to proceed with the production of a weapon that the world now knew he had earlier decided against, or he would have to appear to "back down."

A man in one of the departments, speaking about the fairly widespread worry in the government that foreign-policy decisions are made in an ad-hoc, sporadic way, said to me recently, "There is a tendency over at the White House to fly into things and take spot initiatives without thinking things through." He continued, "You should understand how you got into the situation." Some in the Administration express concern that decisions are made without much thought being given to the connections between a certain move and larger foreign-policy goals. Even those who concede that it is difficult to formulate consistent policy in a complicated world, where a number of powers can change the terms, say that there has been excessive confusion. One man who is in a high position in the government, and who has had prior government experience, says, "It's hard for people in the bureaucracy to carry out policy if they don't know what it is." High officials of both the Defense Department and the State Department say that they are often surprised by pronouncements that come either from Brzezinski or from the President. In order to govern, the President and his top associates need a certain degree of understanding and support of their policies by the bureaucracy. But the problem goes beyond even that. A number of those I have spoken with in the government talk of the need not just for the bureaucracy but also for the American people and other peoples of the world to have a clearer view of our goals. One man who understands a great deal about government says, "You don't get a policy through a speech, or even through the first few actions following that speech, but from consistent-minded people taking a series of consistent actions." The failure to establish clear policies is attributed not just to the style of Brzezinski but also to that of the President. One official said to me, after expressing his worry about the apparent "thrashing around" in foreign policy, "Carter and Brzezinski have a similarity in outlook and temperament. Instead of being able to hold conflicting thoughts in their heads about a given subject and come out with a blend, they hold all those conflicting thoughts, but what comes out is not a blend but a leaning this way and leaning that way. That explains the shifts in policy." One man who is quite close to the foreign-policy decision-making said to me, "I still can't read the President on foreign policy."

Several people, inside the Administration and out, express concern that the Administration speaks with too many voices on foreign policy, that often it seems that there are two Secretaries of State. They are quite troubled when, on the eve of the Secretary of State's trip to Moscow to negotiate an arms-control agreement, "White House officials" publicly suggest that he is not up to dealing with the Russians. They are given pause by the picture of a national-security adviser who goes about letting it be known that he is putting "bite" in and "toughening" the Administration's policy. Of course, advertising oneself as the one who is "tough" on the Communists can be a way of establishing political security. (Brzezinski also tries to deflect criticism of the way he is handling his job by suggesting that it comes from "ideological" motives.) There are other "hard-line" voices within the Administration. And, in any event, the old "hard-line"/"soft-line" dichotomy is misleading. The real issue, as it has been described to me over and over again, is between two kinds of "toughness": combative toughness as against measured toughness, and the latter is not to be confused with uncritical acceptance of Soviet moves. It is not a question of Brzezinski's views; it is a question of his temperament and of his judgment. One longtime observer of foreign policy says, "We need officials who are firm and wary in dealing with the Soviet Union; the last thing we need is an official who is impulsive and excitable in dealing with them." Brzezinski is not the first national-security adviser to step into a public policymaking role. There will always be divisions among a President's advisers, and some will become public, but when it comes to questions of foreign policy the implications can be quite serious. Others, who do not wish us well, are taking our measure. Several observers have reservations about the way the role of the national-security adviser has developed. The role has been shaped as much by the way Presidents have conceived it as it has by the men who have filled it. Many of those who are concerned about the nature of the job say that whoever holds it should be an "honest broker"—someone who communicates the views of the departments

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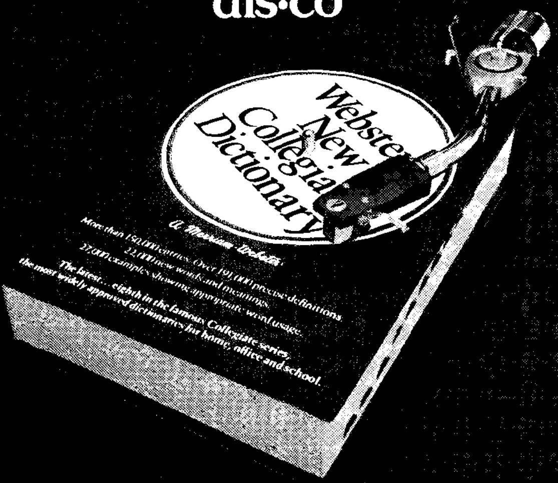
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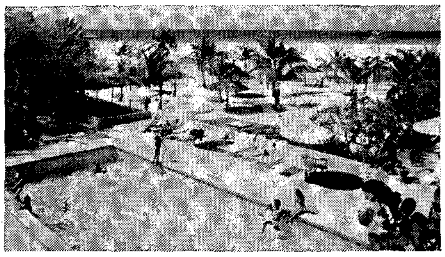

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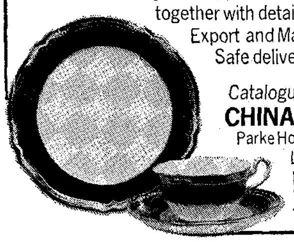

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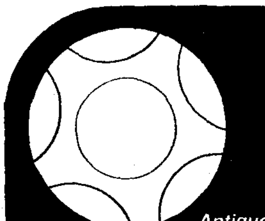

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to the President and presents alternatives to him—and also that he should not be a separate public spokesman on foreign policy. A President does need someone to help mediate among the conflicting interests of the State and Defense Departments, each of which has its own clients (countries, military services); to see to it that the President's interests are represented in policy considerations; and to offer the President independent judgment. These people argue that the person who holds that job should not be an intellectual neuter, a clerk, but neither should he have strong views—irrespective of what they are—which he presses upon the President and which predispose him to give a certain response to most situations. A President, it is argued, does not have the time to sort out all the factors that may be feeding what his key adviser is telling him. This is one of those areas in which it is impossible to draw a line but it is possible to know when one has been crossed.

Even some of the President's advisers feel that the Administration is trying to do too much in foreign policy, that it is being drawn into the very chaos that Brzezinski describes and says it is our role to prevent. They are disturbed by what they see as impatience, an inability to let some things just happen. People who are inclined to react suddenly and strongly can lead their governments into situations that those governments need not get into. History tells us that nations can cause themselves to be drawn into confrontations that they did not seek or that were not necessary. Some people in the Administration wonder, on the basis of the record so far, how well equipped this Administration will be to handle a fast-breaking foreign-policy crisis. They are aware that we haven't had to face a real crisis yet. —ELIZABETH DREW

•

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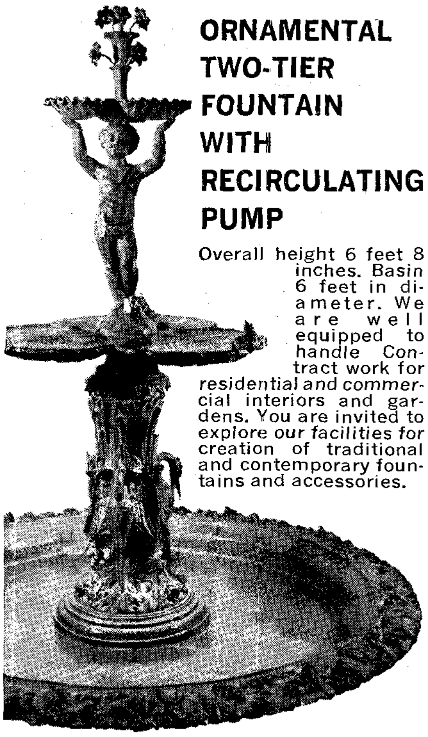
C'mon, Eve, this is America.



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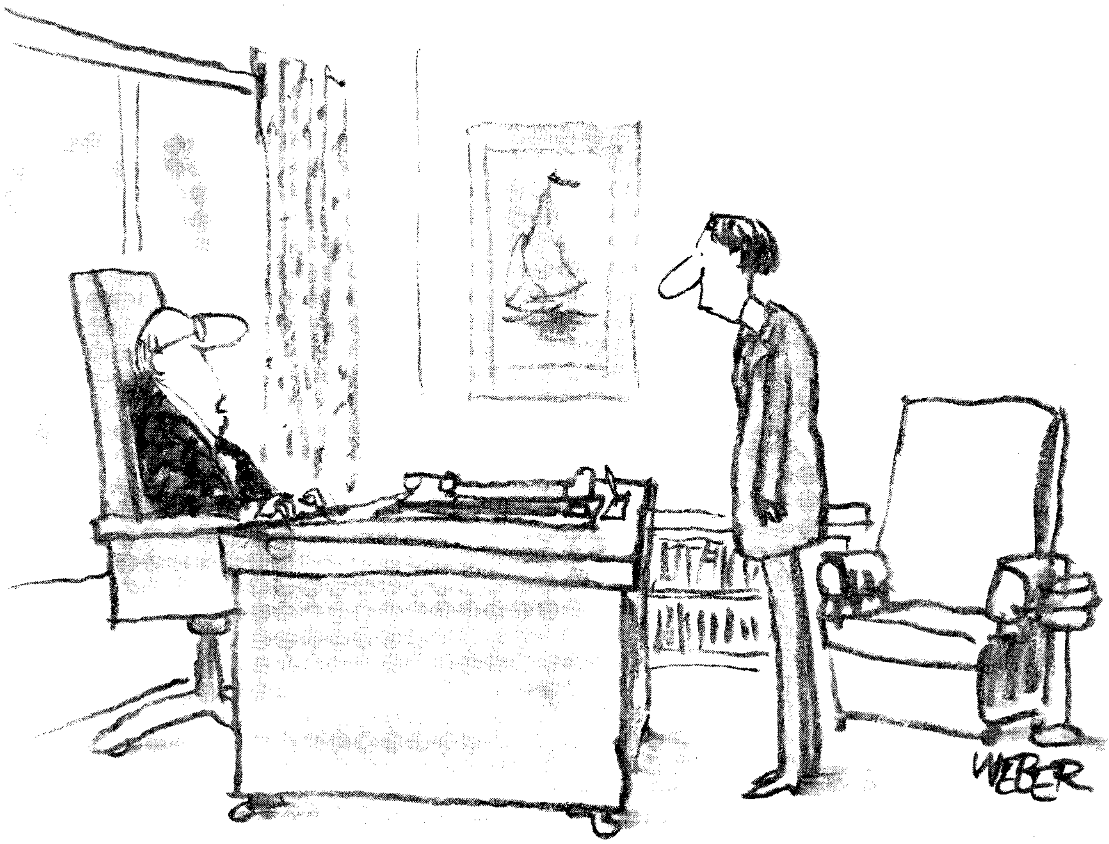
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Foreigners

NOSTALGIA for recent decades? It is the box-office given of films like James Bridges' 'September 30, 1955," commemoratng the day of the death of James Dean, and Martin Scorsese's "The Last Waltz," commemorating actual ock-and-roll stars of the sixties; but he notion makes no sense. Even apart rom the misuse of language—"nosalgia" means, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, "a form of melanholia caused by prolonged absence rom one's home or country"—no one who has lived through the fifties or the ixties can really be eager to return to uch decades.

Scorsese is an interesting director, but he has come a cropper with "The Last Waltz." The sound itself is a nightmare. It is so revved up that it makes one feel like somebody trapped n an overheated twenty-four-track-tereo biscuit box. The effect is exactly aught—no doubt by accident—in an off-camera remark by the producer of he film, Robbie Robertson. He is talkng about the last concert performance of The Band, at Winterland, where they had first performed as a big rock act, in 1969. Their farewell performance was in 1976. So hort is the span of such lies. The remark is admiring about the event chosen for meditation by Scorsese: "There was a trange feeling in the air, there was a sense of emptiness, or something." No, not something. Emptiness. Just emptiness. Incoherence. Noise, not sound. Scorsese intervenes—too ittle—in the film of the concert to talk to the members of The Band. There is a predictable amount of comment from the interviewed along the ines of "Kind of we didn't know where we were going, we didn't know where it was it." The film is all very glossily photographed—by Michael Chapman, along with six other directors of photography. It revels in euphemistic cheap sentiment about a man in the music business who "passed away." It honors a prank told to us by a member of The Band in celebratory remembrance, about turning a cigarette machine upside down to get some smokes out. It knows nothing about music, or else it wouldn't for so long loudly and uncritically indulge the indifferent. Scorsese repeatedly shows us, in his overemphatic sound, a picture of men yelling complaints about loneliness while they are in a crowd. There is a shot of three heads bawling "Helpless, helpless" at one another as if they were at a dentist's with the drill going and were three attacked teeth. Maybe Scorsese means to demonstrate thoughtfulness about his subject, but none shows. His film seems endless, because it is unrelieved by quizzicality. It is full of romanticized shots of its rock stars, these furies and demons with electric guitars and back-lit hair. Now and again, he seems to be making the point that The Band's way of life was bone-crushing; but then the point vanishes, submerged in a wash of decibels. Scorsese has committed the old satiric mistake of gracing what he presumably wants to question. "The Last Waltz" is a technically accomplished film that begs its purpose by adopting homesickness for young days that are obviously not really to be hankered after.

"SILVER BEARS" is a whimsical thriller, in the English Ealing-comedy vein of tight-little-island. In this case, it is tight-little-bank, and is not English at all. The gifted Czech filmmaker Ivan Passer, who directed the wonderful "Intimate Lighting," has made a picture written by Peter Stone and with a cast including Michael Caine, Stéphane Audran, Louis Jourdan, David Warner, Tom Smothers, and Martin Balsam. These are some of the people that the system calls "bankable." A clutch of them will be brought together by independent producers and sold to a studio—in this case, Columbia—in what is called a package deal. The result is always what can only be called a producers' picture, and the flat message of it is that producers should stay the hell out. Their moneybags glitter. They glitter in the screenplay of this film, which is—appropriately—about money. Only producers and backers could think it fascinating to make such a picture, which is riveted by the silver market. Only producers and backers could think of casting David Warner and Stéphane Audran as a pair of silky *Persian* schemers, sister and brother. Only producers and backers could be impressed



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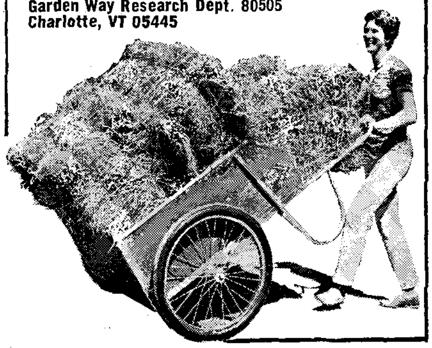

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by the idea of the social status of the idler played by Louis Jourdan, who is some sort of Italian prince and likes being called "Prince." His great-great-grandfather, we are told, was a pope. This is one of the screenplay's jokes: one of the jokes that pass for worldly-wise. He breaks a couple of three hundred antique ballroom chairs to feed the fire in front of which it pleases him to sit and mime grand opera. Another joke. The leading joke of the film is an extended one about a Swiss bank. Martin Balsam as Joe Fiore, the head of a powerful Las Vegas syndicate, wants a bank in Europe as a cover, and the English-born accountant played by Michael Caine, one of Fiore's operators, is sent to Lugano to buy one. Lugano is characterized as a town of chocolates and banks. The bank that Fiore buys turns out to be a bank over a pizzeria. Joke. This is no suitable bank for a producers' film, and so there is soon a second, very grand bank, called the International Bank of Sicily and America in Switzerland. Joke. It is opened with much show of black ties and the appearance, with a hunk of silver, of the Iranian played by Stéphane Audran. There is a great deal of producers'-film talk about loan collateral and so on. There is also a great deal of poor farce in the music, in the fun made of an overdressed and overshampooed American wife, in the caricature of English financiers, and in the frolicsome camerawork. Underneath all the jokery lies a very good director, who may have got lost through modesty and the need to find his way in a strange country.

PHILIPPE DE BROCA's "Dear Detective" is a rather silly film—silly in the French tradition of friskiness—but is to be seen on account of the brisk comic performances by Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret. Annie Girardot is particularly fine. Since we saw her in films like Visconti's "Rocco and His Brothers," she has aged with distinction, beauty, and true glamour, and without cunning from makeup people. She plays a cop with a small daughter whose estranged father has to be reminded of the child's longings at times like her birthday. Lise Tanquerelle—Annie Girardot—is on the trail of the assassin of three French Deputies who have been killed within three days. Antoine Lemercier—Philippe Noiret—plays an eager eater and oratorio singer who keeps hurting his knee while he is in the midst of encountering Mme. Tanquerelle. Unsurprisingly, he finds himself in love with her. Unsurprisingly, she finds a pharmacist for him.

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It is the job of Mme. Tanquerelle, wearing a holster and a neutral-colored suit and eternally running, to track down the murderer. She does it with scripted efficiency but directed haplessness. Her character is muddled by de Broca, working from a script by himself and Michel Audiard which was based on a novel by Jean-Paul Rouland and Claude Olivier. She is a professional woman of forty-odd, and this is supposed to be a grownup film for the sort of people who have always accepted women as professional equals; there is hardly need to show her forever scurrying in high heels, or grinning so girlishly over sheets when she has taken off her clothes, or driving her car with supposedly funny deadeyed skill in a film in which, by a folly of a twist, the male drives with deadly amateurishness. Too much play is made of this running of Mme. Tanquerelle's, of her stopping in the midst of her cop activities to get her hair done, of what men think of her hair while she is doing her best to get on with a job, of a fragrant granny of the child, wearing curlers and a hairnet and remaining perpetually astonished by the working daughter. If one felt inclined to—which one doesn't about such a buoyant film—one could write a treatise on the received ideas of professional women which are inherent in the astonished and condescending way this picture treats the notion of a woman directing a police department. It is all the more ironic that such a thing should happen to an actress like Annie Girardot, established in a profession where women were taken to be equals long before they were in other jobs. One thinks of Duse. Girardot is good enough to give rise to the thought.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

Cincinnati (AP)—The Cincinnati Zoo, already boating the national record for gorillas born in captivity, has reported its 10th such birth.

Zoo officials said the boby born yesterday was well and was being cared for by its mohter. Zookeepers said they have not been able to get close enough to determine the sex of the boy.—*The Post.*

They must have been *fairly* close.

•

The Forklift Traditions of the Balkan and Chinese communities will be the focus of the Ethnic Folklife Festival II at International House, 3701 Chestnut St., the weekend of Feb. 4-5.—*Cherry Hill (N.J.) Lakes Shopper's Guide.*

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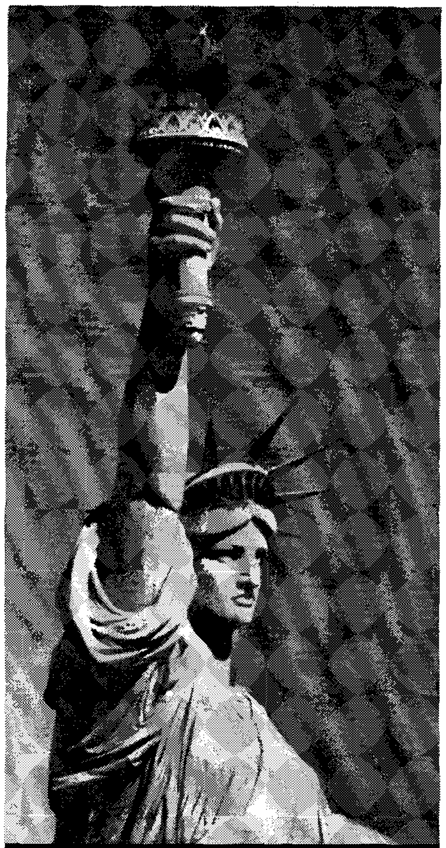

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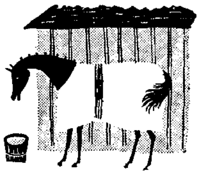

MOST of the crowd of nearly forty-five thousand who watched the easy victory of Louis Wolfson's Affirmed in the $284,750 Hollywood Derby the Sunday before last left the track of the lakes and flowers at Inglewood convinced that they'd seen the winner of the hundred-and-fourth Kentucky Derby, which will be run at Louisville on the first Saturday in May. Surprisingly, nine three-year-olds came out for the event, at a mile and a furlong. The wonder jockey Steve Cauthen stepped the big, handsome chestnut—a son of Exclusive Native—out of the starting gate on his toes, and he led throughout, running the nine furlongs in 1:48⅕, to win by two lengths from Think Snow, with Radar Ahead third, three lengths away. Affirmed paid a $2.60 mutuel. Barring the unforeseen, he won't pay much better than that in the Kentucky classic. A colt that I thought finished well was Balzac, trained by Charlie Whittingham and ridden by Shoemaker. He was last away and finished fourth. As might be expected, Laz Barrera, who trains Affirmed, was bubbling over with joy after the race, as he had been after the Santa Anita Derby on April 2nd. On that occasion, he said, "The way he ran today, he was the equal of Secretariat. I don't say he is better than Secretariat, but he is as good." That's a large order, but it's hard to look beyond Affirmed. He was rated the best two-year-old last season and has trained well, winning his four starts this year. I doubt if there will be more than fourteen runners at Louisville—just enough to fill the starting gate. No doubt it will be a roughly run race, for every horse and its rider will be going all out from the start. Someone once said the band that plays the field to the post with "My Old Kentucky Home" should play "Anything Goes" instead. Anyhow, the horse that leads around the first turn has the best chance. Good racing luck to them. A week after the Hollywood race, Affirmed was shipped to Louisville, where he will remain until the Derby. Calumet's Alydar is at Keeneland at Lexington, and there is little likelihood of his meeting Affirmed

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in the Blue Grass Stakes. At nine furlongs, it would be a hard race for Affirmed and would be bound to upset Barrera's schedule. Alydar is favored to win the Blue Grass.

THE inevitable pre-Derby surprise popped up in the running of the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct last Saturday, when the Hickory Tree Stable's Believe It, who had recently been beaten twice by Alydar and once by Sensitive Prince, came from far back in the early running and, sweeping past the leaders in the last turn, won by three and a half lengths. Darby Creek Road, whose trainer, Lou Rondinello, thinks he's good at longer distances, was second. Track Reward was third and Slap Jack fourth. All the horses carried the Triple Crown weight of a hundred and twenty-six pounds. Believe It covered the nine furlongs in 1:49⅘, only a fifth of a second slower than Seattle Slew's time last year.

LAST Saturday, too, Redmond C. Stewart, Jr.'s, Ben Nevis II easily won the Grand National point-to-point race at Butler, Maryland, for the second consecutive year. He was ridden by Stewart's son-in-law, Charles C. Fenwick, Jr., who is also Ben Nevis II's trainer. It was the twelfth victory in a row for the English-bred ten-year-old gelding. This time, he won by three lengths from Still In All, ridden by his owner, H. Turney McKnight, Jr. A point-to-point race is a good gallop over open hunting country. The course is marked with flags, and the fences are timber—stiffer than those in a race-track infield, and a good test of a jumper. Ben Nevis II, they say, is one of the best jumpers seen in years. He is not for sale.

SEATTLE SLEW, 1977's Triple Crown winner, is at Belmont Park, training briskly for the Metropolitan Handicap on Memorial Day.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Sprinkled with former seminarians, a graduate in Buddhist studies, an erstwhile French actor and several Reagan-scarred public interest veterans along with the usual lawyers and businessmen, Brown's regime was the political soap opera story that plausibly asked the old question: whether unconventional, non-establishment figures suddenly come to power would dominate the system, or vice-versa. In Brown's case, at least, the answer is no.—*Roger Morris in The New Republic.*

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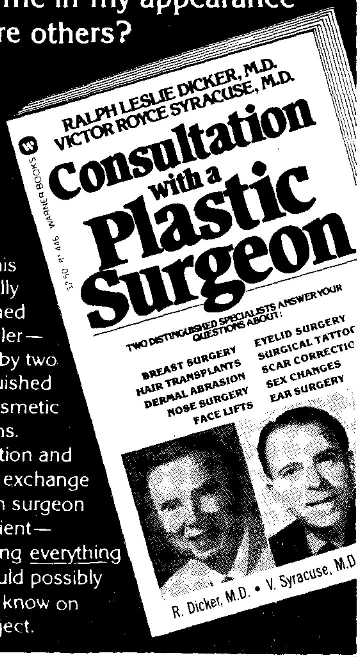
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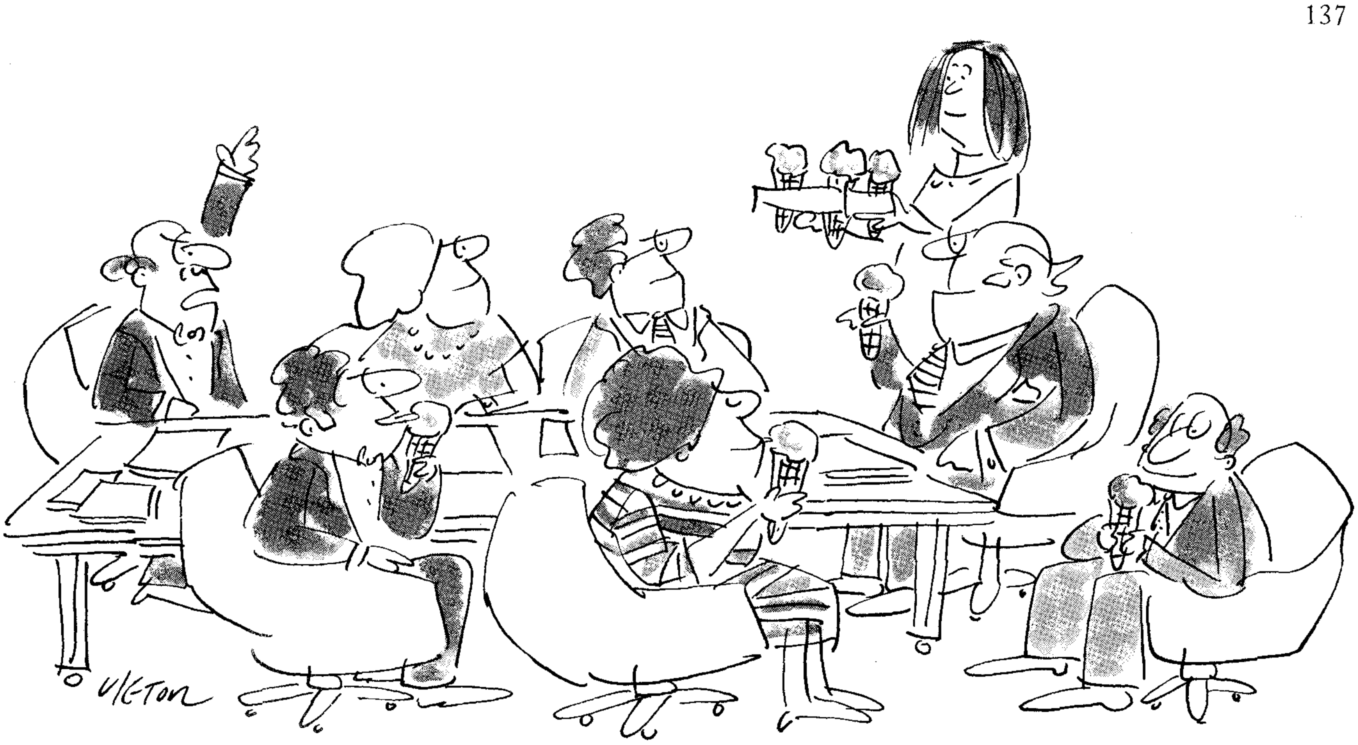
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mary in Virginia

Thea Musgrave's third full-length opera, "Mary, Queen of Scots," given its first performances at the Edinburgh Festival last year by Scottish Opera, which commissioned it, was given its first American performances last month by the Virginia Opera Association, in Norfolk. It is an interesting, affecting, and important work, successful on many counts: as a poetic drama, as a presentation of characters and conflicts, as a study of history, as a long stretch of imaginative and excellently written music, and as a music drama in which words, sounds, spectacle, and action conspire to stir a listener's mind and emotions. In short, it succeeds as a show, as a score, and as that fusion of both which creates good opera. In Britain today, the piece can also serve a social purpose, reminding people of what since 1603 they have been increasingly apt to forget: that Scotland is a country with a proud, independent history and culture of its own. Scottish independence of Westminster's lawmakers in several important fields is a matter of current political debate; while "Mary, Queen of Scots" is unlikely to ignite spontaneous demonstrations of popular patriotic feeling—of the kind provoked by Verdi's early operas in Risorgimento Italy, and Auber's "Masaniello" in Brussels—it does perhaps make an emotional contribution to that debate. Musgrave may be one of Shelley's unacknowledged legislators. Scottish nationalism is hardly a burning issue in Norfolk (though perhaps more there than elsewhere in this country, since Norfolk's Old Dominion University has an active Institute of Scottish Studies). But wherever it is done "Mary" has the distinction of dealing with serious events in a serious way. Its kinship is thus with Verdi's "Don Carlos" rather than with Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda;" moreover, it sticks closer to history than does Verdi's opera (which has Mary's sister-in-law as its heroine and one of the men she thought to marry as its protagonist). Like "Don Carlos"—and like Britten's "Gloriana"—"Mary" has both court scenes and popular crowd scenes. The people are brought on not solely to provide a colorful supporting chorus—although, of course, from the entertainment point of view they also serve that function. The responsibilities of rulers, the weal or woe caused by their decisions, the relation between their wills and desires and those of the people constitute one theme of the piece. The reception that "Mary" has been accorded, in Edinburgh (and then in Newcastle, Wolverhampton, and Glasgow, where Scottish Opera also did it) and in Norfolk, where it played five times to full houses, has been warmer than that most new operas win. Julius Rudel has announced his interest in adding it to the New York City Opera repertory.

The libretto is the composer's own, based on an unpublished play, "Moray," by Amalia Elguera, the librettist of her previous opera, "The Voice of Ariadne." The action opens in 1561, the year in which Mary, the eighteen-year-old Queen Dowager of France, returned to Scotland to assume her Scottish throne, and it closes in 1568, with Mary's departure for England, disgraced, dishonored, and uncrowned. Nineteen years as Elizabeth's prisoner, the plotting, the Norfolk conspiracy, Fotheringhay lie in the future. Those seven eventful years in Scotland saw Mary's marriage to the handsome, worthless Darnley, heir to both the Scottish and the English thrones; the rebellion of her bastard half brother Lord James, the Earl of Moray; the murder of the Italian minstrel David Riccio; the birth of James the future king of Scotland and England (for whom Jamestown, just up the James River from Norfolk, Virginia, is named); the murder of Darnley; Mary's rape by and marriage to his assassin, the Earl of Bothwell; her forced abdication; Moray's assumption of the regency—matter enough for a single opera. Musgrave's Mary is a role for a shining young soprano surrounded by male voices—Moray is a baritone, Bothwell a robust tenor, Darnley a lyric tenor, and Riccio a bass-baritone, and there are four other male roles of some importance—and her "Mary" is a drama about an intelligent, impetuous young queen and the three ambitious men each of whom hopes through her to rule Scotland. The first act closes with a ball at Holyrood. Against the background of a madrigal sung by Riccio and Mary's four attendant Maries, the Queen observes in turn Bothwell, Moray, and Darnley ("The three stars of my firmament/Which, which should I follow?"), and they her. She makes her disastrous choice of Darnley (In the words of Swinburne's biography, "passion alone could shake the double fortress of her impregnable heart and ever-active brain.") Moray and Bothwell wait. At the heart of Ac II is a powerful, extended duet for Mary and Moray, preceded by an aria for Moray ("Now I shall rule!") followed by an aria for Mary, who has dismissed her brother ("Alone, alone I stand alone"). After her aria, the madrigal of Act I is resumed for a while, and then cut short by the irruption of Riccio's murderers. Act III starts tenderly, with Mary singing a lullaby over her newborn child, and then follow in a rapid melodramatic sequence Bothwell's rude wooing, a duel between him and Moray, and a telescoped finale of Mary's cruel rejection by her people, Moray's assumption of power, Mary's farewell to Scotland, and—an anticipation of a later event, and possibly a miscalculation, since it packs too much into a few measures, takes the focus off Mary, and is unnecessary to the drama—the assassination of Moray.

Those are but a few of the scenes. Musgrave has given her libretto the dramatic form, the swift, flexible, and various gait, of a Shakespeare history play. The scenes are continuous; a staging is called for that will allow characters in Edinburgh to walk off on one side of the stage while on the other characters in Leith advance. This libretto, the composer has written, once drafted, remained in preliminary outline and was not worked out in detail until the music was being composed. There is a sure congruence between musical and theatrical proportions. Each episode has just enough words and just enough action to allow a full yet economical musical development. Nothing goes on too long. Dramatic and musical pacing, transitions, variety of tension, of texture, and of density, contrasts of expansive lyricism and quick-moving music are controlled in a masterly way. So is the exposition of the plot—conveying the necessary narrative information that older composers treated in secco recitative. Musgrave always plans a piece clearly and carefully. Thirteen years ago, writing in *The Musical Quarterly*, I said, "There is a vein of clear common sense in her musical personality. . . . It is as if she has regarded each new discovery of our times with a coolly appraising eye, and then taken possession of such elements of it as can enhance her already considerable skills. Her intentions are always clear." That seems to me to be still true, but far too



"While the committee is pausing, I wonder if we couldn't discuss why we always have to get butter-brickle cones."

• •

cool. Everything Musgrave says and does is so sane, so lucid, so intelligent—since I wrote those sentences she has worked wisely and effectively with electronic music, with aleatory devices, with peripatetic instrumentalists and fashionable deployments in space—that the listener struck primarily by her patent abilities may well miss her veins of romance, ambition, and poetic inspiration. Whenever I have been bowled over, carried away, by a Musgrave composition—as I was by "Mary, Queen of Scots"—it has nearly always been at second and subsequent hearings, once first-encounter admiration of her sheer competence, her effortless matching of means to ends and of demands to the executants for whom she wrote, has been registered and can be taken for granted.

A first hearing of "Mary" was enough to make it apparent how profitably Musgrave has pondered the problems of writing contemporary opera and found her solutions to them. Her debts are as unconcealed as were Mozart's, Verdi's, and Britten's; they consist not in copying but in finding suggestions, inspiration, and pointers to ways of treating a situation. When writing "Peter Grimes," Britten drew sustenance from Verdi, Debussy, and Berg. "Mary" owes something to Debussy, much to Monteverdi, and much to Shakespeare, and in some ways it is a companion piece to "Gloriana," that noble opera about Mary's English cousin. Darnley's wooing song recalls, in function if not in actual notes, Essex's lute song. Both operas contain a suite of sixteenth-century court dances counterpointed by keen, personal commentary that cuts through the antique harmonies—at once an attractive "period" spectacle and a potent dramatic device. At a second hearing, I found myself forgetting the careful planning, the parallels, the influences, and instead caring very much about Mary herself—move by move, event by event—and being at the same time rapt in the music, intent on the movement of the melodic lines, calmed or excited by the shifting patterns of harmonic tension, and stirred by the colors of the score. There is a visionary quality in "Mary." The very start—where a motif associated with Mary clusters into shimmering, troubled string chords, and the tune "The Bonny Earl of Moray" marches in upon them—is a musical vision of the drama to come. One's first sight of Mary, a tall, lonely figure wrapped in swirling mists, come to take possession of her Scottish kingdom while across the waters there drifts the song in which Ronsard mourned her departure from France, and one's last sight of her, a tall, lonely figure leaving behind her people, her kingdom, and her son, are visions for which Musgrave has found eloquent music.

I DID not see the Scottish production. It is hard to imagine "Mary" better done than it was in Norfolk. The title role, created in Edinburgh by Catherine Wilson, might have been written for Ashley Putnam, the Norfolk interpreter, so well does it suit her, and she it. Miss Putnam cannot be much older than the character she plays. She is tall, as Mary was, and beautiful. She is a commanding actress, with expressive features, a clever sense of timing, and the power to make men hang on her glance uncertain whether she will break into a sudden smile or a proud rebuke. She is the Mary of Swinburne's biography who "beside or behind the voluptuous or intellectual attractions of beauty and culture . . . had about her the fresher charm of a fearless and frank simplicity." Musgrave gives her heroine many chances—to be commanding, yielding, merry, melancholy, tender, severe, brave, broken—and Miss Putnam seized them all. The role is written very high, but her voice seems to flower more fully the higher it goes. Moray's role is written high, too, but Jake Gardner, who also sang it in Scotland, had its repeated F's, F-sharps, and climactic G's well within his voice. It could be objected that he cut too gallant, too dashing a figure for the ruthless politician and looked not at all like the gloomy, long-nosed Stewart that Hans Eworth painted. Against that, it might be claimed that, at any rate in an opera, political matter is most effectively conveyed with romantic ardor. Mr. Gardner is another very good actor. (The two principals are by way of being local heroes. Miss Putnam made her début

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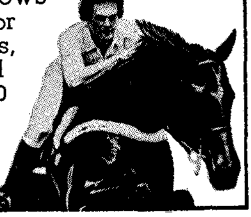

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with the Virginia Opera, in 1976, as Lucia di Lammermoor; Mr. Gardner came to national attention with his Norfolk Germont, in 1975, and returned the next year as Rossini's Figaro.) Jon Garrison was vivid as the dissolute Darnley. Barry Busse, in timbre and manner something like a smaller, slighter Jon Vickers, did not quite carry the weight and force for Bothwell, but he very nearly did. Kenneth Bell's Riccio was subtle and precise. David Farrar, the director, and Peter Mark, the conductor, achieved from all their cast a performance in which the details were sharp and exact and the whole was wonderfully impressive. With a few well-proportioned scenic elements—a jutting forestage platform, a raked and flared main stage, two galleries, a drop curtain and, for the Queen's supper room, hangings based on Mary's own embroideries, and a romantic backcloth—Miguel Romero housed the action in sets that were good to look at and dramatically effective. Alex Reid's costumes, borrowed from Scottish Opera, were authentic and very handsome. Martin Ross's lighting was supple and skillful. Wendy Hilton's choreography combined authenticity with dramatic aptness. The chorus, nearly forty strong, had been carefully prepared. Mr. Mark's orchestra—forty-four choice players, largely from the Norfolk Symphony—was excellent. The Norfolk Center Theatre, city-owned, a W.P.A. building, holds more than twice as many people as Glyndebourne. In other ways, this "Mary" was rather like a Glyndebourne performance—one in which all the elements come together to provide a gripping and complete account of an opera.

It was a remarkable achievement by any standards, and an astonishing one for so young a company. The town itself seemed "Mary"-mad; no one could be there and not know the opera was going on. An international conference on Scottish studies, devoted to Mary, Queen of Scots, and a regional conference of the Central Opera Service were both held in Norfolk to coincide with the production. The Virginia Opera Association began in 1975, with two performances of "La Bohème" and two of "La Traviata." (I reviewed the latter production in these pages, and wrote of the evident local enthusiasm for the venture—and of Mr. Gardner's beautiful baritone.) Its 1975-76 season brought three performances each of three productions; the 1976-77, four each of three. This season, "But-

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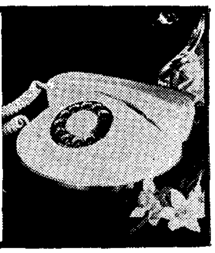

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rfly" had four performances, "Così"
x (two of them in Richmond), and
Mary" five. The early history of Scot-
h Opera was rather similar: it began
1962, with productions of "Butter-
/" and "Pelléas." But soon, in a the-
re seating fewer than Norfolk's, it
as doing "Otello," "Boris," "The
rojans," and Henze's "Elegy for
oung Lovers." In 1971, it put on a
mplete "Ring" cycle. And now it is
year-round company, with an opera
use of its own, holding fifteen hun-
ed and sixty, and makes regular tours
Scotland and England. "Mary" is
t one of several new operas it has
mmissioned and brought to perform-
ce. Virginia is larger than Scotland—
ten thousand square miles. It has
ther fewer inhabitants, but rather
ore if one adds in Washington. How-
er, it is unprofitable to pursue the
rallels. Things are too different. To
e visitor, Norfolk seems a strange
wn. Most of its center has been
zed; in 1975 it was and today it still
a wilderness of concrete, tar, and
ttened rubble with a few isolated
uses and churches left standing in the
iddle and some modern monster
ildings around the edges. A few of us
ho wanted to gather and talk after
e opera found that the only place
en within easy walking distance was
e bus-terminal café—neon-lit, noisy,
iendly enough, but not quite what we
d in mind. May opera exert its civi-
ing powers. May the "mall," run-
ng through a few blocks of the cen-
r which have not been demolished,
ossom with bistros and late-night
fés. Next season, the bill is conven-
nal—"Carmen," "The Daughter
the Regiment," and "Don Gio-
nni"—but five performances of
ch are scheduled. This season, Nor-
lk became for a while the center of
merica's operatic life.

—ANDREW PORTER

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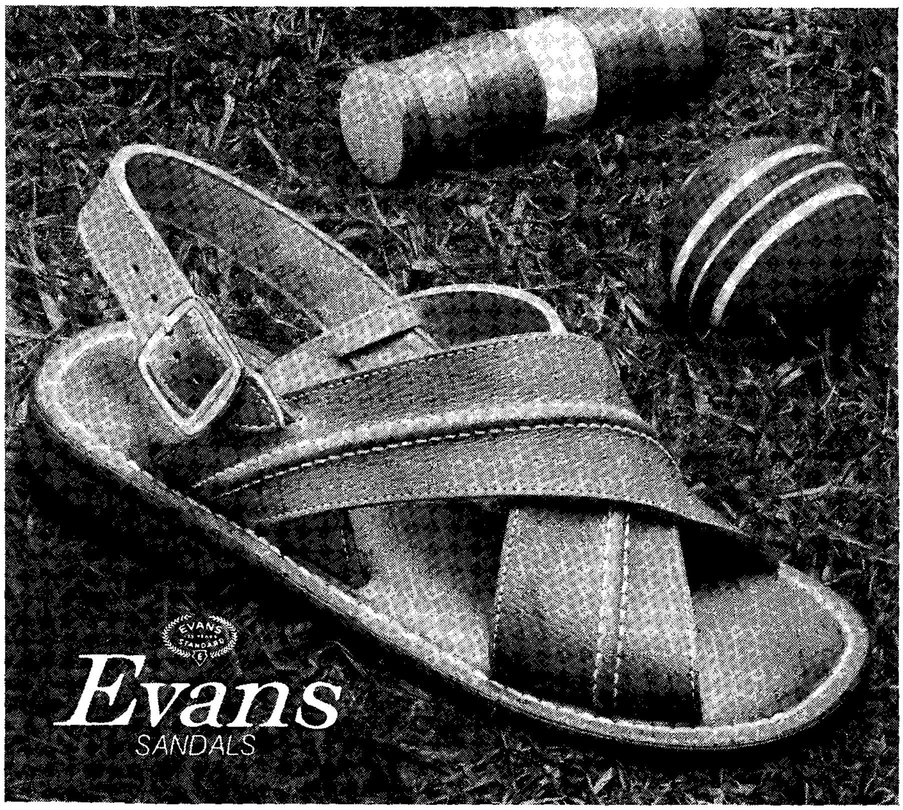

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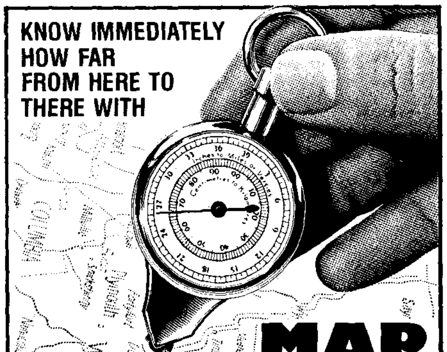

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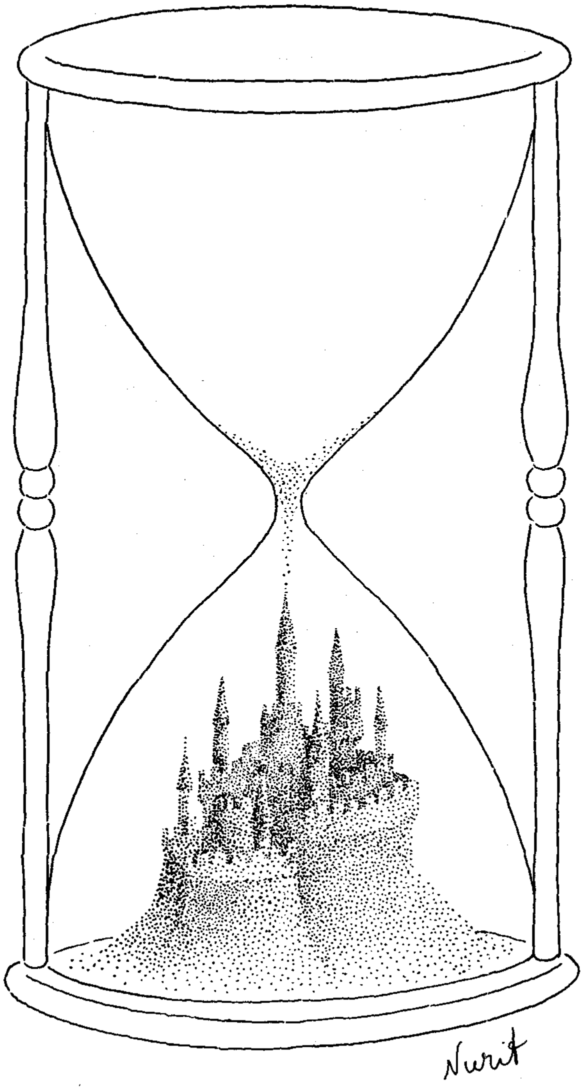
BOOKS

Grandmothers, Heroines, Goddesses

ILSE KOEHN, the author of "Mischling, Second Degree: My Childhood in Nazi Germany" (Greenwillow/Morrow; $7.95), is a painter, not a writer, and—though she has lived in the United States since 1958—German is her native language. Even so, she has written a remarkable book in good plain English prose. She was born in Berlin in 1929, and cannot remember much before Nazism became the dominating fact of her existence. Her memoir, in registering what a child learns as it grows, shows her experiencing corruption, hypocrisy, and intimidation before she was quite old enough to know what they were. She heard her family criticize the regime—warning her not to repeat what they said—while all around her the regime praised itself. In March, 1945, she, a girl she had known for several years, and a neighbor's son simultaneously confessed to one another that they had been listening to the BBC. The other girl confided that she had long suspected Ilse of sharing her doubts about Nazism but, having been told "not to breathe a word to anyone about what was spoken at home," had not dared raise the subject. We cannot begin to appreciate the right of free speech until we see all the damage its absence does. In this case, it destroyed the children's spontaneity, the youthful capacity for unguarded intimacy which often blossoms into lifelong friendships.

Little Ilse came to know economic realities that still elude some adults. The Nazis proclaimed—and a few historians continue to repeat—that Hitler cured the depression in Germany, but the reader finds in these pages a child's-eye view of the decline of German living standards. By 1937, coffee was ersatz; by 1938, food was rationed, and Ilse struggled to get the grocer's attention when she was sent to the store, because all the adults were grumbling, jostling, and squabbling over her head. What she saw most of was how badly the Nazis treated German children. In the summer of 1942, she volunteered for a camp where German youngsters were *promised a holiday in the country in* return for helping bring in the crops. She found herself doing stoop labor behind barbed wire, living in barracks less comfortable than a prison, forbidden to speak at meals, and wholly at the mercy of two young women, Hitler Youth leaders, who gorged themselves with goodies "in full view of a hundred desperately hungry girls"—volunteers like Ilse, whose menu ran to watery soup and a slice of bread. Yet it is no single detail (Ilse met several kind and attractive counsellors in the Hitler Youth) but the entire Nazi concept of the care of children that seems unspeakable. Along with others from the Berlin area, the author was twice evacuated, supposedly to safety. The first time, in 1941, the government announced that her school was going to East Prussia, but instead shipped the children to Czechoslovakia and dumped them on a population that, for its own reasons, was extremely hostile. After six months, the children were returned home. They *were sent out again in the fall of 194* once more to Czechoslovakia, where i time they could not walk in the woo without being sniped at and where the were left in the path of the Russia advance. A few, like Ilse, escaped because daring relatives came for them– her father kidnapped her from th Hitler Youth—but the author has n idea what happened to the rest, wh entrained with her believing the slogan "Germany protects its future, i youth."



"Mischling," however, is more tha a book about how bad the Nazis wer It has a plot in both senses: a story an a secret scheme. The story is Ilse parents' love story; the secret schem was to conceal from her and from everybody else that she had one Jewis grandparent. Under the Nurembe laws enacted in 1935, when Ilse w six, she was a "*Mischling*, second degree," and, to an unknowable exten vulnerable. (Koehn, by the way, is n a Jewish name but a German one— Cohan, in George M., is Irish. Ilse's Jewish grandparent w her father's widowed mothe whom the child called Om Ilse had no awareness of sectarian distinctions, for both sid of her family were irreligiou and nobody told her about th Nuremberg laws. She did n know why her mother had nervous breakdown, or wh though her parents never cease telling her that they loved eac other, her maternal grandparents forced her mother to d vorce her father. Ilse lived wit Oma and her father until he mother's recovery, when he mother's family, the Dereck received custody and took he to their rough-and-ready hous in Luebars, a wide place in th road outside Berlin. Ilse continued to visit her father an Oma whenever she could. Th child was in Czechoslovakia i March, 1943, when six S.S men came for her grandmothe who was eighty-four years ol and she did not know until after the war that Oma died i a concentration camp. Nor di she know that in August, 1944 her father, as a half Jew, ha been taken to a forced-labo camp. He had worked for th Berlin Electrical Company as specialist in hundred-thousand-kilowatt cables, and the S.S. did not kill him, because they needed him to restore Berin's power after Allied bombings. The air raids went on round the clock, and he survived, like Scheherazade, from lay to day; when the war ended, he came to Luebars and reclaimed his wife nd daughter.

But it is the grandmothers, not the parents, who dominate the book. They re as dissimilar as women can be: the few all cultivation, refinement, and delicacy; the Aryan tough, crude, and powerful. Contrasted women are a taple of art. Without them, fiction helves would be half empty and opera easons very brief. Yet nowhere in works of imagination have I come across a contrast like this book's realty. The reader immediately identifies Oma as a lady and a heroine. Ilse adored her; she was supportive, gentle, warm, dignified, and generous. She "lived in an apartment surrounded by ine furniture and thousands of books," yet her intelligence, elegance, and fastidiousness did not intimidate the litle girl. Oma had a sense of fun, and her possessions appealed to the child's esthetic sense. Oma was in her sevnties when Ilse lived with her, and must already have begun to fear for herself, and perhaps for her son, but lse recalls her laughing, commandng, comforting, setting standards, and never communicating her own peril to her granddaughter. No one saw Oma's ourage fail; Ilse's father remembered hat when she was taken away he wept and she consoled him.

Grossmutter Dereck, as Ilse called her maternal grandmother, is much harder to understand; we meet her as a monster and leave her as a savior. Her husband, Ilse's grandfather, was machinist who worked long hours in a Berlin factory, so Grossmutter Dereck was the presence and the power n the house at Luebars. The female cast—the book is almost entirely about girls and women—shows the practical, everyday side of life under Nazism. Grossmutter Dereck was fat and ugly, and everything in her house was "ugly . . . rusty, broken, cracked, frayed." Ilse longed for Oma, who "would not eat off a plastic tablecloth, or from unmatched, cracked dishes," and for 'all the beautiful books in Oma's house: here not a single one." Grossmutter Dereck did not believe in school, and certainly not in wasting time reading after school; she did not believe in Nazism or Christianity. She was dedicated to extracting food from her small patch of ground—raising

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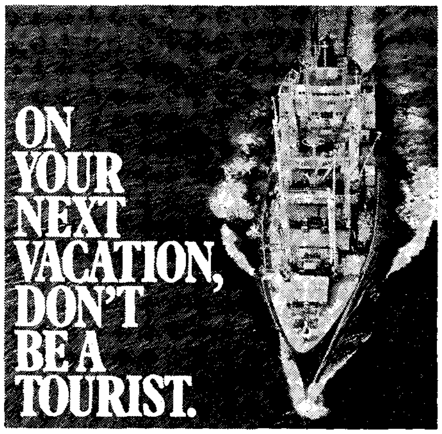

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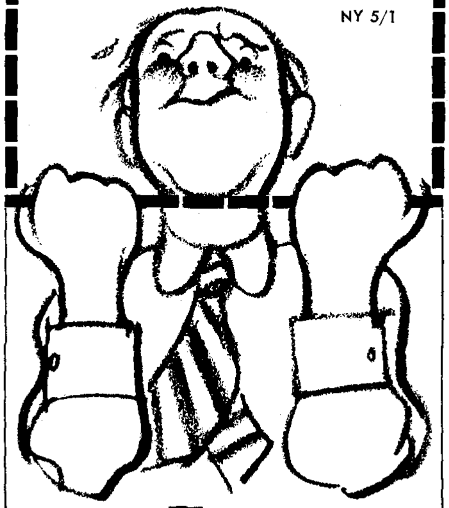

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fruit and vegetables, rabbits, chickens, and, during the war, a pig. When she was not growing food, she was cooking it. She did not indulge in pity, sympathy, or moral judgment; as far as I can tell, she hated the Nazis because she thought they were crooks who would make war and threaten her food supply. This, come to think of it, was an accurate assessment, but then all her predictions were uncannily accurate. When France fell, Ilse recalls "euphoria everywhere," but Grossmutter Dereck said, "They'll victory us right into the grave." She always seemed to know which regulations she could stall. She knew when Luebars' leading Nazi was no longer a threat. Before the Russians came, she knew that they "would have nothing to eat themselves," and hid part of her food supply where they could find it and part where they could not. She stood guard during four weeks of looting and rape, when she hid and fed Ilse, her mother, and another young woman.

In reconstructing this puzzling grandmother, the author faithfully recalls her own youthful confusion, and the reader wonders who Grossmutter Dereck was. She was not a heroine, for even a warlike heroine, such as Joan of Arc, has some gentleness in her makeup, and Grossmutter Dereck had none. And she was certainly not a typical German peasant: Luebars was full of farmers' wives and women with back-yard gardens, but they were fearful and tearful, and depended on their husbands to tell them what to do or think. Grossmutter Dereck seems an approximation of a half-forgotten female personality—the forces of nature embodied in a prehistoric earth goddess. She physically resembled fat Neolithic fertility idols, and, to her granddaughter, alternated between destruction (smashing her daughter's marriage, deriding Ilse's aspirations) and protection (she saved their lives). Oma was a civilized woman. Grossmutter Dereck was a woman who might have existed before civilization. From her portrait, a reader can begin to envision such a deity as Demeter, a powerful goddess of agriculture who is also a goddess of the underworld, a nourisher who is also an avenger. The ambivalence of this goddess became bewildering when mankind ceased to believe in her, and perhaps the artistic convention of contrasting women arose from our need to split the goddess's duality: we would not accept bad Carmen and good Micaela as the same woman.

Robert Graves, in "The White Goddess," suggests why goddesses and

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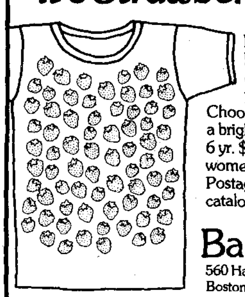

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Grossmutter Dereck are equally difficult for us when he points out that "the religious concept of free choice between good and evil . . . is common to Pythagorean philosophy and prophetic Judaism" but not to the "primitive cult of the Universal Goddess," in which "there was no room for choice: her devotees accepted the events . . . which she imposed on them as their destiny." When human beings ceased to accept destiny and demanded righteousness, we changed our personalities as well as our standards, and perhaps changed more radically than we can yet understand; ethics may give us so much trouble because they arrived so recently in human history. The awesome figure of Grossmutter Dereck helps us glimpse what we once were like, and "Mischling" haunts the imagination because it is a story of a historic era so terrible that only a prehistoric personage could rescue its narrator: as if Merlin had saved an English child. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PERDIDO, by Jill Robinson (Knopf; $9.95). Perdido is the (loaded) name of the dream estate belonging to a Hollywood producer, and it is where this story of his stepdaughter's coming of age in the nineteen-fifties begins and ends. We join Susanna Howard—precocious, spoiled, and self-conscious—on page 1 in the first person and in the present tense, and we never leave her side as she caroms around the country in search of the actor Jackson Lane, a golden-haired idol whose relation to Susanna is the crux of the plot. At first, it is all a lot of fun. But the style and tone soon begin to wear; the naïve and bubbly voice of Susanna, the meticulous sameness of pace, and that damnable present tense as she feeds the action, like inches of film, out of her sensitive memory become maddening. Considering how many adventures, discoveries, and crises Susanna has had by the time she reaches the age of twenty-four, one can only wonder at how much she remembers and how little she has learned.

MIRACLE, by Dotson Rader (Random House; $8.95). This thin and campily theatrical novel is about an aging, larger-than-life evangelist named Nathum Charity, who draws crowds by the thousand, has the power to work miracles, and, in private, acutely enjoys most of the sins he preaches about so eloquently in public. Mr. Rader is the son of an evangelist, and he writes with considerable charm and humor about some of the day-to-day realities of professional soul-saving. Unfortunately, he spoils what starts out as quite an entertaining novel about an appealing huckster by dragging in enough subplots, assassination attempts, and walk-ons of famous people (Aimee Semple McPherson and President Roosevelt among them) to sink the whole enterprise.

GENERAL

BIKO, by Donald Woods (Paddington Press; $10.95). A vivid, fluent memoir of the black South African political leader who died last fall of damage done to his brain while he was in prison. (The book reprints the inquest that exonerated all the jailers and doctors; few readers will concur with its findings.) As punishment for championing Stephen Biko alive and seeking details about his death, Woods, the editor of the East London *Daily Dispatch*, was "banned"—condemned to imprisonment at home and forbidden to write. He nonetheless began this manuscript, and friends smuggled it out in sections; he himself later escaped from the country. He describes his own conversion from racism to liberalism and his early disapproval of Biko's "black-consciousness" movement, which seemed retrograde, because it implied a form of self-segregation. He tells how he was persuaded to interview Biko, and found himself charmed, impressed, and, at length, understanding. The business relationship between the two men developed into family friendship, and Woods' portrait of Biko is a telling one. The book also has several messages for thoughtful Americans. For example, Biko did not accept the argument that a Western—especially an American—consumers' boycott and investors' strike would hurt blacks more than whites; he felt that the blacks' share in the South African economy was so minute that no economic contraction could hurt them much. Biko also explained that many non-Communist black nationalists have accepted help from the Soviet Union because they had no alternative. Though Woods repeatedly argued in favor of a multiracial South African parliamentary democracy with Bill of Rights guarantees, Biko was only partly convinced, because of the farce that Af-

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rikaners had already made of such a system; to him, democracy seemed like a white man's trick.

MUSICAL CHAIRS, by Schuyler Chapin (Putnam; $12.50). An engaging, somewhat guarded account of the managerial side of the arts that traces Mr. Chapin's career in music, film, and television, from NBC page to general manager of the Metropolitan Opera. Along the way, there are close encounters with the likes of Heifetz, Horowitz, Stravinsky, Bernstein, Callas, and Sills, and inside looks at such notable events as the Morton Baum-William Schuman battle for control of the New York State Theatre, the return of Horowitz to the concert stage after a twelve-year absence, and the appointment of the little-known Swedish director Goeran Gentele as head of the Metropolitan Opera. In July, 1972, Gentele was killed in an automobile accident, and Mr. Chapin—his No. 2—was pitchforked overnight into one of the toughest managerial jobs in the world, where he survived for three years. He emerges from these pages as perhaps too much of a gentleman to control a mammoth opera company where the infighting is always fierce and even the stagehands are temperamental. The book reminds us that, despite continual harassment and some double-dealing by trusted colleagues, Mr. Chapin managed to present many outstanding evenings of opera from 1972 to 1975. He also assembled most of the artistic staff that is currently running the house.

THE WRONG HORSE: THE POLITICS OF INTERVENTION AND THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, by Laurence Stern (Times; $10). The author, an editor of the Washington *Post* who took a year off for research into the Greek-Turkish collision on Cyprus in 1974, goes back to the Truman Administration to find out how and why the United States wound up befriending what he credibly describes as the stupidest Army officers in all Greece, whose incompetent coup on Cyprus, which we did not foresee, led to a Turkish riposte, which we could not fend off. Very few individuals of any nationality come out of this story with credit, except, perhaps, for a handful of our congressmen, in both houses, who over the years questioned our policies toward Greece, Turkey, and Cyprus. Though they failed to move the executive, and though the author believes that the eastern Mediterranean remains extremely unstable politically, his book offers the hope that future Congresses, at least, will not automatically endorse new blunders in that area.

SELECTED LETTERS OF CONRAD AIKEN, edited by Joseph Killorin (Yale; $15). Conrad Aiken, who died in 1973 in his eighty-fourth year, was a prodigy of letter writing; his editor figures that from the time he left Harvard he wrote more than twelve thousand—though no man was more jealous of his privacy, or shyer, than Aiken. In his letters to friends like T. S. Eliot, Malcolm Lowry, Edmund Wilson, to critics, to wives (he had three), he could be warm, helpful, and sympathetic; he could be drunken and surreal, gossipy and funny; he could produce startling feats of wordsmithing and take side trips into light verse (which he called "bitcherel"); and he could stir up ideas and do furious battle in defense of his literary creations. To judge by the two hundred and forty-five entries here, Aiken never wrote a vapid letter. The book makes one wonder why he is still, as his friend Malcolm Cowley puts it, "the buried giant of twentieth-century American writing." It is a delight to read. Photographs.

NOTE: Thomas Whiteside's "Computer Capers: Tales of Electronic Thievery, Embezzlement, and Fraud" has been published by Crowell ($7.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in somewhat different form.

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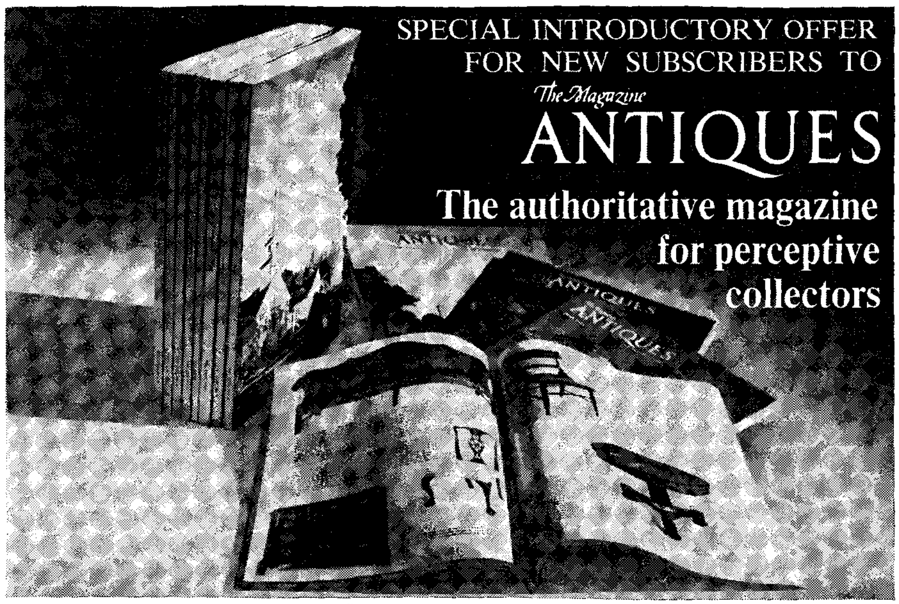

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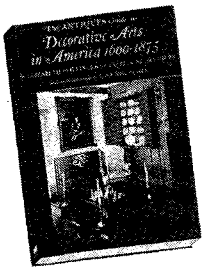

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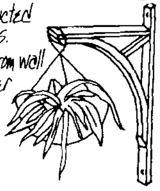

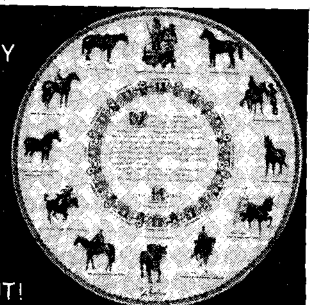

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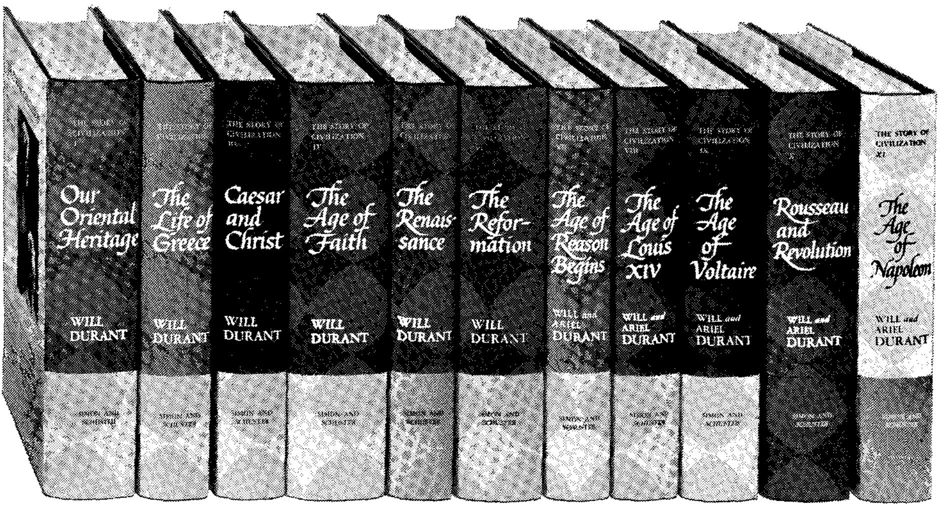

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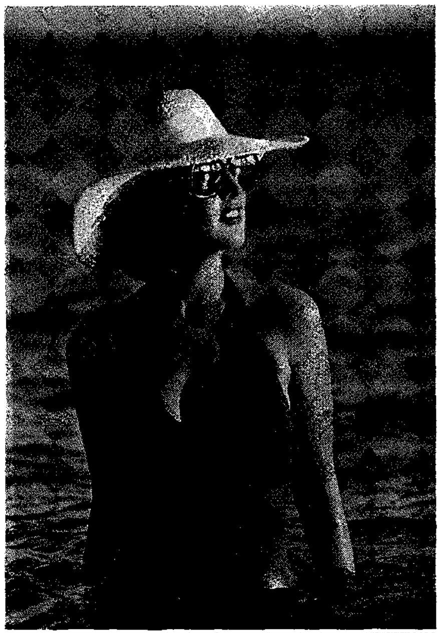

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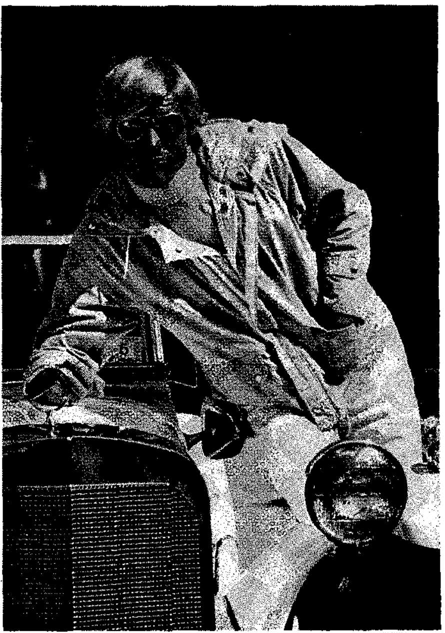

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